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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN THE PACIFIC

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A Life Study in Criticism

By H. BELLYSE BAILDON. With 2 Portraits

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'A notable work, that no student of Stevenson can afford to disregard; it is intensely interesting.'—*Churchwoman.*

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

Robert Louis Stevenson

From a sketch in oils by Sir W. B. Richmond K.C.B., R.A.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IN THE PACIFIC

BY

ARTHUR JOHNSTONE

WITH A PORTRAIT AND FACSIMILE LETTER

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1905

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My dear Edwin Markham,

You will remember our parting by the Golden Gate, more than two decades gone—you to the crowded East, I to the blue Pacific? It returns to me now, as of yesterday, when we had finished our academic pilgrimage through the Plaisance of Sonoma, where, beforetime, we had strayed arm in arm among the fragrant vineyards and sweet orchards that nestle beneath brown, austere mountains. Your hand still seems warm in mine, your voice alive in my ear!

You will remember we were a trio—you, dear old White, and I—who dabbled in strange lore, dreamed strange dreams, and sometimes seemed to catch glimpses of shadowy visions that awed us while they lured. . . . Now, this cry comes to you out of a far sea—from one of earth's pleasant, silent places—where memory hath remained quick, though the tongue may have succumbed to the spell of the lotus; but I have never forgotten, nor have you.

Those days of youthful communion have passed beyond the reach of our halloo, yet they have not utterly vanished, and I know that these lines will be conjuring rods to raise them here, until the author of 'The Man with the Hoe' will bend his ear and hark again to the hum of lazy summertime of long ago, when three youths wandered hand in hand through 'The Valley of the Moon.'

A. J.

Nuuanu Valley,
Honolulu,
August, 1904.

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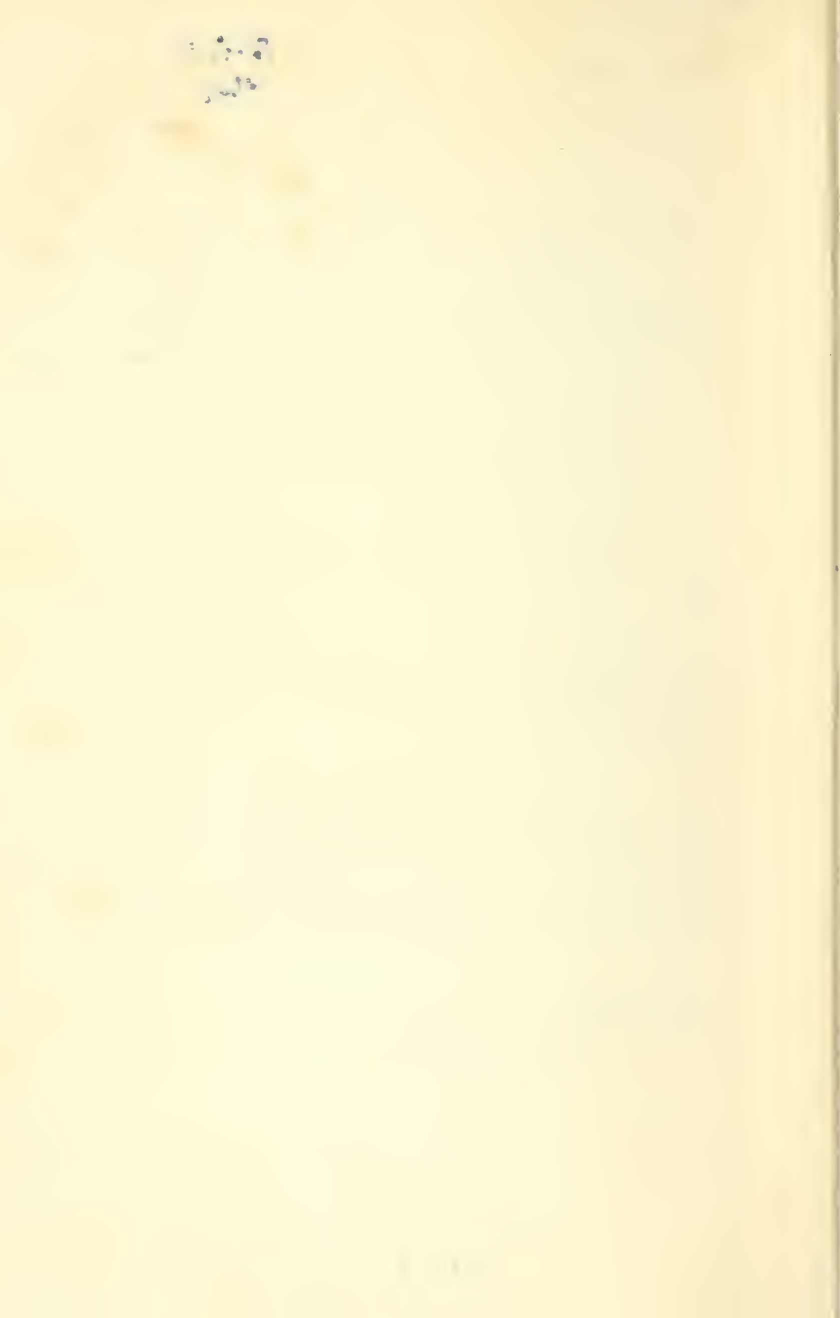

PREFACE

The writer entertains the hope that the following pages may add interest to a subject that lies near the hearts of the many readers in England and the United States who justly hold Stevenson and his works in high esteem. The volume contains only the cursory record and brief comment implied by the title-page; the primary object being to preserve certain floating facts, episodes, sketches, and anecdotes of the novelist, with as many of his views and opinions as could be collected in a desultory way, during his residence in the Pacific.

The facts related by Stevenson, or by others, after July 1888, have been omitted, except where further statements have become necessary; this plan has disturbed the usual method somewhat, so that narrative, anecdote, and comment may be found jostling in places; otherwise, it brings a number of the isolated facts of his island wanderings into better relation with time and place.

Some of the chapters have been made to reflect to an extent the views and estimate held by the Islandfolk throughout the Pacific of Stevenson's life and writings during his exilian days and since.

ARTHUR JOHNSTONE.

HONOLULU,
April 1905.

'. . . The truth is, I was far through (if you understand Scots), and came none too soon to the South Seas, where I was to recover peace of body and mind. . . . Remember that, the next time you think I regret my exile.'—*Vailima Letters.*

R. L. S.

Within the circle of the Fabled Sea,
Where golden galleons once ploughed their way,
He dwelt in exile ; here with Princely sway
He ruled a realm of brave Romance, which he
Begat with wizard pen. 'Twas not to be
Again to roam his Scottish moorlands gray,
Nor wear the garlands won till close of day ;
Yet, to the end, he smiled at Fate's decree,
And, smiling, drew new magic from the West
To charm the stranger's ear. Now memory hath
Communion aye with him where he was guest
In many a star-girt Isle, until the path
He trode, with manly patience yet with pain,
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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER I

IN THE FABLED SEA

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson sailed into the Pacific in the summer of 1888, he came like some literary knight-errant with fame victory-winged. Upon his arrival no formal introduction was needed, for the Islandfolk were already acquainted with the man through his writings, and the brief announcement of his coming by the press served to awaken curiosity and speculation; but these soon became merged in a deeper personal interest in the author and his work, which followed him to the grave and will long survive his passing.

Romance surrounded his coming. A chartered yacht, swift-winged as a gull, bore him South, outstripping a great revolving storm that followed his bark to the entrance of the new fairy-land. Thereafter the vessel clave the mystic sea of which he long had dreamed. Strange beauty clustered around him: even the stars were larger and brighter than in the temperate zone, and seemed fallen nearer the earth; islands and atolls sprang unexpectedly from the sea, as at the command of invisible genii; and his mind was held in amaze, while surprise and wonder bound his eyes as with a spell. His imagination was stricken as by a gift of the gods; thereafter the woof of his life

in the Pacific was infilled by the enchantment of locality and the magic of circumstance; in a wink, and with the first plunge of the *Casco's* anchor, he awoke from the subjective phase to find himself an actor on the living stage of island romance.

In some degree this experience is shared by all visitors to the South Seas; a few may break the mental glamour and view the new world with the natural eye, but most come to dream, and, dreaming, depart. In this fabled sea temperament too easily vitiates the judgment, where the siren's song is heard from every white-lipped reef, and the colours of sea and sky weave themselves in the mind's pictures. Here the old saying, 'Live a year and a day in a new land before speaking,' is translated, 'In these islands abide thou a decade and a day if thou wouldst speak wisely.' And so true is this that the natives of the different island groups use specific words to distinguish newcomers; while the epithet is always applied, as a reminder, whenever the stranger expresses his opinion on local affairs, during a probation that lasts until he becomes more fully identified with his adopted home. Even civilization has failed to modify materially this native custom; and the recent arriver is still regarded askance if he prematurely proffers advice, or offers to interfere in public matters.

Yet when Stevenson arrived the custom was partially relaxed by reason of his prominent literary standing and general popularity; in fact, before the white residents of the Pacific became personally acquainted with him, most held his literary work in keen appreciation; they were yet to experience those personal eccentricities which were to be found somewhat emphasized by his peculiar habit of thought and observation. It is true, perhaps, that this trait in the author was more sharply outlined by the new and strange conditions of life that he now met; but it also is true that Stevenson proved a surprising study to the Islandfolk with whom he mingled; in fact, people discovered few of the characteristics that

tallied with those of his literary brethren who had preceded him in Oceanica.

Nor were the dwellers in the more advanced island groups without standards for comparison ; for, bringing to the pleasant task a marked degree of intelligence, isolation had led as well to wider reading and study among the majority, and developed a more general taste for literature than usually is found in the thick of men, where necessity drives or pleasure cloys. The islands lying upon steamship routes, or within sailing courses, have been visited frequently by well-known writers of various nationalities ; but of these Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard is perhaps the only one of wide reputation who took up residence for a length of time sufficient to make a thorough study of Polynesian life, character, and manners. To those knowing both men—and who in the Pacific does not ?—Mr. Stoddard's sojournings and travels, which covered a period of some twenty years shortly preceding Stevenson's time, will be found to fit the requirements of a fair comparison. Although the authors possessed traits of character in common, Stoddard remains the literary antipode and mental foil of Stevenson. A dreamer, likewise the consummate master of English, he differed from Stevenson in methods of work and in the process of thought. Stoddard gathered his facts slowly and after the most painstaking mental scrutiny —often laboriously ; yet he never failed to use them solely as a mental product, with which he dealt practically and dispassionately, after excluding personal sympathy and prejudice.

Here, then, at hand, and still fresh in the memory, the Islandfolk of Stevenson's new world found the criterion for judging well and truly of his later life, wherever his presence fell in the Pacific, or his writings reached. With the exception that Stoddard wisely refrained from meddling in the semi-barbarous field of politics, he had overgone most of the islands recently visited by Stevenson ; and either in the Pacific-island press, or in his works, Stoddard has written without passion

about the Polynesians—of their good qualities and defects—under conditions very like those met by Stevenson ; yet, unlike Sir Edwin Arnold, he refrained from a hasty judgment on island affairs, and, unlike Stevenson, he permitted his head to control his heart as well as his facts. In all that he wrote, Stoddard was able to see and appreciate the poetry of a South-Sea existence without overestimating the Polynesians or underestimating the domiciled white men ; but while he fully appreciated and loved the amiable Islanders, and, like his literary successor, had a streak of the anti-civilization feeling in him, still, he clearly saw that the docility and indolence of the natives were sprung from inherent weaknesses of character quite beyond remedy. As a consequence, he justly estimated their faults while sympathizing with their amiable traits ; but he admitted there were controlling necessities which demanded that the Islanders, under present conditions, should be treated as children, taught as children, and ruled as children, because they were unfitted to care for themselves when not reposing in an undisturbed state of savagery. Stevenson's error was antithetic : at most times he overestimated the Polynesian race, however keenly he would delineate, upon occasion, individual characters that fixed his attention by filling him with surprise ; but of the white man in the Pacific he spoke and wrote repeatedly, often offensively, and with an ironic scorn not wholly merited. By thus becoming at times a partisan, he ceased in instances to be a calm and judicious observer.

But in the flowery field of literature Stevenson is not the first able writer who has failed to consider the lurking previous question before drawing conclusions ; and yet the laying of that insidious tripper-up of argument and opinions lies at the root of every safe mental process : its neglect has proved fatal aforetime, as it will hereafter, to defective generalization and unwarranted presurmise. Everyone will remember how frequently in the past the coddled theories, queer beliefs, or fine-spun conclusions of notable writers have

vanished at the call of the previous question, made by some keen-eyed mental analyst, who quietly demands a verification of the premises. May we not here find that which will serve to explain much of the seeming inconsistency in Stevenson's career, during the last six years of his life? And may not timely consideration now furnish us the clue for leniently interpreting those portions of his Pacific work which otherwise would merit more or less censure?

His first landing in the South Seas was at the Marquesas Islands, among savages scarcely touched as yet by the leaven of civilization; in the Low Archipelago a like condition prevailed; but when he reached Tahiti, a few months later, he beheld how the translation of the Polynesian had reached the stage of semi-barbarism; yet it was not until he reached Hawaii that he was to see tested, under favourable circumstances, the first thorough attempt to elevate the Polynesian to the social and political standards of civilization. And yet this well-meant and long-nursed Hawaiian experiment was, even then, upon the verge of national collapse that came with a crash shortly after the novelist's departure for the Gilbert Islands and Samoa.

The period he saw first thus included most of the phases of race transition, from success in savagery to failure under civilization. For Stevenson this period contained, if heeded, evident and numerous suggestions of Polynesian advancement and retrogression, all presumably new to him. These awaited his judgment: it remains to be seen how well he observed the strange world around him, and how justly he interpreted the facts gathered in the comparatively brief space of time remaining to him.

The past seventy-five years may be justly called a period of experiment and transition throughout Polynesia, during which the forces at work have been brought to bear through the efforts of the pioneers of the Pacific; these forces, active in whole or in part at different periods, have expended themselves in

commercial exchange, religious instruction, and in the establishment of new systems of government, or in the reconstruction and modification of old; and these changes have been followed necessarily by new political methods, and, to the Polynesian, a strange system of economics. Stated more generally, the unequal forces of savagery and civilization were brought into conflict, and the irresistible working of racial readjustment at once began its course. That the end involves the extinction or absorption of the weaker race may be deplored or not, as the sympathy or education of the observer prompts. But the result is inevitable: the destiny of the Polynesian cannot be lured, by this or that, so much as the span of a needle's point, spin we our theory never so cunningly.

With but few exceptions, it is here that the practical good sense of the Christian missions has been manifest since their establishment early in the nineteenth century. In the main the missionaries have turned attention to the physical, moral, and religious welfare of the native tribes and tribal remnants as found, wisely ignoring impractical theories for the preservation of Polynesians as self-sustaining and self-governing island nations. The sincere missionary realizes there is not time in the busy life of the South-Sea mission-worker for fighting the stern facts of savage decadence with either social or religious theories. At different times, and for various reasons, much has been urged against the Christian missionary in the Pacific; but whatever may be said, in candour it must be admitted that he is generally sincere and always uses practical methods in his work. There are, of course, exceptions, and there is one in mind. The benevolent face of that aged missionary arises in memory, as he has explained upon occasion, with painstaking and enthusiasm, how the Polynesians could be preserved to civilization if certain plans, which he had carefully thought out, were followed. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that this fine old optimist received few nods of approval from his more practical brethren. But it is well to make

note that this exceptional missionary and the novelist had traits in common, not the least noticeable being the latter's overwhelming sympathy and love for all Polynesians, irrespective of their real merits and savage defects.

Into such new field of observation and action he came with strong predilection for savagism ; in the cause of the Polynesians he was no laggard, and, from the moment of his arrival until the end, he remained their steadfast champion. Wisely or unwisely, he was always up and active in their behalf, as his sympathies led or prejudices urged ; and while one of his first traits was his love of fairness, yet there were times when neither his conclusions nor actions were free from bias. This always came out sharply where native interests fell into competition, or came into conflict with the white man's vanguard. His love for the natives, and his pity for their helplessness under the conditions in which he found them, seemed to obscure his keener realization, shown elsewhere, of their precocious faults and unvarying instability ; he believed that, under an ideal leadership and the fostering sympathy of the right kind of white men, the racial defects of Polynesians could be reformed. His plan, if such it can be called, was noble and humane ; but it was wholly theoretical and everywhere impractical, as it finally proved : the forces already somewhat rudely at work in the Pacific entirely excluded a theory that demanded either their withdrawal or quiescence, thus permitting retrogression in a large part of the new empire civilization was upbuilding in the western sea.

By comparing his well-known political views and his experiences in Samoa with the commercial, racial, and social conditions then existent, more than sufficient evidence of the untenableness of his position becomes manifest. Especially clear will this be to those of long residence, or to those who otherwise have become more fully acquainted with the aggravating complexities of island affairs during transition periods.

There can be no doubt, for example, that the diplomats of America, England, and Germany reached juster and more humane conclusions to all concerned in the Samoan affair (after the many difficult and perplexing circumstances are considered), than possibly could have resulted, if Stevenson's hasty and somewhat one-sided advice had been followed.

In politics, as elsewhere, the contest between fitness and disability is severe ; and this can be seen most plainly where semi-savagery meets the necessary cruelties that attend the establishment of a new civilization. This factor he largely ignored, and the omission vitiates his tacit proposal for the establishment of a political and moral nursery for Polynesians. As already stated, an experiment on the large scale had been tried to failure ere he arrived ; and when he revisited Hawaii in the fall of 1893, he was present shortly after the second collapse and final extinction of a Polynesian monarchy ; and yet he misinterpreted, or rather failed to interpret, the warning facts before him. In like manner he has failed to rightly interpret those causes which have placed the Polynesians, without exception, in a position of social, financial, and administrative dependence. That this condition is the result of certain natural and racial tendencies inherent in the whites as well as the Polynesians, none will deny who have opened their eyes to the evidence of ethnographic experience. Of these it is unnecessary to speak at length. The struggle between the moral and antimoral forces involved has been of secondary importance and incidental largely, too often spectacular ; and too frequently this conflict has been marred by a variety of rampart prejudices, intensified by isolation, and often embittered by the bigotries of religious sects : it is unnecessary to add that such disturbing influences must be placed aside before a just and equitable solution of the Polynesian problem can be reached.

It was at this point that Stevenson's analysis failed, and in consequence he reached theoretical conclusions

without considering all the factors of the case. The view that he took of Polynesian character and nationality would have formed a splendid mosaic in a South-Sea romance; but by the earnest practical pioneers in the Pacific, the existing social and political conditions were more strictly construed under a riper experience. But against his affinity for savagism is to be placed his contemptuous attitude (shown in different ways) toward some of the domiciled whites; and this is harder to understand, because it was an attitude conflicting with his love of fair play.

It is possible that his prejudice against civilized men originated in caprice, just as his indiscriminate love for Polynesians likely sprang from another personal mood. Both eccentricities have been referred for explanation to his sympathetic nature and great love for justice; but with what reason it is hard to see, after the necessary facts have been brought into the mental focus. It is more probable that a composite cause lay behind his attitude toward his white brethren in the Pacific, whose roots were sprung in divers places at different times; some of these influencing elements may be traced in his writings after the year 1888, and a perusal at once becomes filled with suggestions for those acquainted with the medley of life and international cross-purposes existent in Oceanica.

But while on the whole it is unfortunate that he so frequently gave place in his writings and correspondence to unfriendly opinions upon the domiciled whites, yet most will be loath to believe that he formed these conclusions deliberately and from conviction, or that his attitude is to be taken at any time as the legitimate sequence of normal observation in the South Seas. And although at times his expressions appear to be extremely rude and quite uncalled for by the facts, yet it is more charitable to assume that he was placed by circumstances in a position where he was overwhelmed with the incongruities found among many new and strange phases of life.

It is quite possible that such conditions led him to assume the false position that he took on both sides of the case, wherein he failed, in the limited time before he wrote, to complete a mental digestion of the perplexing subject in hand. For this reason it is pleasant to be able to say that by the end of the year 1893 his views, upon more than one subject concerning Oceanica, had changed materially for the better, and certainly without subtracting from his sympathy and regard for the Polynesians.

But here the strange personal fascination of the man enters the case, to be considered before delivery of judgment, for it scarcely need be said that, in nine cases out of ten, private opinion will be favourable to the man, although it may not entirely accord with his views, and inquiry will not fail to disclose the fact that throughout the Pacific he left few enemies, although at times he may have raised a number of critics; on the other hand, he drew around him many friends, and, scattered throughout the island world, he has left a host of admirers, yet these will disagree, where necessary, with many of his views on island affairs, or, upon occasion, will fence with a fact any hasty or groundless statement made during his residence here. The personal attraction of the man and the allurement which hangs around his pages, like the magic elixir of his mind, have been referred to frequently, and their influence was so widely felt and welcomed during his last years in the Pacific, that he was wont to commit with impunity deeds of the pen which would have placed any other author in the pillory of local opinion for the rest of his days.

In looking back ten years after, there seems to be little, if any, doubt that the feeling of the foreign residents of Polynesia was, during the first half of his exile, far kindlier toward the novelist than his attitude warranted, and it will not be venturing too rashly by saying that the better feeling exhibited by him, during the two years preceding his death, was largely due to his correction of former misjudgments and errors—

the result, doubtless, of a closer study of the facts, supplemented by a more extended experience. Perhaps it will fall within the limits of a fair probability to say that had fate allowed him his decade and a day in the South Seas, instead of a lustrum and a year, he would have grown into still closer touch with his white brethren, and would have held a clearer and perhaps a juster view of the Polynesian as a social and political element, to be dealt with as gently as might be under the somewhat strict requirements of our civilized code.

His characteristic chivalry was quite as likely one of the traits which shaped his attitude upon Island life and affairs during the first few months after his arrival; at most the hasty stand that he took, together with the methods he adopted in beginning a defence of the Samoans on hearsay testimony, served to place him where it seemed that he courted public comment, if not criticism. In the thousands of islands dotting the Pacific, he found a savagery probably as old as the civilization whose pioneers (from his point of view) marred the life and abodes of the primitive tribes. Not satisfied with a literary protest against what he thought was the intrusion of the white man, he hastened without discrimination to grasp the literary cudgel in defence of Polynesians; and, without hesitation or misgiving regarding his facts, he threw himself into the fray with the ardour of a boy, yet with the strength of a giant. But unfortunately, from his actual plan—nay, from his entire policy—on behalf of the Polynesians, he excluded the facts that justified the white man's presence in the Pacific, as well as those numerous counter-facts which prove the Islanders to be largely responsible for their present condition and future prospects.

As a part of this excluded evidence is to be found in one portion of his writings, while similar testimony is quietly set aside, or delicately ignored, in other pages, contradictions real or seeming will be met most often in that part of his writings (excepting, of

course, his tales) published during his residence here. Some of these incongruities seem to have impressed Mr. Balfour, his biographer, as well as Mr. Colvin, his friend and editor, for both gentlemen appear more than once, in the able work done by them, as friendly apologists; but Mr. Colvin's want lay in a dearth of personal knowledge of the Pacific Islands; Mr. Balfour's lay in the fact that his knowledge, like his gifted kinsman's, was too recently acquired to afford a satisfactory explanation of some very stubborn facts that frequently appear in the novelist's Pacific writings.

Yet it is fair to assume that Stevenson wrote without knowledge of shortcoming in his treatment of these new phases of Island life, even though he throws out an occasional warning on this point; yet the complacency which always accompanies successful authorship will prevent the careful reader from taking the caution too seriously. A like literary complacency stands guard over the partial observation and hasty interpretation to be found in 'Across the Plains,' and elsewhere in his record of first impressions of the United States. The habits and manner of the new world, especially as exhibited on the Pacific coast, were largely foreign to his European experiences, and, naturally, they became the cause of several of his early errors of observation, which were followed by the usual misjudgments of the stranger. To the novelist, in a new country, the unusual at once became offensive, and wherever the manners and customs of the new world failed to conform with those of the old, he would write unfairly and unjustly in criticism or in condemnation of individuals or classes. A few years after, when he reached the Pacific, he faulted a second time before similar obstacles by criticising harshly, prematurely, and certainly somewhat indiscriminately, the actions of the white residents of the principal island groups. But in the Pacific he added another lapse to his habit by falling recklessly in love with the Polynesians, despite the danger-signals flying at every

turn; and the fact that he has recorded quite a number of these warnings in his later pages in no way substracts from his repertorial indiscretion.

These peculiar traits of Stevenson have been discussed frequently by the Islandfolk, yet always in a kind and friendly spirit. The writer remembers being one evening in company with a number of gentlemen, who were all personally acquainted with Stevenson and all admirers of his work. The conversation finally turned to the novelist's life in the Pacific, and dwelt upon some of the inconsistencies of his course, with special reference to his acts and utterances in Samoa and Hawaii. Captain Otis, who sailed the yacht *Casco* to the South Seas in 1888, was present, and said, when requested to express an opinion: 'Well, gentlemen, it seems this way to me: Stevenson was first and last a man of convictions—in fact, he always acted promptly and vigorously when he reached a conclusion that satisfied his own mind—but his mental make-up was such that he always took the side of the under-dog in any fight that arose, without waiting to inquire whether the under-dog had the right of it, or was in the wrong. That was the man, gentlemen; and I know from personal experience that he did not understand what fear was, when he defended what he thought was right.'

Another side-light comes from the novelist himself, and shows that he had a glimmer of the weak point in his mental make-up, if not full knowledge of his shortcoming. Mr. Graham Balfour relates the anecdote in his life of Stevenson. 'One day, his stepson tells one, they were sitting on the deck of a schooner in the Pacific, and Stevenson was reading a copy of "Don Quixote." Suddenly he looked up, and, with an air of realization, said sadly, as if to himself, "That's me."'* In commenting, Mr. Balfour, whose book gives evidence of a full understanding and appreciation of his peculiar but talented kinsman, says: 'In spite of his knowledge of the world and his humour, and a vein

* 'Life of Stevenson' (Thistle ed.), vol. ii., p. 212.

of cynicism most difficult to define, many were his quixotries and many the windmills at which he tilted, less often wholly in vain than we thought who watched his errantry.'* This well-authenticated anecdote, direct from Stevenson, and containing an expression of his mental experience under a certain mood, will be fully appreciated in Oceanica, where many were fortunately able to study at first hand the phases of his peculiar and somewhat erratic character.

During his six years of travel and home-life in the Pacific Stevenson did much excellent work in literature; and it is the world's misfortune that he was unable to perform more under his misguidance in Samoan affairs that soon followed his coming; but Fate cast, and he couched his pen at an imaginary windmill, which a riper experience, or the magic of a keener glance, would have transformed into an ordinary condition of Island life and politics in the second stage of transition. Like conditions are inevitable under like circumstances; and there can be no doubt to the experienced Islander, that these will continue to be better solved, as in the past, through the logical and necessary sequence of events following the forces at work.

A calm review of the facts and evidence will show that Stevenson was no better fitted for Polynesian politics, than he would have been for that other extreme—the pursuit of pure science; for while he was at all times a sympathetic, he proved to be quite frequently an inaccurate, observer in new fields of fact. This defect of the brilliant Scot has been often noted and as often regretted by his friends and admirers throughout the island world.

* 'Life of Stevenson' (Thistle ed.), vol. ii., p. 212.

CHAPTER II

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE *CASCO*: MARQUESAS ISLANDS

A MONTH or six weeks before Stevenson finally determined on voyaging to the South Seas, in order to prolong, if possible, his portion of life, two gentlemen sat one evening in a private residence near San Francisco. Both were men who loved yachting and the sea ; one of these was Captain A. H. Otis, who afterwards sailed the yacht *Casco*, which brought the novelist and his family through storm and sunshine to the South Seas, and through the perilous channels of the Low Archipelago. At that time Captain Otis was a guest at a friend's house, not having been to sea for three years ; but when last afloat he had caught glimpses of the South Seas, which made him anxious to return and examine the great island world of the Pacific with more leisure than hasty trading-trips had permitted. In reply to the inquiries of his companion, the seaman said that in all probability he would not go to sea again ; no, he had not seen as much of the world as he wished : for instance, he longed to return to the South Seas. At the same time he bluntly refused the friendly offer to secure him a captain's berth in the island trade, through the influence of Dr. Merrit, replying, that he did not choose to go that way.

'Then how in the world would you like to go ?' came the surprised rejoinder.

'Well,' said the skipper, unconscious that Fate was a-weaving in his words—'well, I will tell you. When

I return to the South Seas, if I ever do, I would like to have a yacht, like the *Casco*, fitted to my taste, with a congenial party of friends aboard. Then I would sail into the South, going and coming as I liked, casting anchor where nature pleased us, and for as long as fancy might detain.'

The subject was then dropped; but at dinner the next day the talk about yachting was renewed, and during the meal Captain Otis was handed an invitation to dine on the next Sunday at Dr. Merrit's residence, across the bay from San Francisco. 'Well, I went over,' describes the Captain, 'although I came near putting it aside to attend some sporting event set for the same day. However, I decided for the dinner, and went; and it was not long after we left the table before Dr. Merrit cornered me in the billiard-room and began talking of yachts and yachting. Then he asked me if I would put the *Casco* into commission and sail her for the summer. I remember that I answered somewhat brusquely that I would not, for I disliked fashionable yacht-sailing with strangers aboard; but after urgent solicitation by the doctor, I consented to partially forego my prejudice, and agreed to fit the *Casco* up for him and sail her one trip in the bay, and one at sea. After that, if I so decided, he was to engage another sailing master.

'About the time the *Casco* had made two trial trips and was nearly ready for sea, Stevenson's agent in San Fransisco (this I learned afterwards) was trying to secure a suitable vessel to cruise among the South-Sea Islands. But available yachts were few in the Bay of San Francisco at that time, and an application for the yacht *Lurline*, owned by John D. Spreckles, had just been refused. As the matter stood the *Casco* was the one remaining sea-going yacht that there was a reasonable chance to hire; and even this depended largely upon how Stevenson's necessity impressed the wealthy but genial owner.'

Fortunately Dr. Merrit took a kindly view of the circumstances in which the famous novelist found

himself, and determined to forego his own summer's yachting for the author's benefit, if he found him, upon his arrival from the East, to be a man to his liking, and, as the doctor expressed it, 'not too cranky to be trusted with so valuable a vessel.' All, however, turned out satisfactorily, for, after an hour's conversation with the novelist, the bluff old doctor turned to Captain Otis and said with hearty naïveté and good-will: 'Why, Captain, Mr. Stevenson is all right; he seems quite as sensible a man as either you or I.'

At the expiration of the yacht's second trial cruise the skipper made up the vessel's accounts, and called on the owner to resign and turn the yacht over to his successor. 'After handing in my statement,' says Captain Otis, 'I told Dr. Merrit of my determination to retire, and asked him to get a new master as soon as possible. The doctor eyed me in silence for a time, and then asked me to go over to his cabinet and fetch the bundle of papers I would find there. When I returned he handed me a telegram accepting "the proposed terms for the *Casco*." The telegram was signed "R. L. S.," but at that time the initials failed to inform my ignorance, so I returned it to the doctor without comment further than to query, "Well?" Dr. Merrit smiled at this, and took from the papers a charter-party, with a blank left for the name of the sailing-master, handed it to me, and asked my opinion of its merits. This charter-party—the one under which Stevenson afterwards sailed the yacht—gave the sailing-master full control of the vessel, and all the points to be visited were made subject to his approval. For the use of the yacht there was to be paid a flat rental of five hundred dollars a month, and the vessel was to be provisioned and manned at the expense of the charterer. Dr. Merrit further reserved the right to name the sailing-master for the trip. Under the circumstances and the dangerous risks of the voyage, I considered it a fair contract, and so said.

'Well, by the time I had read and returned the charter-party, Dr. Merrit had more fully informed me

of Mr. Stevenson and his works, one of which, 'Treasure Island,' I had read with much pleasure. The doctor then looked over the contract again, and, after making some alterations, returned it to me with my name filled in as sailing-master, and demanded an immediate answer—whether or not I would make the trip—so that he could telegraph a final answer to Mr. Stevenson. I hesitated only a moment; the conditions were ideal—such as I had idly called for when there was little prospect of realization—so I took the service and began the few alterations in the yacht's rigging made necessary for cruising in squally seas.

'This was in the latter part of May, 1888, and during the first week in June Stevenson arrived in San Francisco, and rested at the Occidental Hotel until the yacht was ready. I first met him at Dr. Merrit's house in Oakland. To say that I was favourably impressed with the great author would be stretching the truth. Imagine a man of medium height, so painfully thin that his clothes seemed a burden to him, his brown hair falling to his shoulders around a face of deathlike whiteness, but alight with the most fascinating brown eyes I had ever seen. It took me some time to discover Nature's purpose in giving the man such an unusual pair of eyes; but I finally determined that they were indicant of strength of character, accompanying absolute fearlessness. This discovery created so deep an impression on my mind that I forgot for a time the startling physical weakness of the man. But as soon as I was alone the thought returned to me with some force, that before sailing I had better make the necessary arrangements for his death at sea; in fact, as I looked him over in my mind, without the tonic of his sustaining eyes, I did not believe it would be possible for him to make the trip and return alive. But there was one thing that I liked about him from the first: he never referred to his calling in his conversation—never talked shop to strangers; one might have taken him for a lawyer, or a secretary, or a musician, or a man of any other occupation, if you depended upon him to enlighten you.'

It was some three weeks after his coming before the yacht was ready for sea. At different times there had been some comment upon the over-rigging of the yacht *Casco*, but this seems to have been founded in misapprehension, or from lack of information. It is well known to those who sailed the yacht that more than once it was her splendid sailing qualities, aided by her sail-bearing capacity, that extricated the *Casco* from dangers unknown to Stevenson or to members of his party; and these were of that kind of dangers that were sufficiently realistic to sailors accustomed to those treacherous seas. With perhaps the exception of the fisherman's stay-sail, all canvas was in due proportion to the yacht's measurements; she was not oversparred, nor was her sail excessive, says practical authority. There was, however, a danger which threatened during the run from San Francisco to the Marquesas Islands which has been overlooked by the critics; in fact, it was not fully appreciated either by Dr. Merrit or Stevenson before the yacht sailed from San Francisco: the vessel was at first undermanned, having a crew of four men only. This defect was more fully realized with the first rough weather, when it was found there was no one to relieve the skipper, whose watch by necessity lasted until good weather returned, with or without his snatch of sleep, as the case might be. Assistance was secured in the South Seas; but the fact that the sailing-master was the only navigator aboard points to where the danger lurked: suppose Captain Otis had been lost in the night, swept overboard in an unexpected squall—what then might have been the fate of the *Casco* none can venture to say, further than that destruction in some shape almost certainly would have overtaken her.

It was during the afternoon of June 28, 1888—a day of cloudless Californian weather—when the yacht dropped under the muzzles of the batteries on island and shore, and, spreading her great white wings, swept through the swift push of waters that guards the Gate of Gold. Once over the bar, with her bow pointed for

the Farallones, she raced like a freed prisoner into the south-west. A few hours later, and she stood to the south, with Point Reyes fading through the haze, and the sunset sky covering sea and yacht like a great swinging lid. This was Stevenson's first experience aboard an American yacht, with low rails and towering masts; and when the wind freshened later in the day, the *Casco* was soon sailing at a steamer's rate, and frequently putting her rail under water in what seemed a threatening way. The first time this happened it caused some apprehension, if not consternation, among the members of the party; but Stevenson, who proved a thorough sailor, only smiled, but said nothing. During the first twenty-four hours out the yacht ran two hundred and fifty-six miles, which, considering the wind, was thought to be fair sailing.

For nine days there was good weather, but on the tenth sky and barometer showed disquieting symptoms that increased through the following twenty-four hours; by this time Captain Otis became convinced the yacht was sailing uncomfortably near one of those great revolving storms frequently encountered in the Pacific; these disturbances are always dangerous and often difficult to escape, if the vessel is once drawn within the outer rim. In the present instance it was found next to impossible to tell on which side of the storm the yacht lay; in fact, the navigator was unable to venture an opinion for another day and night; even then his decision was much of a guess, but luckily Captain Otis guessed right, when he gave the order to run to westward. This course the *Casco* was put to, with every stitch of her canvas drawing. Thirty hours after things became so much more comfortable aboard that the spirit of the party rose again, and the skipper felt that he had sailed the yacht out of the dangerous radius; so she was again put about with her bow seeking the Southern Cross.

But for three and a half days those aboard had enjoyed none of the comforts of yachting, the captain and crew in the meanwhile getting but few snatches of

sleep. The bark *Tropic Bird*, which had sailed from San Francisco two days later, met with a different fate. Upon comparing notes with Captain Burns in the South Seas several months after, it was learned that the *Tropic Bird* had likewise attempted to clear the storm by running westward ; but, as she lay on its eastern margin, she ran into its centre instead ; the consequence was that in less than half an hour the vessel was stripped of an entire suit of sails worth several thousands of dollars, besides sustaining other serious injuries. Here was a vessel with her full complement of men under a captain of long experience in the South Seas, barely able to avert disaster, after a wrong guess in a sea that seems to defy the mariner to sail by rule. It makes the friendly heart leap, even at this distance, to think on what might have happened to the *Casco*, undermanned as she was, if her skipper had erred, as Captain Burns did, in locating the storm's position ; at best the vessel must have been disabled, and it is not unlikely that she never would have reached another anchorage.

But the perils that lurked in the *Casco* course were not yet past ; for shortly before the Marquesas Islands were sighted, the vessel was struck by a 'freak squall,' the like of which even the captain never before had seen. In describing the incident, he says that 'the squall, which was as black as a black cat, first passed the yacht to leeward ; when well off the quarter, it suddenly turned and came down upon us, like the dropping of a cloak. All whips were let go, and the wheel was put hard down ; but before the *Casco* could be brought into the wind, she was struck and knocked down until the wind spilled out her sails, and the edge of the house was under water, with the sea pouring over the cockpit in a torrent. It looked dangerous for awhile, and I can imagine that those below, except, perhaps, Stevenson, must have been in a pretty tremor. Then it was that the usual funny thing happened, which the ladies of the party insisted on taking seriously ; yet it only served to illustrate the old saying

that in every loss may be found some gain. Since leaving San Francisco I had found it impossible to convince some of those aboard of the necessity for keeping the dead-lights closed on the lee-side of the yacht; and this precaution is especially necessary when sailing in the tropics or doldrums. Well, when this squall struck the *Casco* and she laid down, two dead-lights (each 12 inches across) were wide open; and when the edge of the house went under the water the dead-lights were at least 18 inches below the surface of the deep salt sea. The vigour with which two streams of water, under great pressure, poured into the cabins proved a new and startling experience to the inmates, who were now speedily convinced that there may be a grain of reason even in a "seaman's crankiness" about dead-lights.'

They were now well within the tropics, and the bracing trades of the North had been replaced by the variable airs which wind the Southern seas, now drenching with rain, now covering the yacht with steam. The nights, between squalls, were entrancing and fairy-like, or flooded with silver, or dusk beneath a half-hidden moon. By sun-up on July 21, and about three weeks out from San Francisco, the look-out hailed land, and soon the island of Ua-huna could be seen off the port bow; Nuka-hiva lay abeam, and to the south glimmered Ua-pu's sharp peaks, hooded in great cloud-fleeces. By noon the *Casco* had worked her way, by aid of currents and light winds, well along the coast of Nuka-hiva, where she soon came to anchor in Anaho Bay. The first leg of the cruise was run, and the yacht was swinging at dangerous moorings, near one of the intermittent blow-holes, which are frequent in the lava-bound coasts of volcanic islands.*

A tattooed native chief and a white beach-comber were heralds of the coming canoe-loads of scantily clad Polynesians of both sexes who soon crowded every part of the little vessel. Here at last was one of the novelist's day-dreams realized, and here he beheld

* Note B.

for the first time the original picture of primitive savagery, done in living brown upon a variegated, tropical background, where Nature's tints lay half hidden in an ever-changing haze of gold by day, or wrapped in silver shades at night. The novelist's impression of Anaho and its stalwart cannibals have been humorously—nay, almost pathetically—described in the opening chapters of his South Sea voyages. By this time he was in comparatively good health, and Captain Otis, who had watched him narrowly, says that he noticed a change for the better by the end of the first week out ; from this on his health improved steadily, and by the time of their first landfall the colour was returning to his face, and he stepped with more physical energy, and spoke with a greater vivacity. The earlier part of the voyage was taken up largely by those aboard in becoming better acquainted with their surroundings, and in gauging the capacity of the sailing-master to bring them again safely out of the sea. Occasionally they would be alarmed at the seeming eccentricities of the American yacht, which was as sensitive as a watch and fleeter than a deer ; but soon their very natural timidity disappeared, to be followed by confidence and enjoyment to the end of the voyage. But later, after he began mending under the tonic of the South and the nursing of the waves, Stevenson quite often would be at work from daylight until breakfast, at eight o'clock, and sometimes he would work during the forenoon, dictating to Mr. Osbourne, who used the typewriter. The remainder of the day would be spent practising the flute, in which he was persistent, or in lounging on deck talking to whomsoever was there. Frequently he would stand long spells watching the interminable rollers as they seemed to rise by magic under the stern of the yacht, to rush with silent, resistless sweep toward the far rim of the sea.

Once during the voyage, after the Southern Cross had been raised and the novelist's face was fast losing

the hues of an invalid's, an incident occurred that clearly illustrates his dislike of shams and lip-service. 'It was the first and last time during the voyage that he made mention of his writings,' says Captain Otis, in whose words the anecdote is best given. 'I have told you that before meeting Stevenson the only one of his books that I had read was "Treasure Island"; but knowing I must now be for several months aboard the yacht, where conversation must often drag for want of a subject, I determined to spend a part of my spare time in Dr. Merrit's library, becoming better acquainted with the novelist's writings before we sailed. I was not afraid that he would bother me, but I felt that it was a part of the duty of the sailing-master of a litterateur on a cruise of this kind to be ready for the inevitable that I believed his admiring friends or relations would spring on me sooner or later, namely, "Now, captain, what do you think of Mr. Stevenson's works?" or "Which of his books do you like the best?" or some other fond allusion, which affection excuses even though the effect is tiresome.

'It was some time first, but at last Fate pointed, and Stevenson's aged mother took me to task. I stood her questioning as long as possible, and finding myself unable to avoid some sort of an opinion on the points raised, I at last blurted out in self-defence: "My dear madam, I have already told you that I have read but one of your son's books, and since you have urged me to express an opinion, I will say that, from the casual examination I have given some of the others, I do not think I would care to read them." Need I say that his mother was highly offended at my words? which at the time were only the truth, and that she took little pains to conceal her feelings is not to be wondered at. However, the conversation on literature remained closed between us thereafter. Well, it seems Stevenson overheard us through the skylight, and coming on deck at once, he said to me: "Captain, you have raised yourself in my estimation by your frank statement to my mother that you had

only read one of my books through, and that you did not care for the others; if you had told her that you had read them all and liked them, as most people tell me whether or not, I will be as frank and tell you that I would have thought you lied!" '

During the three weeks that the yacht lay in Anaho Bay there was little doing. The anchorage in the miniature harbour was not good; at the best place, where the *Casco* first lay within a nook at the south end, she was continually threatened, should she drag anchor, by a great sharp tooth of lava that pierced the sea just ahead. The night before it happened the novelist and the skipper stood on deck discussing the threatening danger. Upon several occasions Stevenson had speculated grimly, and in a somewhat blood-curdling manner, on the probable result to the yacht (and incidentally to literature), if the vessel rolled herself loose and was spitted upon the tooth of lava, and on that evening, being in fine mood, the author anticipated a string of horrors which caused even the seamen to shake with apprehension. However, as her moorings held about a week longer, confidence was partially restored; but one evening, while all were at dinner, the *Casco* tripped her anchor, as though with vicious intent bent upon their destruction, and drifted rapidly towards the fatal point. 'Prompt action and a second anchor,' says Captain Otis (others aboard called it Providence), checked her course just in time, and the crew were soon working her across the bay under a jib-sail. Some two score of natives offered to aid the crew in this labour, and Stevenson afterwards gave them much praise for securing the vessel's safety; but, in the opinion of the captain and crew, it seems the natives were mostly in the way, although quite willing to aid, and it is a fact that the officers were forced to throw several of the Polynesians overboard before the yacht could be moored again in safety.

But the new anchorage proved uncomfortable, for whenever there was a breeze outside the vessel lay in the path of the swell, where she would roll heavily

for hours at a time. It was here that the author's stepson ventured to his undoing. Since they had cast anchor Mr. Osbourne had taken great interest in native canoeing, and one day, seeing a native boat fastened to the boat-boom, he attempted to board the canoe by crawling out on the boom. In describing the misadventure the captain says: 'His ambition at this point overcame his usual good judgment, as there was a heavy swell running, and the yacht was rolling as for a wager. I was sitting in the cockpit reading and smoking at the time, when suddenly my attention was attracted by a splash in the water; I looked forward, as the vessel rolled heavily to port, in time to see the boat-boom swish into the air at an angle of quite forty-five degrees, bearing an unusual attachment that I soon made out to be Mr. Osbourne, with his feet under the under side of the boom, and his hands grasping the life-line, which was slack. As the yacht rolled to starboard he took another plunge in the bay, but was almost immediately withdrawn by the vessel's next roll to port. His involuntary bath was repeated several times, greatly to my amusement, but how it struck Mr. Osbourne, who was only learning yachting, I am unable to say. Finally he was rescued by the crew upon a vibrant alarm given by his mother, who happened to come on deck.'

During their stay at Anaho frequent trips were made around the bay, or there were shooting parties to the mountains for wild chickens. These fowls had been first brought to the island about the year 1845 by a Russian warship, and, having been allowed to run wild, had increased wonderfully. They are very game birds, and are considered delicious eating by strangers; but they are difficult to find, even after killing, unless accompanied by a hunting dog, owing to the fact that they have put on for protection a plumage that it is next to impossible to distinguish from the rocks and foliage where they live. This calls to mind another evolutionary statement by Stevenson concerning a Samoan wood-bird, said to have regained

its nearly lost power of flight since the introduction by the whites of pigs and cats into the island.

The first time the gentlemen of the party went chicken-shooting they were joined at the beach by the chief Taipi-Kikino, who recently had been appointed Governor by the French, and was consequently held responsible for all failures to enforce the French laws. Taipi-Kikino was a typical Marquesan, some six-feet-four barefoot, broad in proportion, and tattooed from crown to heel. The chief formally insisted on the guns and ammunition being given to him, and these he afterwards carried, accompanying the hunters to the mountains in search of chickens. At the time all supposed the chief's kindness was a form of native courtesy, but later it was discovered that it was necessary for strangers to take out a permit to carry arms ashore, and that the proffered courtesy was but the chief's ruse to secure possession of the guns, and thus prevent a violation of the French statute. The sportsmen agree that it was probably a lucky thing that they did not see a chicken during the trip, and consequently found no occasion to dispute Taipi-Kikino's nine points of law.

Before sailing for Tai-o-hae, which lies on the other side of the island along the beach of a picturesque bay, a gentlemanly beach-comber, named Regler, was engaged to pilot the vessel, and eight hours later the anchor was dropped before the village, where the yacht lay for the next ten days. Here the Chinese steward was discharged, and Ah Fu, frequently mentioned by Stevenson, was shipped instead. Captain Otis fortunately secured here as well the service of an old ex-trading captain, named Goltz, who shipped as first mate and pilot to take the *Casco* through the dangerous Low Archipelago.

Tai-o-hae displayed all the characteristics of the tropics : there were capricious changes in the weather ; the monotonous moaning of the surf, which made the island silence seem more oppressive ; the variegated background of plant-life, and the sheer-running steeps

trembling in the heat, or steaming in vapour; the feathery trees storm-tossed by the confusing draughts of the wet season, or drooping languidly between gusts; all of which, with the thatched dwellings half hidden in the greenery along shore, made up the picture of a typical Polynesian village reposing in primitive manner and habitat. Yet there were signs that told the story of foreign occupation with its significant corollaries—a long pier thrust itself through the breakers and into the green of the sea, the flag of France flew above the Commandant's white house near the beach, a small revenue schooner lay below at anchor, with her tricolor broken out like a cluster of jewels against the white surf. Here Stevenson found much to his liking, and the picture that he has penned of the convict life of the island is of much importance, if correctly interpreted, so typical is it of Polynesian gaol-life during the early stages of civilization. While here the novelist was often ashore, as the guest of the French Commandant, or abroad in search of information from the natives, and once during the visit M. Delaruelle was entertained on the yacht.

Taahauku is on the island of Hiva-oa, that lies ninety-five miles dead to windward. Before sailing thither Stevenson had offered passage to Michel Blanc, the missionary lay-brother often mentioned in his volume on the South Seas. The novelist had been a frequent visitor at the Catholic Mission, and when the yacht sailed a present of sheep and pigs had been sent aboard by the good Fathers; but, as it proved, this provision was not to fit Christian stomachs at Hiva-oa, for long before the *Casco* reached the lee of that island all the pigs and most of the sheep came aft in a bunch before a heavy sea, the sheep and pigs being swept overboard, while the mate, who was in the jumble, brought up with a sailor's luck head-first against the companionway with bloody foretop, but alive. The voyage was exceedingly rough, and it was fully twelve hours before they reached the shelter of Hiva-oa. The skipper declared it to be the roughest

yachting in his experience. On that trip he was seasick for the first time, and he adds that during the trying day Stevenson was the only person aboard the yacht who was not sick. The next day the vessel beat through the Bordelais Straits, between Hiva-oa and Tauata (Santa Christian), coming to anchor in Taahauku Bay at three o'clock in the afternoon, just opposite another blow-hole.

After the yacht had been made snug, and dinner was over, it was nearly dark, and a drizzle of rain was falling ; then came the landing which Mr. Stevenson has already described, but with some inaccuracy, owing to his not being present. The yacht's boat took ashore Mr. Osbourne, Brother Michel, and the skipper. Before they reached the landing-place it became quite dark, and a light rain was now falling steadily. On approaching the beach, lights were seen at the head of the bay, and the voice of Mr. Keane, the island trader, was heard warning them to come in bow on, the boat at the time being stern on. In the South Seas there are sometimes four rollers in succession, instead of three, as farther north, and the boat went in on the third, which they thought to be the last. But they found the beach so steep that the bow of the boat took the sand instead of being carried forward by the wave, and a glance backward showed Captain Otis that the fourth roller was almost upon them, so he called to the rest to jump for it, and himself set the example. He and Mr. Osbourne escaped with wet feet, but Brother Michel, being a heavy man, was not so successful, for before he could land the tardy roller struck the boat, which at once stood on her nose and dumped the good brother with the crew into the surf. His more fortunate companions hastened to the rescue, and found Brother Michel volubly expressing his disapproval in a no very choice mixture of French and Polynesian epithets. However, the good brother lost his patience only a moment under the trying circumstances, and no sooner was he out of the reach of the waves, and his eyes and mouth were freed from the

sand and salt water, than he was jovially smiling and jesting at his misadventure.

It was now the height of the rainy season. The anchorage where the yacht lay was narrow and uncomfortable, and the vessel was tossed without ceasing by the choppy swell caused by the pushing of the sea through the narrow entrance formed by two promontories. While here the yacht *Nyanza*, of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, ran in and anchored near by, having on board Captain Dewar and a small party of friends. Frequent days of rain now interrupted the short trips from the *Casco*. By day and by night the dripping clouds were borne down from the mountains by the strong currents of air which continually swept the narrow bay. Yet, notwithstanding the boisterous inclemency of the weather, Mr. Stevenson went often ashore in search of information, or to take long strolls, when the rain permitted, under the storm-clad summits of the Atuona Mountains, that rose green and precipitous, like the setting of some gigantic stage. The excursions of the rest of the party were made mostly on horseback, and were confined to visits to an old Scot, or to the house of a Yankee whaler-captain, who lived at Hanamate Bay to the eastward, and to the quarters of the former chief, Moipu, or of his successor, Paaaeua, in the native village hard by.

Stevenson has briefly referred to one of these visits made at night by Captain Otis and Mr. Osbourne, which turned out quite a mixture of comedy and adventure. He treated their experiences of the night as a great joke for a long time, and never wearied of slyly reminding those gentlemen of their failure to see the sights of Atuona by night. But as it is doubtful whether or not the novelist ever heard all of the facts of that night, the tale will bear repeating as Captain Otis relates it.

'My remembrance,' he says, 'is that we went ashore on another quest, and not to see the sights of Atuona. But as the night was very dark, and it was raining hard, we soon found we were lost. It was some time

before we were rescued by the natives, who naturally supposed we had come ashore sight-seeing, which is not an unusual thing for strangers to do at night in the tropics, in order to avoid the heat and discomforts of the day. The facts, as I remember them, are about as follows : On a bluff above the village grew a large banyan-tree that was tabu to all foreigners, and it was always closely guarded as long as strangers were around. The reason of this was that visitors were for ever in search of native curiosities and relics, and within the protecting arms of this giant banyan were located several peculiar repositories for the native dead. These were formed by the down-growing of the aerial roots, which formed numerous cavities in the composite and widespreading trunk. Most of these cavities had openings near the foliage, where the roots were less perfectly grown together, and it was through these openings that the bodies of the dead were deposited within their sepulchres of growing wood. Owing to the peculiarities of the climate, together with the preserving qualities of the living tree, organic changes in the dead take place slowly, until the flesh finally crumbles, leaving the harder parts of the body intact. The natives say that the eyes remaining in the skulls soon become petrified, and it is a fact that they are often sought as curiosities by strangers. Knowing this, the natives guarded the place so closely that it was impossible to approach the tree by daylight.

'Well, Mr. Osbourne and I talked the matter over, and determined to adventure by night to see if we could secure a few of the coveted eyes. We selected the night in question owing to the darkness and the rain, thinking we would be able to find the place after making a careful visual survey of the lay of the land by day. At the time we landed we were unaware that high jinks were being held at Chief Moipu's bungalow. Therefore, as soon as we could do so without raising suspicion, we slipped away, and took the narrow road, or rather pathway, which we believed

led to the banyan on the hill. The darkness was intense, and to make matters worse the rain was increasing to a downpour. The pathway had a ditch on either side, and, as we floundered along, we found ourselves as often in the water as upon the road-bed. We were certainly in a pickle to be escaped as soon as possible, but we had gone so far by this time that we were afraid we would be unable to find the way back while the rain lasted. By good luck we soon saw a light ahead, so we plunged along until we came opposite; and, being afraid to leave the path lest we should fall into deeper mire, we here raised a shout, and were soon surrounded by the household of Paaaeua, the successor and rival of the rightful chief, Moipu, who had been removed by the French. Lights were soon brought, and we were taken into our place of refuge, where we were relieved of our dripping clothes and made comfortable. Native hospitality was fully extended to us, and the customary cocoanut-water and native pipe were soon passing around the circle where we sat exchanging formal compliments after the Island manner.

'It was not a great while before the rain ceased and we prepared to depart; but this, we soon learned, was contrary to the purpose of Paaaeua and his buxom wife. These good people evidently knew of Moipu's entertainment, and thought very likely that we were on our way to visit the rival chief; and this we found they objected to when we made another attempt to leave. We were told by actions that spoke as plainly as any words might—but polite withal—that our good name and reputation were not for a moment to be entrusted to the seductions of Moipu's revelry; and it was not long before Paaaeua firmly, yet with great dignity, led us into a large room and made us comfortable for the night. By now it was clear and bright outside, as we could see through the lattice walls of bamboo; and we could hear full well the smiting of drums, with the fun and laughter of the revellers at the stronghold of the upstart Moipu, who dwelt in the neighbourhood.

'These sounds were enticing, and flattered the imagination, as unseen sights always do. How to reach Moipu's without offending our jealous host was the question to be solved. After consultation, we decided that I should lead the way through the main room to the entrance, holding Mr. Osbourne by the hand to prevent a mistake in the dark. The door to our room swung in, so this I opened softly, and we proceeded; but we had moved only a step or two before my foot came against an obstacle. I cautioned my companion and stepped over, but before my foot reached the floor my ankle was seized by an unseen hand, and the dignified Paaaeua sat up, asked in native where I was going, and if I wanted another drink of cocoanut-water. A light was then brought, and we were politely returned to our room, where another drink was handed us by Mrs. Paaaeua. Afterwards our host strongly remonstrated with us upon our impropriety, and we were put safely to bed again. By this time you can conceive that we were as fully determined to visit Chief Moipu as Chief Paaaeua was to keep us in lodgings for the night; but, after a whispered consultation, made necessary by the open structure of the walls, we agreed to wait until sleep overcame our guards before venturing again.

'Our bed of mats was against the outer wall, which was made of bamboo slats, and we could hear plainly how the revelry rose and fell over Moipu way; but at last, while listening to the forbidden pleasures of the night, we both fell asleep. It was not long, however, before I was awakened by a sharp poke in the back through the open lattice. At first I was at a loss, but a moment later I heard a suppressed feminine giggle, and the riddle at once resolved itself into a delegation of village damsels, who brought us an invitation from Moipu to join the revellers at once.

'This I readily agreed to, and awoke Mr. Osbourne, and again we essayed to desert our host; but it seems that both the giggle and invitation had been overheard by Mrs. Paaaeua, who quickly aroused her hus-

band. While we dressed, our host quietly slipped around the house and effectively dispersed the dusky delegation. Therefore it was that, when we again attempted to pass the door, I was promptly seized by the chief's big wife, and held until we were made to understand that we must give up all thought of visiting the wily Moipu so long as Paaaeua ruled the island under French prestige. Afterwards we both became better acquainted with Moipu, and were often visitors at his house, much to Paaaeua's chagrin ; but we never succeeded in securing samples of the petrified eyes, nor came near reaching the great banyan on the hill.'

CHAPTER III

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE *CASCO* (*continued*): PAUMOTUS AND TAHITI

IT was several days after the departure of the yacht *Nyanza* before the *Casco* was towed out by a whale-boat, ran through the Bordelais Straits, and laid her course for the Low Archipelago. On the fifth day out land should have been sighted near sundown; but, owing to unsatisfactory observations, the captain was obliged to depend on dead-reckoning, which was more or less influenced by the doubtful currents present; this caused him to miss the expected landfall, and it was not until sun-up the next day that the anxious pilot picked up Taiaro, and the navigator was heard to complain that, according to the French chart in use, they had overrun an island in the night.

After another day of light and variable winds the island of Raraka was sighted about sunset; but throughout the night they experienced a succession of calms and heavy rain-squalls, very annoying and most dangerous, owing to the vessel's uncertain position. In recalling the trials of that night the skipper declares that from the moment darkness fell they seemed to be dodging, alternately, the islands of Raraka and Kauehi; this was kept up for a weary time, but after playing the dangerous game of naval tag until nearly midnight, the vessel was laid to and day awaited.

It was a night filled with perils for all, but it turned out to be their lucky night. Only occasionally the look-out could see ahead to advantage; and when the

surf could not be seen they had to depend on the sharpness of their ears for the vessel's safety. One of the crew was kept until midnight with ear to the main-mast, as the water conveys the sound of a threatening surf farther and more clearly than does the air. During the rain-squalls the darkness was intense; and it seemed to the anxious crew that they were picking up the surf dead ahead about every ten minutes. Later on it was learned that their confusion had been caused by the variable currents running through a channel, formed by the two islands, which lay nearly at right angles to each other, and about six miles apart. Happily, when daylight came they found the yacht lying quite in the centre of this channel and out of all danger. It was not in this instance only, but throughout the voyage, that the French chart proved quite unreliable, so that those aboard had to keep a very sharp look-out indeed, while threading the dangerous archipelago, in order to supply the deficiency and correct the errors.

During the next forenoon Fakarava was raised, and ere long they ran through the north-eastern pass, falling at once among dangerous coral-heads, sharp as knives, that stud the lagoon for five miles before the harbour of Rotoava is reached. But once there, the yacht was soon anchored in seven fathoms of smooth water. Rotoava is the port of entry of the Paumotus, where the French Commandant resides; he was absent, however, when Stevenson arrived, and they were made welcome by M. Donat, the acting vice-resident.

The native village nestles among avenues of tall palms and various tropical greenery, from which it peeps quaintly through unexpected openings; but in one respect it was very unlike a Polynesian village, for it was filled with silence, caused by the absence of the natives, most of whom were gathering pearl-shell along the shores of the lagoon or on the other islands, against the coming of the yearly trading schooner. In the Low Archipelago none are allowed to fish for pearls and shell without the consent of the French Government,

which draws much revenue from the fisheries. But the natives have learnt some of the tricks of Pacific commerce from their Latin rulers, or their frequent Anglo-Saxon visitors, and are quite as able as the French to estimate the value of the lagoons of the group and divide the spoils taken therefrom with the transient traders who are barred by the Government. The inefficiency of the little guard-schooners that spend much time idly lying in one place, or plying between others, was probably one of the defects of French rule that impressed the novelist when he wrote in the prologue of 'The Wrecker' that it was considered a good job 'to strike a tabooed pearl island, say about the fourth year, skim the lagoon on the sly, and up stick and away before the French get wind of you.'

It was in this spot, surrounded by a delightful solitude that would have charmed the soul of old Johann Zimmermann, that the author tarried for a fortnight. The amusements were few : hunting shells, fishing in the surf by moonlight for mullet, or visiting the little native church, where frequent services were held after the Polynesian manner. It was here that Stevenson met another of those curious yet not infrequent anomalies of life to be met throughout the South Seas. He found that the quaint native church at Rotoava was presided over by a Polynesian pastor who was a ticket-of-leave man ; but in the island of Fakarava the incongruity of putting aside a convict's garb to don the cloth of the Church passes without comment, with not so much as notice ! Crimes and misdemeanours do not affect Polynesians as their commission does civilized men ; and a misbehaviour that would cause a white man to be shunned by his friends and brethren does not convey to the minds of these simple children of nature the first hint that moral obloquy is attached to evil actions.

But too soon there came the unfortunate cause for their hasty departure to Tahiti. While living ashore in the hired cottage, which he has so quaintly described in his volume on the South Seas, Stevenson contracted

a severe cold, and was at once taken down. The night before the yacht sailed, there were severe thunder-storms and almost complete darkness; and, as the novelist seemed to be growing rapidly worse, his wife, who was exceedingly anxious for his safety (that now seemed to depend on securing medical attendance as soon as possible), demanded in her bewilderment that the yacht should go to sea at once. But this course was quite out of reason, and Captain Otis was obliged to refuse to take the risk, as there was no wind, except during the squalls, when it meant instant destruction to weigh anchor; but had it been possible to get under way, it would have been impossible in such weather to have avoided the coral-heads that lined the tortuous channel to the sea. The next morning by daybreak the yacht cleared the dangerous neck, and was soon headed for Tahiti. Papeete was reached after a fine passage of forty-eight hours of light winds, the distance sailed being about two hundred and fifty miles. It was daybreak when they arrived before the town.

The invalid was immediately taken ashore, where he took up a temporary abode at the Hôtel de France. The local physician, who was called in attendance, evidently thought the author's condition was grave, for it was given out on the next day that should the patient have another hæmorrhage before bedtime that night, it would in all probability prove fatal. With his usual courage and forethought, Stevenson began arranging his affairs. 'That evening,' says Captain Otis, 'he sent for me. When I arrived at the hotel he sat propped in the bed; he appeared to be quite weak, but he greeted me cordially, and I remember that he was smoking a cigarette as usual. He was, in fact, the only one present who did not seem anxious and distressed—but then, his nerve never deserted him; and he was facing death as he had faced life and sickness, with a smile and a jest. He told me in his ordinary tone, and without a flicker of excitement, that he had sent for me, fearing that he might take a turn for the worse; if he did, he said, the doctor had

told him he probably would not live until morning. Then he added with a smile, " You see, the doctor does not give me much time ; so I have divided what there is left into three equal portions, one for each, only reserving the last for Mrs. Stevenson." He then proceeded to inform me, as calmly as though he had had a century to spend, how I was to dispose of the yacht and settle the business, if disaster fell—which happily it did not. After that he bade me adieu as quietly as if no danger threatened his life and hopes. The man did not seem to realize that he acted the hero in the little things of his life, as well as where he stood face to face with life's greatest evil—Death.'

But the next morning, as the patient was much better, he was removed to a comfortable cottage, situated in a garden just opposite the main entrance to the harbour, in the neighbourhood of the fortifications. Here he rested quietly for some three weeks, and until he had practically regained strength. During this time he did not leave the house except to enjoy strolls in the garden, to call on Mrs. Brander (the widowed sister of Queen Pomare), or to make the few official calls necessary. But before the *Casco* was taken round to Taravao, on the windward side of the island, the three gentlemen of the party made a short trip to Eimeo (Murea) Island, which lies out about seven miles, and opposite the grand pass. Soon after returning the yacht left Papeete with a French pilot aboard ; but, in returning by the pass, they were obliged to beat through the channel lying between Tahiti and Eimeo, where the trades suck through the high bluffs on either side with terrific force ; this caused a heavy head-sea, and gave them seven hours as hard sailing between reefs as the most enthusiastic yachtsman could desire. Early the next morning they ran into the big bight, on the windward side, at whose centre lies the enclosed harbour of Taravao, or Port Phaeton, as it is otherwise called.

The entrance to the harbour is through a narrow break in the reef, marked by beacons placed on the hill

behind, while beating up to the passage heavy seas with variable winds were encountered ; this made it quite uncomfortable and somewhat risky, as the plunge was to be made through a line of heavy surf. While there was actually little danger to be anticipated from the sailor's point of view, yet here, as elsewhere, wherever there was a possibility of an accident, the skipper had the boats properly cleared.

When the trying moment came and the *Casco's* bows pierced the seething belt of spray and fume, she apparently stood on end for a hesitating moment before she leaped, like a thing alive, through and over what seemed certain destruction ; and, before the breath could be indrawn, she fell again into the smooth basin inside, hardly having wet her decks in the passage. After a run of half a mile, the yacht was moored in a beautiful land-locked harbour, nearly a mile wide, that was wooded to its shore. When the anchorage was reached, suppressed excitement was still visible among those on board ; even Stevenson, who seldom made comment, felt constrained to ask in careless manner, and with the ghost of a smile on his lips, 'if Captain Otis did not think such yachting gymnastics were rather risky sport for invalid authors to indulge in.'

The next day the party, including the skipper, started overland for the native village of Tautira, about fifteen or twenty miles distant ; a waggon was hired of the Chinese in the district, so that they would be able to return the same day, if necessary. There were three small streams found on the way that they were obliged to ford some thirty times before the end of the journey was reached. Owing to sudden floods after heavy showers, they had some exciting experiences on the way ; once the waggon stuck in the middle of a stream, and the ladies of the party were carried ashore by their escorts. The novelist immediately liked Tautira, where he met the genial Ori-a-Ori ; and it was here Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson soon returned, after having secured a suitable dwelling from their friend, the sub-chief. It was in this retired spot, under

the protection and friendship of Ori-a-Ori, that the author remained until after the *Casco* was repaired and they were ready to sail for Honolulu.

The yacht lay a few days more at Taravao, and then sailed for Tautira, situated near the end of the island, but before leaving two of the crew who had been taken sick were sent to Papeete, whence substitutes were brought back. But taking the yacht out of Taravao proved to be even more exciting than her incoming had been ; Mr. Stevenson, however, missed this adventure, only Mrs. Stevenson, senior, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and the French maid, Valentine, taking passage. The vessel was taken out by another channel, which, at one point, had a coral-patch running diagonally almost across it ; this necessitated jibing the yacht twice during the run out. The second time this occurred the vessel was at the outer edge of the channel and almost in the heavy surf ; from this point to safety the yacht must depend upon the headway already gained to clear this surf in a heavy and dangerous sea, and to carry her far enough to give room to tack away from another dangerous lee reef. It was after this nerve-trying passage had been made in safety that Captain Otis, while lying on a boat-cover to windward, noticed that the main-topmast was out of line ; but, owing to the excessive motion, he was unable to make a further examination. By early the next morning they were anchored inside the reef off Tautira, where the passengers were landed and the masts overhauled. On removing the copper sheeting from the masthead of the mainmast, it was found to be far gone with dry-rot ; it had, in fact, already given way to the hard strain of surf-riding and the heavy seas since leaving Papeete.

There now fell on all the annoyance of one of those delays which are invariably met with in odd corners of the earth. The oversight had been caused in the first place by the hurried preparations made for sea, owing to the low state of Stevenson's health when he reached San Francisco. This had persuaded Dr.

Merrit and Captain Otis to rely too fully on the assurance of the former sailing-master that the masts were sound. There was, however, a redeeming feature to the misfortune that made the time pass profitably and more quickly to Stevenson, who was anxious to reach Honolulu, where the ends of his business and his mail awaited—namely, he found himself during the delay in comfortable quarters, and in the congenial society of Ori-a-Ori at the primitive hamlet of Tautira, where the dreaded semi-civilization of Papeete had not yet penetrated. Here his loss of time was fully compensated by the store of information and legends which he gathered for future use in story or song.

In the meantime the *Casco* fared as best she might to Papeete, where the troubles of the yacht's skipper began. You who have not sailed over the edge of the sea, leaving the outports of civilization far astern, may wonder that it took five full weeks to fish a mainmast-head, and yet this is not an improbable length of time for such a job in the great Pacific, where ship's timber and ship's carpenters are often scarce as good luck to the deserving. In all Papeete, where Charles Warren Stoddard had once swung idle heels, and longed for home, there was to be found but a single stray beach-comber, who admitted he once had been a ship's carpenter, and who, after considerable urging, and the promise of very good wages, at last consented to do the job ; but he held control of the situation, and, like all his class, did the work when he pleased, and in what manner he pleased, and just as slowly as it pleased him ; time and money were not incentives to the beach-comber of Papeete. His first objection was that there was not a piece of mast-timber in Tahiti fit for the job, but this was overcome by Captain Otis buying a sound topmast out of a wrecked French barque. 'There was not in truth so much to be done,' says the skipper. 'The mainmasts, of course, had to come out and have new mast-heads cut, upon which pieces of the new topmast were to be spliced. This should not have taken more than a week, but owing

to the "cussedness" of the beach-comber, it took all of five weeks before I was able to return to Tautira and pick up Stevenson; but when I got there at last, I found him in fine health, and as brown as a berry, yet I am certain he had grown tired of Tahiti, and certainly he hailed the *Casco* like a welcome friend.'

The party had now been cruising for five months in the South Seas, having arrived at Anaho Bay, as recorded in the log of the *Casco*, on July 21 previous. Quite a portion of this time Stevenson had been enabled to spend ashore in the rôle of travelling, note-taking author; but to this is to be added his regular instalment of work on hand, or already contracted for. His task may, therefore, be called burdensome, however pleasant and fascinating it was to a man of his temperament and mental endowment. But whatever the condition might be, his habit of life was quiet and unobtrusive always, and he worked as his strength permitted, or enjoyed frequent strolls, sometimes alone, but often with Mrs. Stevenson, or with a native guide, as his mood inclined. Frequently he would be away a good part of a day, or most of an evening, in company with Polynesian friends, searching for information, or paying visits after the native way; then work again, with a definite time set apart for receiving social calls. The delays at Tahiti were both irksome and expensive (as new yacht's stores became necessary), and the author was in much haste, from business reasons, to reach his mail at Honolulu; yet there was still a further delay after the vessel's arrival, and it was not until Christmas Day that anchor was weighed and the *Casco* sailed for Honolulu.

The entire population of Tautira was assembled on the beach when the yacht sailed. M. Tebeau, a French gendarme stationed there, fired a salute of twenty-one guns with his army rifle, which was promptly returned from the yacht with a heavy-tongued Winchester, and within an hour the peaks of Tahiti were sunk in mist and rain-clouds. The only land sighted before the lee shore of Hawaii was reached was an outlying

island of the Paumotus that was raised some forty-eight hours after leaving Tautira; thence to the equator was a succession of calms, or light winds with the intermittent onfall of the usual tropical rain-squall; but with all the bluster the yacht was able to make but seventeen degrees of headway in as many days, which made her an average of some sixty-five or seventy miles a day. And now came one of those trying times at sea that test the stolid habit and homely philosophy of the sailorman, but which always make wreck of the landsman's temper. It is not surprising, then, when Captain Otis declares that this was the most exasperating time of the whole cruise, and that, with the exception of Stevenson, all the party were clearly in the dumps; and it was the novelist's persistent good-humour which served to add tension to the general discontent. That he should keep the peace where all had turned sour was quite as tantalizing as the monotonous calms and intense heat at the earth's zone. Yet, when their cup was full, Mrs. Stevenson made play of womanly resources, and suggested a method for relieving the tedium of delay. The skipper, behind a claim of timidity, describes her suggestion as a 'blood-curdling proposition that left him in a tremble of anxiety.' The plan was that each member of the party, from the novelist to the sailing-master, should in turn write and read on deck after dinner some short story or sketch of the cruise, the daily selection to be settled then and there by drawing lots.

These were at once prepared, and Stevenson drew the chance for the first story; one of the ladies drew the second chance; Mrs. Stevenson drew the third; and Mr. Osbourne took another chance. This much the skipper, who drew the last chance, remembers, and he remembers as well the anguish of mind through which he passed as the fated day for his literary performance drew near. Already the novelist and his wife, with another, had read excellent skits on the cruise of the *Casco*, all of which had received merited

applause. 'Then Fate, or the sailor's angel aloft, once more stood my friend,' says the skipper, 'for before the last turn came I was taken with a sudden cold during a change in the weather, went on the sick-list, playing sojer for the first and last time in my life on board a ship, and so escaped. But in my case I believe the end justified the means.'

About the same time came along the north-east trades, and the voyage to Honolulu was resumed. From the equator until port was made the amusements of those aboard were limited to a new game of cards that had been introduced by Stevenson. It had a queer name not remembered, but the skipper insists to this day that it was as full of excitement, and quite as fascinating, as the game of American poker described by the actor, W. J. Florence. But even this amusement was interrupted by the annoying discovery that the supply of cabin provisions, laid in at Tahiti, was nearing the bottom. The consultation which was at once held disclosed that ample stores had been purchased at Papeete to carry the yacht to Honolulu, yet those in the cabin now found themselves parlously near a diet of salt beef and factory hardtack, of which there was more than enough. The extra consumption at Christmastide and during the seventeen days of calm, together with some over-liberality to the crew by those aboard, made up the account of the shortage. The captain at once ordered stock to be taken of the remaining cabin stores, when it was found that they would not last, under ordinary sailing, until Hawaii was reached. Someone of the party—Stevenson, the skipper thinks—still had the presence of mind and courage to frame an epigram, and declared the case to be one in which 'it seems, then, that we are between the devil and salt-horse, and the deep green sea.' It was at this point that the novelist turned to the captain with a somewhat distressful smile, half quiz and half inquiry, which the skipper promptly answered by saying that he had already determined to crowd on all the

canvas the yacht would carry and make a push for port.

The breeze was now running free, and just abaft the beam, and the *Casco* soon was flying northward at racing speed ; but now came another danger of the sea, for both wind and waves increased hourly. The question to be decided, and at once, was, should sail be reduced, increase the time of short rations, and reduce the danger of accident to the least ? or should sail be crowded on, the risk taken before a rising gale, and the comforts of port reached, if successful, in half the time ? Captain Otis, with the usual daring of the American sailor, decided on the latter course, and it will be needless to repeat that, when his determination became known in the cabin, it caused some trepidation among the passengers. On the other hand, the sailing-master knew more of the qualities of his vessel than did those more recently aboard. The conclusion was that the yacht was soon under double-reefed fore and main sails, with the bonnet off the jib, flying from a gale that swept her like a toy across the sea. During the remainder of the voyage, and until the yacht was well under the lee of the island of Hawaii, none of the passengers came on deck, and none but the crew, well lashed, could have stayed there. The hatches, in fact, were made fast, for the deck was continually swept by on-crowding seas, and the cut of the spray on the exposed face was sharp and unpleasant.

'Was there danger ? Yes, a little,' says Captain Otis, ten years later. 'How did Stevenson take it ? Why, man, he never turned a hair ; in fact, I am convinced that he enjoyed it. And once, when I was in my state-room for a few minutes, he came in, holding against the walls to avoid falling, and told me in a tone of enthusiasm, and with sparkling eyes, that it was "a new experience and a desirable one which he would certainly find a place for." This he afterwards did in "The Wrecker." But it was trying to all, and especially to the crew, who faced that sea and gale

night and day. Yet throughout the trip from the equator to Honolulu, the *Casco* thoroughly made good her claim as a sea-going yacht, and for the last twenty-four hours before we made the lee of Hawaii, I doubt if there are many craft that could have followed her in safety through that tremendous water-course.

'And here,' continued the skipper, 'it may not be beyond propriety for a sailor to make brief correction of some erroneous statements, likely unintentional, written about the *Casco* by Mr. Graham Balfour.* The boat was not a topsail schooner ; she was a fore-and-aft schooner, built for cruising, and not for racing, and she was fitted in crimson plush, with panels in white and gold. As a vessel, she was perfectly safe, and during her long cruise in the South Seas the water never came into the cockpit but once. This record by itself, when the bad weather encountered is considered, seems to be a very good record indeed from the seaman's point of view. Her sail-plan was wholly laid for a cruising yacht, and was fully suited to the conditions to be met in open seas. Now, did the *Casco* fulfil her requirements ? She certainly did, and she filled them well. About fifty miles north of the equator we picked up what the sailor calls "a leading wind," which gradually increased to a gale. The storm soon worked around abaft the beam, with the sea following the wind. During the last two days the run became thoroughly unpalatable, the yacht being forced to lie in an uncomfortable sea in order to safely clear the southern point of the island of Hawaii. In an experience of several years in high and low latitudes I never before experienced such lively and various motions in a vessel at sea, and have no desire to do so again. There was some danger, to be sure, but certainly no more than always accompanies a small boat running in a heavy quartering sea in a gale.†

'By this time (my digression over) we found ourselves quite out of provisions to serve to those in the

* 'Life of Stevenson' (Thistle ed.), vol. ii., p. 46.

† Note A.

cabin, which fact by itself was enough to urge me to take every reasonable chance, and perhaps a little more, in order to reach port speedily. However, I am not sure that even the prospect of a good meal to a hungry stomach would have been a temptation to endure another twenty-four hours like the last experienced before we reached the lee of Hawaii. While crossing the channel to Honolulu we had light variable winds that were exasperating, but we gradually crept to port, and after picking up a pilot, came into the harbour before a fine breeze at a thirteen-knot clip. The *Casco*, under this speed, proved a handful for the pilot, and I have no doubt he was as well pleased as we all were when he found the anchor taking bottom, after rounding to, without the *Casco* running over the seaward reef.

'As we passed the lighthouse near the entrance we picked up Mr. and Mrs. Joe Strong. There was not much difficulty in getting the gentleman aboard, but when it came to his wife, it was perhaps as lively and exciting an adventure as the lady ever participated in, and I imagine that Mrs. Strong must retain a vivid recollection of the scuffle that ensued. That evening the yacht's party went ashore to rooms in the hotel, and soon after we all met at table for the first good meal we had eaten for more than a week.'

It has been said that while in the South Seas Stevenson was much given to solitude and day-dreaming, yet this view is likely an opinion founded upon casual acquaintance, for Captain Otis says that during the seven months he sailed with him it was not the author's habit to separate himself from his family, or even from his friends, except when his literary duties demanded. As for day-dreams, the idea is to be scouted. Never was there a more matter-of-fact author in the details of his work, and he would take infinite pains while collecting material, often spending hours among the natives delving, through an interpreter, into the lore of the Islanders.

'It is true that Stevenson was sometimes absent-

minded when he was deeply engaged in work, or in reading a book,' concludes Captain Otis ; 'for this much he told me himself while at Papeete. It happened in this wise. After he had taken the cottage, and was somewhat recovered from the severe sickness that had brought him to Tahiti, he would often take a book and read in the shade of his garden. Owing to the great heat in the daytime, his usual dress was a suit of pyjamas, which he was in the habit of rolling up gradually on legs and arms as the sun grew warmer. Well, one day before we took the yacht around the island, a half-dozen of us were sitting on the veranda of the consulate talking and smoking. At last Mr. Doty, the United States Consul, touched me on the arm, and directed my attention to the queerest figure imaginable coming down the highway, but some distance off. A glance told me who it was, so I slipped away and up the road as quickly as possible. Of course it proved to be Stevenson, barehead and barefoot, walking along in the deep dust, with the sleeves and legs of his pyjamas rolled up as high as they would go, reading a book, and absolutely unconscious of his surroundings. When I startled him by speaking, one never saw so surprised a man ; it was some time before he could realize where he was, or what had happened ; then he laughed, and, hastily unrolling his pyjamas, returned to the cottage. On the way he told me that he had been walking in the garden while he read in order to avoid the heat, and thought he was still there until I spoke to him on the highway.'

But the amount of literary work that he was able to perform, in spite of frequent sickness and the disabilities of language, remains to this day a surprise to his friends among the Islandfolk. He was not satisfied with the mere gathering of material for stories, as his predecessors had been, but he went deeply into the habits of savage life and tribal customs of the different groups. In the Marquesas Islands and Low Archipelago, beside the native side of the question, he made a careful study of the French laws in force, and

examined as closely as his time would permit into their effect on Polynesian customs and nationality. Folk-lore, with the customs concerning death, marriage, and adoptions, he examined quite fully, and took great store of facts with him for future use. He was especially interested in that revolting and somewhat obscure habit of cannibalism which lingers in a few of the southern islands of the Pacific. And to him no sacrifice was too great where there was knowledge or a fact to be gained ; he would traverse an island or cross a sea to secure such in his notebook. How he would have handled this fund of information, which, up to the hour of his ill-fortuned death, he had scarcely drawn upon, must now remain unknown. But the unfortunate state of affairs in Samoa, which occupied so much of his time, has cheated literature of much that all are loath to lose.

CHAPTER IV

AT THE NORTHERN LIMIT

STEVENSON'S sojourn of five months at Honolulu in 1889 clearly proved that the Hawaiian Islands were to mark the northern limit of his future wanderings. It was here that he worked patiently and laboriously to finish 'The Master of Ballantrae' within the time-limit imposed by its publication in *Scribner's Magazine* ; but it was not until the middle of May the last sheets were sent forward. As soon as he found himself free he began casting about for passage to the Gilbert Islands, for by this time he discovered that Hawaii was even colder than his health would bear, although during his visit the average temperature was about 75° F.; but having become accustomed to the recuperative effects of the more southern islands, he declared the mild delightful climate twenty degrees north of the equator was too exacting for permanent residence. Besides, he had discovered that the Anglo-American civilization of the Hawaiian Islands had eliminated the ideality that he believed should surround the Polynesian wherever encountered, and he found that the strenuity of a life which demands that every man shall earn his daily bread without favour clashed rudely with his theory for the translation and preservation of the savage tribes of the Pacific.

Upon arrival at Honolulu on January 24, 1889, Stevenson found the yacht *Nyanza* in port. Two days afterwards he called at the palace, where he was formally presented to King Kalakaua. This

monarch had already formed plans that soon transpired through native loquacity to induce the novelist, if possible, to settle permanently in the kingdom. At that time the 'amazing' Hawaiian Embassy—as Mr. Graham Balfour has aptly termed Kalakaua's most notorious political caper—had lately returned from Samoa, disgraced and disgruntled, with the blade of political vengeance whetted to a turn. For the King's purposes Stevenson's arrival was timely, and he was surrounded at once by the influences of the palace, which were constant and effective during his first visit to Hawaii; even his first letter on Samoan affairs, printed in the *Times* of London, was written in Honolulu months before he landed on those islands, and was among the ill-considered results of that pernicious influence, as will be seen hereafter. Within a few days, and with a definite purpose in view, which met with the approval of the Prime Minister, Mr. Gibson, the King returned Stevenson's call, and there was in consequence a merry afternoon aboard the *Casco*. The King's conduct upon that occasion came to the novelist with the force of a surprise, but was received by the better classes of residents with discreet nods of recognition.

After six months' cruising the stock of liquors aboard the yacht was somewhat reduced, but enough champagne and brandy were found to appease the appetite of the royal native and his three attendants, all of whom remained aboard from one until five o'clock in the afternoon. It was then that the novelist first became acquainted with the remarkable drinking capacity of Kalakaua, about which he was afterwards frequently heard to express surprise. One who was present declares that the King drank by himself on this occasion five bottles of champagne and the best part of two bottles of brandy, but the King's favourite tipple at that period was wine fortified by brandy—and plenty of it; in fact, his death, which occurred within two years, was largely due to the abuse of liquors; but in this particular several Hawaiian

monarchs had already gained notoriety. Stevenson doubtless watched the King with open wonder, for the next day he wrote to Mr. Baxter, in London, that he had been in sea-bathing, 'and what is far more dangerous, entertaining and being entertained by His Majesty here, who is a very fine intelligent fellow, but oh, Charles, what a crop for the drink!' What would he have thought could Stevenson had seen the King that evening, as others did, the guest at dinner on board a visiting warship, seemingly unaffected by his potations on the *Casco*, and repeating the drinking bout with much gusto, and with the usual applause of the naval officers. The visiting novelist was astonished at the King; the foreign residents of Hawaii, with but few exceptions, had been disgusted with his debaucheries for many years, and after what he had witnessed even Stevenson could not have been greatly startled when the news of the King's death reached him in Samoa in the year 1891.

A few days later the King gave a *luau*, or native feast, at Waikiki, at which Stevenson sat as the guest of honour. There were some twenty-five present, among whom was Princess Liliuokalani, the King's sister, and afterward the last reigning monarch in Hawaii. At the King's command the feast was prepared in the old native style, and was served at a pleasant and commodious native villa built hard by the sea. It is here that the novelist is said to have tasted his first dish of Hawaiian baked dog, which he did with the best grace at his command, and, after the first bit, with more or less gusto. For do not all travellers without exception pronounce baked dog an epicure's dish as soon as rebellious civilized palate closes over the dainty morsel?* Let it be understood, to wit, that the poi-dog is no vile plebeian cur, but a delicately pampered canine, raised in solitude and fatted upon picked vegetable foods until he shines with sweetness. When the fatal day arrives he is bled and daintily dressed, after which

* Note C.

the body is swathed in great leaves of the *Ti* plant, and baked underground on hot stones until the mound of earth steams with fragrance. At last he is borne to the banquet, a delicious dish that will live in the memory of the lucky tourist who tastes, and will long haunt his after-dreams of Polynesia.

It was at this native feast that Mrs. Stevenson presented, in her husband's name, a fine yellow pearl to King Kalakaua, and the novelist's gift was accompanied by an irregular sonnet composed of seven couplets.* Afterwards a local literary gentleman drew Stevenson's attention to the following lines in the poem :

> 'To golden hands the golden pearl I bring :
> The ocean jewel to the island king,'

and, supposing they were due to the novelist's early studies in Saxon poetry, he quoted this line from Caedmon :

> 'The king the golden-handed friend of man.'

To this, however, Stevenson took occasion to say : 'I do not remember your quotation ; in fact, I am not well informed in Anglo-Saxon poetry, save where it mingles with the early English.'

It was during the progress of this native entertainment that the King saw fit to revive (perhaps for the purpose of impressing his distinguished guest with the importance of Hawaiian royalty) one of those old barbarous customs which became extinct under the influences of civilization, requiring that a subject approaching the King with a petition or report should crawl while in the presence of royalty. Therefore, when the feast was well along, and the champagne well on between cause and effect, an aged retainer of the royal household proceeded with the grovelling obeisance, as prearranged. The retainer carried out the performance in the good old style of long ago, and Kalakaua, who was always grown august

* Note D.

by that stage of a native feast, made effort to reply with great dignity in a few brief mouthings, after which the ancient retainer crawled again through the door, and the feast was resumed. What mental effect the King's by-play had on Stevenson is unknown, but one of the guests says that before its close he could see an ironical smile lurking around the novelist's lips.

After a few days of temporary residence in Honolulu, the Stevensons rented the Mănuia Lanai near the residence of Mr. Henry Poor, formerly the secretary of the Hawaiian Embassy to Samoa. Here they at once began light housekeeping at Waikiki. But the Waikiki of that time was quite different from the crowded seaside resort of the present, with its great hotels, fine boulevards, and flying trolley-cars. In 1889 Waikiki was linked in fact, as well as in name, with the legends and songs of the past, and idle, drowsy solitude, unbroken save by the chatter of the audacious mynah bird, the droning of iridescent flies, or the plangent voice of the distant surf. And Manuia Lanai lay with its lawn of fine Bermuda grass growing to the verge of the coral-sanded beach, where—

> 'The cocoa, with its crest of spears,
> Stands sentry round the crescent shore.'

It was in this pleasant, secluded retreat that Stevenson had determined to remain long enough to catch up his arrears of work. The concluding chapters of 'The Master of Ballantrae' hung over him like a cloud, during the first months of his visit, and in fact they were not finished until about five weeks before he sailed for the Gilbert Islands. But until the task ended he worked stubbornly—nay, feverishly—often taxing Mrs. Stevenson's resources to hold him sufficiently in hand and protect his improving health from a relapse. But at last the manuscript was done and securely on its way without mishap to the author, greatly to the relief of his anxious and careful wife. He now proposed making a brief trip to the island of

Molokai and the Leper Settlement before again sailing South. Since his arrival he had been at work almost continuously, as his health now permitted; and, with the exception of a flying trip to the Kona side of the island of Hawaii in the latter part of April, he had taken little recreation. His routine of work during his stay was about the same that was followed in the South Seas, except there was now more work to be done, and there were greater demands upon his time, the latter springing largely from the social and political phases of life in the King's Palace. But he found renewal and rest in the sea-bathing at Waikiki, which is probably as delightful as anywhere in the world; and this pleasure the improved state of his health allowed him to indulge in freely and beneficially, so that his daily baths probably had much to do with the large amount of literary arrears that he was able to discharge in four brief months.

Stevenson was an occasional visitor at the palace during his sojourn, and early in April, before he left for the Kona side of Hawaii, he attended a formal breakfast given by the King. Besides the *Casco* party, there were at table the King, Princess Liliuokalani, Prince Kawauanakoa, the Secretary of the Samoan Embassy, and members of the household. It was these and similar recurring drains upon his time that made it necessary for Mrs. Stevenson to announce for her husband's convenience certain reception days open to callers. The following glimpse of the home life of the Stevensons at Waikiki is taken from a lecture delivered eight years after by Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle, of Honolulu:

'Occasionally, on reception days, Stevenson was well enough to receive the townsfolk, who came in crowds. On these days he welcomed everybody, without regard to social standing, for to him the whole world was a *comédie humaine*. When his callers were admitted, they found a slight man, his coat always of velveteen, who weighed but ninety-eight pounds, and had a hollow chest and a thin body. Long dark

hair framed his narrow face, with its blue-veined forehead, its fine long nose, its good chin and smiling mouth. But the glory of his face lay in his dark eyes, which a friend of mine describes as "burning eyes, such as I've never seen in a human being, as if they looked out from a fiery inside that was consuming him." By the way, that's very like Stevenson's own words, "with whom he classes himself lean hot spirits." Sometimes he dined in town or at the British Club, or with his naval friends on H.B.M.S. *Cormorant*. Best of all were the quiet evenings at home, filled with reading aloud, brilliant conversations, or home-made music, Mrs. Strong at the piano, Stevenson with his flute, and other instruments as a stray guest or two might bring them. A flashlight of one such evening, including Scott and the officers of the *Cormorant*, was taken by Lieutenant Pears. One of these evenings Stevenson, ever a fascinating talker, was enjoying a chat with a friend, also a lover of good talk. He had been there so often that Mrs. Stevenson, from behind her husband's chair, did not hesitate to make signals when she thought her husband was tired. Upon her hint the guest rose, but Mr. Stevenson said: "Don't hurry." Whereupon Mrs. Stevenson burst out: "Oh, I know he wants you to stay and talk, but I want him to go to bed." After the same fashion Mrs. Stevenson was always guarding the invalid, cutting short his hours of work, it may be, or excusing him to callers if he was fatigued. On many a Wednesday callers were turned away, and for this reason some hesitated to pay their respects to the celebrity, among others Judge McCully. He finally appeared, saying: "I didn't come before because I was afraid you might be busy." "Thank you for not coming before," said Mr. Stevenson frankly; then adding quickly, before his visitor could misunderstand: "And thank you for coming now." One of his callers, speaking perhaps of the strong if gruesome tragedy that Stevenson was busy upon ("The Master of Ballantrae"), asked why he wrote such wild tales of pirates and murders, with

no women to soften them. He replied by speaking of his own feeble body: "I suppose it's the contrast. I have always admired great strength, even in a pirate. Courage has interested me more than anything else." He walked much—perhaps across the long bridge to Kaiulani's banyan, or a little further on toward town to the grass house where Mr. Frank Damon lived, or to the *hau*-tree *lanai* of the Browns; perhaps about the picturesque streets of the city; but he found the Hawaiians spoiled, and the town "oppressed with civilization," which he declared to be "a dingy, ungentlemanly business; it drops out too much of the man, and too much of the very beauty of the poor beast." He preferred life in a Polynesian village (himself the only white folk), intoxicated with the human affection and simple dignity of a more natural race.'

Mrs. Castle's reason given above that some people hesitated to call on Stevenson because at times callers could not be received, may have been true of some; but there were many who made no attempt to become acquainted with the novelist at that time, although they were sincere admirers of the celebrated author's books. Most of these—all stable, upright, well-informed citizens—held aloof, perhaps, as much on account of Stevenson's associations with the palace, and his reputed attitude toward the Anglo-American residents, as for any other cause. It is a well-known fact, which will not be denied, that in 1889 the social precincts of Kalakaua's palace, and especially the inner circles of the King's Court, had been long under a just and quite general moral tabu. This tabu was kept strictly in force by the more respectable foreign residents of families; but some of these, perhaps like very humans, carried their exclusiveness against semi-savage improprieties beyond the limits required by that more liberal decorum which is always the stranger's due. But all who called on Stevenson at Waikiki were, without exception, delighted, for it became an easy matter, after falling within the influence of his society,

to lightly overlook his associations with the dissolute Court of Kalakaua, frequented, as it was, mostly by a class of residents of indifferent standing, or occasionally by unsophisticated visitors.

To all callers Stevenson was uniformly kind and courteous at the time, in spite of the unkind remarks freely attributed to him on the streets and in some of the press-rooms of the city by some of the King's friends and retainers. It came, therefore, with the force of a shock, after his death, when the good people of Honolulu read in his letters the following sentiment, written to Mr. Charles Baxter in London. It was, he writes, 'a lovely week among God's best—at least God's sweetest works—Polynesians. It has bettered me greatly. If I could only stay there the time that remains, I could get my work done and be happy; but the care of my family keeps me in vile Honolulu, where I am always out of sorts, amidst heat and cold and cesspools and beastly *haoles*.' Now, this needs no further explication than to say that the epithet 'beastly haoles' means *beastly foreign residents*, when applied to Honolulu. If it were possible to translate his ungenerous expression as applying to those foreigners who made up the social contingent of the palace (as charity suggests), it would be done willingly; but such a course is quite impossible, for it was not until several months afterwards, when he had learned in Samoa the disgraceful truth about his former conferrers and political mentors, that he turned to rend them, incontinently, mercilessly, and in that rending he did much of injustice to Kalakaua's Minister, an exceedingly able, if unscrupulous, foreigner, whose theory regarding the Polynesians largely coincided with the untenable views held in Samoa later by Mr. Stevenson. But even at that time, if correctly reported from the King's palace, the gifted literate had become a partisan and promised protector of the waning Polynesian cause in the Eight Islands; and although he declined, for reasons elsewhere given, to settle in Hawaii, as Kalakaua urgently desired, yet

there is no doubt that, as far as he was able, Stevenson gave the royalist cause his moral and verbal support, until after the publication early in 1890 of what is known as the Damien letter, if not to the end.* How far he undertook to investigate the facts of the case before privately espousing the anti-missionary cause it will be hard to guess, but it will be charitable to assume that he acted largely under prejudice, and hastily, upon the representations of those who were especially interested at that time in securing his political conversion.

It would be quite unnecessary to repeat the long list of abuses and scandals under native rule that had led to the uprising of the foreign population in the summer of 1887, some eighteen months before Stevenson's coming. By 1889 the breach with the native monarchy had been hastily patched through the prompt recession of the King, who granted a new constitution, and gave personal promises of future good behaviour; yet beneath the surface lay hot discontent on both sides, with an undercurrent of political and social hatred, which found expression in accusations and counter-accusations between the palace party and the party of reform. The reform party included a part of the natives and a majority of the whites, the King's party a minority of whites, and, after 1887, a doubtful majority of the natives. Such a political situation under a semi-savage monarchy was clearly the beginning of the end that came in 1893, after thirty years of rapid decadence, in the overthrow and final extinction of Polynesian rule in Hawaii. Abandoned by most of his former white supporters and a few wealthy friends, the King felt his defeat the more keenly, as he was, under the new constitution, shorn of all chance for revenge, so dear to the Polynesian heart when taken against the foreigner. Hence Kalakaua was alert to make friends of all newly-arrived foreigners if he thought them powerful enough to aid him in his weakness. He

* See Chapter V.

evidently believed Stevenson to be such a man, and from that time until after the King's death, early in 1891, it was the open boast of the palace politicians, as well as of the King himself, that Stevenson was entirely in sympathy with the royalist side of the dispute, and that he not only intended to protect the Polynesians of Samoa from the aggressions of foreigners, but had promised Kalakaua, should opportunity offer, to whiff out the reform party of Hawaii with a pamphlet.

How far he was responsible for the representations of his native friends will probably never be known, but it will not be denied that the novelist's infatuation for Polynesians in general led him more than once into hasty utterances and actions concerning the population of Hawaii. This much he afterwards admitted in conversation, or by his actions, and his changed attitude on this point was plainly to be seen during his second visit in the year 1893; but even at that time, after his views had materially changed on many points, he continued to hold all Anglo-Americans in contempt who opposed further trial of the worn-out native Government. This mental condition toward the foreign residents was hardly deserved, and certainly was not warranted by the facts.

On the other hand, there was no mistaking his kindliness for the natives, or for those foreigners who remained steadfast to the royalist cause. But among these were few Americans; the foreign royalists of Hawaii were mostly composed of British subjects, and included a sort of medley of English, Scotch, and Irish. Most of these were not of prominent standing or influence in the islands, but a minority were wealthy, and influential among the natives for political reasons. But the strength of the royalist party had been sapped long since through the recurrence of political corruptions and social immoralities that had brought the end in sight. Yet there were a few men of worth and merit whom personal interests or national prejudices still bound to the native cause. Among

these there was the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, an Edinburgh Scot, and the father of the unfortunate Princess Kaiulani. She was the little maid beloved by Stevenson, and of whom he wrote to Mr. W. H. Low: 'If you want to cease to be Republican, see my little Kaiulani, as she goes through [the United States]; but she is gone already. You will die a red; I wear the colours of that little royal maiden. . . .' And it was to her that he addressed an exquisite bit of verse, an adieu upon her departure for England in May, 1889.

It was nearly fifteen years after that the writer of these pages learned the full depth and tenderness of the love that had existed between the great author and his little maid. The occasion did not come until after the political asperities and personal estrangements following the last revolution and the annexation of Hawaii to the United States had become mollified, if not entirely removed. It was during a warm March afternoon in 1903 that I called at Ainahau. The place had outgrown my recollection, and was now become an estate of dense greenery. Although its gateway is hard by the beach boulevard, and just opposite a large modern tavern built at the edge of the sea, yet, after passing within, I was soon lost as in the solitude of the country. Suddenly I came upon a picturesque group of natives at a turning in the road—a father, a mother, and a daughter, dirty and typical. After a few more turnings there lay before me the great banyan-tree—Kaiulani's banyan—where Stevenson came often and often to greet the little Princess, and where he came again, ere he again sailed into the South, and bid her adieu for ever; but ere he went he wrote in her little red-plush album those pathetic lines which more endear the memories of the man and maid throughout the Eight Hawaiian Islands. Here I found 'her father sitting there alone,' and great pity fell upon me for the living and the dead—for the royal maiden rathly snatched from hope in life; for the father, rugged and austere, but kindly and regard-

ful, awaiting with fine philosophy the dread Loiterer, whose coming would soothe his eyes, aweary under life's misfortunes ; for the author stricken in his prime, with his heart filled with human sympathies, and with brain teeming with new creations of life, and exquisite pictures from the old world or the new.

After more than a decade I clasped the hand of that fine old Scot, standing, so it seemed to me, in sorrow beneath the shade of that mighty tree, and hardly less knarled ; but now he could speak calmly, if not without sorrow, on the past, in which he had taken so active and fruitless a part, in the hope of saving from wreck his motherless daughter's heritage. It was only when he spoke of the repeated mistakes of the native monarchy, and of those making them, that his keen eyes would flash under his bushy white eyebrows, and for a moment he would seem to grow as strenuous as I had known him twenty years before. While we talked the peacocks, not more gorgeous than the tropic flowers, strutted beneath the palms as fourteen years before ; but, alas ! the picture was incomplete. The little maid was gone, and the gifted author of the chivalrous heart, so that the vain birds with their argus-tails spread in the sun only brought to the heart and eye a forlorn memory of happier days ere the falling of a fate too cruel.

But soon the father of Kaiulani led me into a wide, cool bungalow, hard by the mansion-house, where he had lived since the death of the young Princess. The large central room, from which several halls lead, is amply furnished with many remembrances of the little maid, and the walls were crowded with curious relics of the semi-savage monarchy, or with quaint articles of native handicraft. Upon a near table lay the visitors' record-book, preserving the name of many a friend, or subject, who had paid court to the little Princess when her hopes ran high, and her future was filled with the tint of the rose. But soon in a quiet nook we fell a-talking of old times, and at last of Stevenson, whom both had known. From the aged

Scot came many a memory that was bitter-sweet. Among other communions he told how the famous author had loved the child-Princess, and how, during their acquaintance, he often came in quest of her to the great banyan that shaded with broad arms both yard and veranda. Here he would spend as many delightful hours as he could snatch from work. To steal as often as he could from the drudgery of literature and loiter at Ainahau, playing with the daughter, or chatting with the father, made the brightest hours of his Hawaiian experience. There was much that passed in that interview which for personal reasons need not be repeated here or elsewhere, and there was much that Mr. Cleghorn told me that should find its way to the pages of Hawaiian history, as speedily as possible, where it should have been long since recorded. In one particular he righted a wrong which the grisly dame has placed at Stevenson's door—namely, that the proposal (made after the overthrow of the monarchy) to restore that form of government with the Princess Kaiulani on the throne had come from a plan suggested by him in 1889. This gossip was set aside by a clear statement from Mr. Cleghorn concerning how and when such a compromise came to be suggested, and by whom it was first proposed to the last Queen of Hawaii.

And one could imagine no abrupter human antithesis than those two Scots—Stevenson and Cleghorn—sitting over against each other in the shady *lanais* of Ainahau, discussing during that pregnant time the foolish lapse of the Hawaiian rulers, and hoping against hope for a future that never was to come. The elder man was robust and knightly, but with white head and bleaching chin; the younger in delicate health, fragile in body, but with lamp-lit eyes, and a smile and habit that drew all men to be his friends. Both men were fierce royalists, with little, if any, favour for democratic rights. The elder Scot still remembers the details of their friendship and communings during the spring and summer of 1889,

and in the fall of 1893. He related how Stevenson was filled with sympathy for the Hawaiian royalists, and was whelmed with regret at the monarchy's downfall; and how, during his sojournings, he begged that Mr. Cleghorn would give him recital of the trouble from the point of view of reigning monarch and subject. Liefly this was done, and with what calm judgment and clear insight those who know the historian will well understand. To be sure, the rehearsal was *ex parte*, and more or less coloured; but when it came to the final and unaccountable folly of Queen Liliou-kulani, which was told at Stevenson's request, the truth came with as much incisive force as though he had listened to the recreant ruler face to face in her royal palace.

It may be these disclosures, aided by personal observation, had much to do with the novelist's more prudent and guarded course during his second visit in 1893. But, unfortunately, he seems to have closed the case here, and discontinued his investigations. At this point his fancy had been touched and his too-easily-aroused indignation fired by his sympathies. With but little more painstaking he might have searched with benefit the grounds of his political belief about Hawaii and the Hawaiians, but this he failed to do. Happily contemporary history and the threshing of congressional committees have fully supplied his oversight. Now all can look back, if so disposed, and realize how powerless were the wrought-out forces of the native monarchy to stay the political destiny which the folly and incapacity of a native ruler had thrust upon the islands.

Another resident with whom Stevenson had more or less intimacy during his visit was Mr. Allan Herbert, a man of wealth and an enthusiastic student of botany and agriculture. In recalling that time, Mr. Herbert says: 'I knew Mr. Stevenson well and intimately in 1889. I was then living with my family at Sans Souci, where he frequently visited, often calling of an afternoon or in the evening. He was much interested

in the flowers and fruits of the island, and as I was gardening for pleasure at that time, we found much in the subject of botany that interested us. I often took him to my gardens at Kalihi, near Honolulu, where he would sometimes spend several hours studying plant life and chatting with me about the affairs of the day. In fact, he took such lively interest in everything at Kalihi that it seemed to me as though the study of tropical plant life was at least a part of his ambition. In my company he was always cheerful, although it was clear that he suffered pains at times. He was a man who keenly enjoyed the society of his friends whenever he had leisure, and he always took care to place at ease everybody who visited him, casting aside the usual formalities as well as the affectations of society. I always think with a smile and some inward laughter on the ludicrous result of the first invitation I had to dine at the Stevensons'. I supposed, of course, that as he was a great man it would be a great dinner, like those affected by other visiting celebrities, or at the palace, so I arrayed myself in full dress, and, at the appointed hour, drove over to Manuia Lanai at Waikiki, only to find Stevenson at work in his den. He was dressed in cool, comfortable pyjamas; but, Lord! the reception they all gave my finery! I was greeted with a deprecation of raised hands, and with shouts of laughter from the ladies, and with jeers from everyone. Even Stevenson did not hesitate to rally me upon my attempt, as he alleged, to pose before plain folk. I hesitated with embarrassment for a moment only, then I fled to my carriage, when I soon covered my dress-suit with a long linen duster. I then returned and sat among my friends as an equal, and never before or since have I sat at table with equal relish, or enjoyed such intellectual sparkle and agreeable companionship as that day with the Stevensons.'

For reasons of his own Stevenson withdrew from publication what he had written, or planned to write, on Hawaii. Mr. Sidney Colvin says that only the

visit to the Kona coast of Hawaii, with that to the Leper Settlement on Molokai, were written; but as these failed 'to turn out at all to his satisfaction,' they were omitted from 'In the South Seas.' In view of the author's outspoken attitude in favour of the waning native government, and his scarcely concealed contempt for the Anglo-Americans of the Eight Islands, who for three-quarters of a century had actually coddled and preserved the Hawaiians as a nation, in spite of their savage immoralities and incapacity for self-government, it is to be regretted that Stevenson has failed to give his impressions in detail of Hawaii, as outlined in a letter to Mr. Colvin about that time. The only glimpses that can now be caught are through the few brief references to be found in his letters, or in the short extracts given in his life by Mr. Balfour. But there is another explanation of the withdrawal sometimes heard in Hawaii, which involves a theory to the effect that Stevenson probably withheld his notes on Hawaii because its plan would necessitate comment upon certain political and racial questions which his experience had taught him would not be allowed to rest until all the facts were produced, and their legitimate conclusions stated, for at that date even Hawaii had reached a point where political and social theories of the inter-racial caste had ceased to be factors in the social development of the islands. But be the cause of the withdrawal whatever it may, all must agree that his plan in outline contains much of a non-political nature, which the world at large, and the people of Hawaii in particular, are loath to forego. Much of his experience in the Kona district of Hawaii might still be collected were it not for the peculiar exaggerations, if not complete unreliability, of native testimony concerning the facts attending his visits to the outlying districts of Hawaii. There remains of his Kona trip an authentic anecdote as related by Mr. Fred H. Hayselden, who was then a member of the Hawaiian Legislature, and one of the white leaders of the native party.

'We were sitting in the shore-boat at the Kailua landing, on the island of Hawaii,' says Mr. Hayselden, 'waiting until the purser of the steamer had finished his business ashore so that we could board the steamer and proceed to Honolulu. While we lay at the landing, just out of reach of the surf, the conversation turned upon the departed glories of the town of Lahaina on Maui, once the capital of the Islands, and quite naturally those present began telling stories of the old whaling days. Finally I told a yarn about the mate of the whaler *Nancy Jane*, who was known as a first-class seaman, but somewhat eccentric. It was as follows, and I related it as nearly as I could in the dialect of the sea: "We was er cruisin' a hundred an' forty days, almost, out from Nantucket, an' with nary a whale in the hold, an' the South Seas burning like a copper all around us, when one day the foretop sings out: 'Thar she blows!' Says I: 'Captain, thar she blows. Shall I lower?' Then Captain Simmons says: 'It's blowing most too pert for to lower, Mr. Simerson.' An' the foretop sings out agin: 'Thar she blows, and thar she breaches!' Says I: 'Captain, thar she blows and thar she breaches. Shall I lower?' The Captain, he says: 'Mr. Simerson, it's blowin' a leetle too pert to lower.' Then the man on the mast sings out agin: 'Thar she blows 'nd thar she breaches, 'nd sparm at that!' And I says: 'Captain Simmons, thar she blows and thar she breaches, and sparm at that! Shall I lower, sir?' Then he says: 'Mr. Simerson, it's blowin' a leetle too pert to lower, and I don't care about lowerin' anyhow; but if you want to lower, lower, and be damned to you!' I got into that boat in a piece of a hurry, and in less than four hours' time we had that whale fast alongside, and he was a big one that would make nigh a hundred bar'ls of ile. There was the Captain Simmons a standing on the poop with tears in his eyes as big as lobsters, and he says: 'Mr. Simerson, sir, you're the best mate that ever boarded a whaler! Go below to my cabin, and you'll find some prime Havanna cigars and a bottle

of good New England rum, and you're to help yourself.' Says I : 'Captain Simmons, I don't want any prime Havanna cigars, and I don't want any of your New England rum. All I do want is a little common civility, and I don't reckon that I'd find that in your cabin, for you never have any on deck.' " A tall thin man,' continues Mr. Hayselden, 'who was sitting in the stern-sheets, wrapped in a cloak, said to me : "Excuse me, sir, but where did you hear that yarn ?" I replied that I had heard it on the steamer *Alameda* when coming down from San Francisco. "Well" he returned, "I am the author of that story, but I didn't think it had travelled this far, for the story as I wrote it has not yet been published." When we got aboard the island steamer,' concludes Mr. Hayselden, 'I asked the purser : "Who is that long-haired chap over there in the cloak ?" "That," he replied in astonishment at my ignorance—"why, man alive, that's Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous novelist !" '

During the time that he was writing the last chapters of 'The Master of Ballantrae,' Stevenson was always more or less annoyed if interrupted, and it was not often that he would tolerate any waste of his time set aside for work. It is related by a gentleman who became well acquainted with the novelist during his sojourn in Honolulu that while he was under ordinary circumstances courteous to visitors, yet at times he would take a dislike to some caller, and so would not try to conceal his displeasure in such a case if his work had been interrupted, as the following graphic anecdote will show. The occurrences recounted took place about the time the first signs of the breaking-down of the monarchy were becoming visible, but before the standing of the leaders of society and the social influences of the palace had materially changed. At that time what was known in Hawaii as fashionable society was one of the queerest, nondescript combinations ever seen in the Pacific, and may be truthfully said even to the present day to have a social cast in its eye.

In 1889 it was the fashion among these society ladies of Honolulu to call on the Stevensons at Waikiki in order to catch a glimpse of the literary lion, and to engage him in a few minutes' gossip if possible. Upon an afternoon one of the leaders of local society, whose husband had then recently secured a prominent office, took occasion to call on Mr. Stevenson. From the social view this lady was bold to daring, and, like others reared in insular places, she had the knack of indiscretion developed to a nicety. Therefore, as soon as she came to the author where he sat at work, she began chatting about literature in the approved fashionable manner, with the result that Stevenson disliked her at once. There was a witness to the scene which followed, who says that the author's brown eyes snapped with anger before her effusive greeting was well over, and that he met her warmth with a placid, if polite, coolness and reticence which should have told her quite as plainly as words that her visit was not welcome; yet there was no sign of departure on her part. Again the novelist's eyes gave signal of displeasure, and a moment later he said in a distant, almost frigid tone of voice: 'Madam, I wish that you would go. I have no time to spare to-day, and it is very necessary that I should be at my writing.'

As he said this he sat finger on pen, while a chapter of 'The Master of Ballantrae' waited. But the leader of King Kalakaua's fashionable set did not stir; she had accustomed herself to an easy social rule in the palace too long to rightly construe the novelist's plain, if brusque, hint. So she again began talking volubly, while Stevenson twirled his pen impatiently as the minutes flew; but at last he could endure no more, and he cried out passionately, yet pathetically: 'Please, madam, do go; you bother me and my work, for I cannot write while you remain, and I must write!' Then she understood, and went with a flounce scant in courtesy, but greatly to Stevenson's relief, who had resumed his work before his visitor had reached her carriage. After the lady

returned to Honolulu, and some of her friends questioned her about her call, she replied wrathfully and briefly: 'Why, at first I thought he was such a nice, funny old fellow; but since my call, do you know, I actually believe he is a little crazy!' It so happened that the sister of this lady called on the novelist the next day, without knowledge of what had happened. She was, however, quite a different woman—one who had travelled much, and was well read. Stevenson liked her at once. When she arrived he sat at the same table as before, writing on his novel; and yet it was not five minutes before he cast aside his pen and was deep in conversation. At the end of nearly two hours he expressed surprise at the way the time had passed, and when his visitor arose to go he begged that she would call again before he sailed for the Gilbert Islands.

By June 1 Stevenson was preparing to return to the Lower Islands, and Mr. Balfour tells us that 'the family now possessed an unrivalled fund of information about the islands.' It is beyond doubt that Stevenson, who was indefatigable in this regard, had collected a considerable store of information about the Eight Islands in the very short time at his disposal; but this was, at best, but the superficial gleaning of a tourist. No one appreciated this more than he, and at various times he has been heard to say that he longed for the opportunity to return to Hawaii, before it was too late, and the natives were gone for ever, to make a study of its stores of myth and legends. There is, however, an unrivalled fund of information about Hawaiian antiquities, history, and folk-lore already collected; but it is the result of more than fifty years of patient labour by various hands. Happily, a part of this information has been brought together and placed under the guardianship of the Bishop Museum at the Kamehameha Schools, where it is now accessible.

By June 20, 1889, the schooner *Equator*, upon which Stevenson had taken passage, was ready for sea, and

four days later, about two o'clock in the afternoon, she sailed for the South Seas, six months to a day after the arrival of the yacht *Casco* in Honolulu Harbour. Stevenson left many friends in the Hawaiian Islands, and when his party went aboard the wharf was crowded with natives and foreign residents, the latter bearing many useful presents for the party during the voyage, and wishing the author God-speed and adieu. Among the gifts was the model of a schooner with silken sails, which bore the words, 'May the winds and waves be favourable.' While the *Equator* was making sail King Kalakaua arrived at the wharf with a part of the Hawaiian Band, and a hamper of champagne on ice. The band boys played, several healths were hastily quaffed, and at last the little schooner *Equator* pointed her nose through the outward channel, and, veering, was soon lost to sight in the red eye of the west.

CHAPTER V

HURLING OF THE DAMIEN LETTER

It was in February, 1890, that Stevenson, while in Sydney, came upon Dr. Hyde's published charges against Father Damien. These fell so shortly after the close of the priest's martyrdom on Molokai that thoughtful men were justly shocked at such defamatory words, unaccompanied as they were by pretence of justification, when their import demanded conclusive evidence. During the novelist's visit to Hawaii the year before he had learned much of Damien and his work, and, like most men the world over, Stevenson held the priest and his labours for the lepers of Hawaii in the highest esteem. It is hardly a matter of wonder, then, that Dr. Hyde's letter should cause indignation in a man of Stevenson's fine fibre, and bring him while at a white-heat to write in haste, and with unusual vehemence, that vigorous philippic called in the Pacific 'The Damien Letter.' Privately printed at Sydney, it soon became known throughout the English-speaking world. It was first republished at Honolulu from an advance copy sent to the editor of the *Elele*, a newspaper published in the English and Hawaiian languages; and soon after the mails reached England it appeared in *The Scots Observer* at Edinburgh, whence it was widely republished in whole or in part.

On account of the author's literary standing, the letter created comment throughout Europe, and much excitement in Hawaii, where both disputants were well and favourably known—Dr. Hyde in religious

and mission fields, and Stevenson in literary, social, and, unfortunately, political circles. No sooner was the press of the newspaper *Elele* started than edition after edition of the letter was struck off to supply the local demand, and within a few days an extra edition of several thousand copies was printed on a broadside sheet to meet the demands from outlying islands and elsewhere.

The reception of the letter in Hawaii was typical of place and circumstances. By the foreign royalists and natives it was hailed as the first-fruit of Stevenson's promised side-taking against the whites. This attitude, the royalists alleged, had been predetermined by his recent visit. Nor were the King's supporters without reason for this interpretation, treading as the novelist's attack did upon the heels of his first Samoan letter to the London *Times*, which was dispatched within a fortnight after he reached Honolulu. By the Protestant missionaries and other friends of Dr. Hyde the letter was received with a feeling of indignation, mingled with much genuine sorrow, for in this class were to be found many of the novelist's warmest friends and most intelligent admirers. By the anti-missionary foreign element the letter was viewed as a political weapon, without regard to its truthfulness or justification. At that time the political and social relations existing between the monarchy and foreign residents were under a strain that lasted hardly eighteen months before the end was violently precipitated by the policy of Queen Lilioukulani; and truthfully it may be said that the political use which was made of this notorious letter bore somewhat of an unscrupulous expression, with a single exception, that only serves to show that the letter of Dr. Hyde was founded on rumours either partially or wholly begot before that time. The facts exemplifying this view are as follows:

After the *Elele* had published two large English editions of the letter, the manager ordered it to be translated for publication in the native edition. This

course the editor (an American without religious or political affiliations with either side to the dispute) objected to on the ground that there was reason for believing that Dr. Hyde's statements were substantially true, and, if so, it would be unjust to place a double-edged weapon of the kind in the hands of the easily-influenced and indiscriminating natives, who would be unable to make a conservative interpretation of the contents under the race-tension then existing. To settle the question, a meeting of the directors of the company was called, at which it was decided, after full consideration, that as there was more or less probability of the truth of Dr. Hyde's letter, it would be unfair, from the political point of view, to print the letter in the native language, and more especially as the royalists had lately returned a majority of members to the island legislature. The board of four directors who reached this decision will not be charged with religious or political prejudice when it is known that one was an Irish Catholic, one was an Englishman and a member of the English Church, and the remaining two—one a Scot and one an American—were without religious profession. All were avowed royalists, with the exception of the Republican editor. Here, then, were four men not directly touched by the dispute who believed on current, if insufficient, testimony that Stevenson was in the wrong and Dr. Hyde in the right of the matter.

But this view was the exception ; otherwise public sentiment was divided into two factions—one applauded the letter and condemned Dr. Hyde, the other defended him and made a sound of lament at what was called Stevenson's literary indiscretion and lack of restraint. In the rest of the world, and especially among literary men, the opinion prevailed, and still obtains, that Stevenson was wholly in the right, and Dr. Hyde altogether in the wrong. There is just a grain of truth underlying each opinion. And it is noteworthy that during the wrangle none thought of seriously investigating the facts of the case. Conclusive testi-

mony from a reliable and impartial source—the only source, in fact—was at hand, yet Stevenson failed to use it, and blundered. Dr. Hyde before had failed to use it, and had precipitated the dispute by committing the original error, which was almost criminal, certainly in violation of the established moral code. In the rest of the world opinion has formed itself out of reach of the facts, and largely upon hearsay testimony.

'Soon after reaching Australia,' says Stevenson's biographer, 'he found in a religious paper a letter from Dr. Hyde, a Presbyterian minister in Honolulu, depreciating the labours of Father Damien at Molokai, and reviving against his memory some highly un-Christian and unworthy slanders. The letter was written in a spirit peculiarly calculated to rouse Stevenson's indignation, and when he heard at the same time a report, which may or may not have been true, but which he, at any rate, fully believed, to the effect that a proposed memorial to Damien in London had been abandoned on account of this or some similar statement, his anger knew no bounds. He sat down and wrote the celebrated letter to Dr. Hyde. . . . He had the courage of his opinions, and realized the risks he was taking.' Now this, like much that has appeared, is so evidently in the heroic strain, so marvellously near literary acting, that it calls for the facts upon both sides without prejudice. The first count, in legal phrase, is the letter of the Rev. Dr. Hyde, a sectary, to the Rev. Mr. Gage, a brother sectary, which caused Stevenson to pen, rightly or wrongly, a very fine piece of modern satire.

'HONOLULU,
'*August* 2, 1889.

'DEAR BROTHER,

'In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who knew the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and

bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders. He did not stay at the Leper Settlement before he became one himself, but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided. He was not a pure man in his relations with women, and the leprosy of which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessness. Others have done much for the lepers—our own ministers, the Government physicians, and so forth—but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life.

'Yours, etc.,

'C. M. Hyde.'

'Rev. H. B. Gage.'

The second count—necessary to a full understanding of the dispute—consists of an excerpt from a letter written by Stevenson during the latter part of May or the first part of June, 1889, to Mr. Sidney Colvin of London, containing the following: 'Of old Damien, whose weaknesses and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant—dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candour, and fundamental good-humour. Convince him he had done wrong (it might take hours of insult), and he would undo what he had done, and like his corrector better. A man, with all the grim and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that.'

To him who has carefully overgone the life and work of Father Damien at Molokai, both these letters are open to censure, differing only in degree, and resting largely upon the same grounds. Both writers will be found guilty of verbal indiscretions, which cannot be excused, or in justice palliated; both have made direct accusations against Father Damien's character, as man and priest, which are unjustified,

and have been proved to be untrue. No doubt that Stevenson erred unintentionally, and therein lies his advantage, when judgment is reached ; but it is also clear that he erred by harking to the same or similar slanders to which Dr. Hyde had bent a willing ear. At this point necessarily arises the problem of the moral quality of the action involved in the misstatements of the two private letters quoted. This question has been raised before, but in no instance has it been followed to a conclusion with the facts in hand. Two articles in defence of Dr. Hyde have been published in Hawaii.* In both of these it is explicitly pleaded that Dr. Hyde's letter was private, and published without his knowledge or consent. It is also claimed in the later letter that Stevenson not only failed to prove the falsity of Dr. Hyde's charges, but that he admitted every allegation save one—the charge of the man in the Apia bar-room. And, strangely enough, both these writers quietly follow Stevenson's lead by ignoring the facts at issue, and instead deftly turn phrases, or vainly repeat *ex parte* opinions on this or that. But happily it is the claim these defendants make of the violation of privacy which joins the issue, and it is here that Stevenson must be justified in part wherever he did not himself fall into error and become an offender in fact, if without intent.

This brings us to the falsity underlying flimsy moral makeshifts of the class which tacitly assumes the right to make injurious statements in private correspondence that otherwise would not be tolerated without positive proof. Hardly can the upright man who takes occasion to review the matter at this distant day find reason, in prudence or justice, for the intentional and untruthful charges laid against Father Damien by Dr. Hyde in a little month after Stevenson had written, if unintentionally, yet culpably, and in a similar private letter, equivalent charges addressed to Mr. Colvin. Note this point well, for in the consciousness of the upright man the moral quality of

* *Hawaiian Gazette*, May, 1890, and April, 1892.

the action involved falls in both cases within the established standard of conduct for dealing justly by our fellow-creatures. The only difference, and that one without a distinction as far as the ethic of the matter goes, is that Mr. Colvin did not betray the indiscretion of Stevenson, while the Rev. Mr. Gage hastened to play the Judas with the Rev. Dr. Hyde's shortcoming.

Is it not passing strange that a man of Stevenson's parts should have intensified his own unverified accusations by tacitly admitting, with a single exception, the unverified accusations brought against Father Damien by a sectarian advocate? The modicum of truth published by each was insufficient to leaven the letters, or to justify their authorship even in private correspondence. Are not, then, both writers blameable? The conscientious mind can give but one answer, where the degree of censure must be gauged by the intent and purpose of each letter. Under such a view no person acquainted with the facts will gainsay that Dr. Hyde received his just desert at Stevenson's hand, but candour must also lead to the conclusion that Stevenson's philippic applies with equal force and destructiveness to his own accusations against Father Damien, penned a month before Dr. Hyde wrote his unjustified slander to the Rev. Mr. Gage. Dr. Hyde seemingly wrote with the craft and prejudice of the sectarian, who errs with a definite purpose in view; Stevenson wrote with a high purpose, and in defence of one whom he believed to be a great moral hero, yet he erred almost as grievously as Dr. Hyde, in so far as Father Damien's repute is concerned.

From each and every assumable position on either side of the question it was clearly the duty of the writers to verify their facts; but this prudential course they neglected, although the opportunity was present then, as now. It will be seen that with the exceptions pointed out the letters contained accusations of a similar character, after the modicum of truth has been

subtracted. 'He was a coarse, dirty man,' accuses Dr. Hyde, and this much of his letter can be established by proof. 'It was a European peasant,' says Stevenson—'dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky,' yet of these five accusations Stevenson, were he alive to-day, would be able to verify only the first, unless, like Dr. Hyde, he should assume the habit of the sectary, and fling candour and justice aside. There is also little to choose between Dr. Hyde's direct accusations about Father Damien's 'relations with women,' and the innuendo of the novelist, who, like his opponent, had listened much too credulously to the vulgar slanders of the Honolulu gutters about the priest's 'weaknesses and worse perhaps.'

Turning from the task of direct censure, it is a relief to make brief investigation of the facts underlying Father Damien's labours at the Leper Settlement.

It will be necessary to point out that while there are many sources from which gossip and rumours may be drawn, together with some sectarian misstatements about the life and affairs at the settlement, there is but one source, under the strict regulations of the Hawaiian Board of Health, from which verified, and hence reliable, information can be obtained. It is upon this source that the members of the Board of Health depended for the facts which controlled their judgment and acts in the government of the Leper Settlement. The official who gathers, sifts, and finally lays this information before the Board of Health as required is known as the Executive Officer at the settlement, and it is needless to add that the members of the Board are always extremely particular in selecting for the position a man of tried probity and integrity. Such an official—Mr. Charles B. Reynolds—held that position at Molokai from the year 1886 until recently, but having been many years before a servant of the Board of Health. For three or more years, then, Mr. Reynolds was in constant contact with Father Damien, and was perhaps better acquainted with the priest than was any foreigner without the precincts of the

Sorrowful Island. First of all, when he went there, Mr. Reynolds, to his own satisfaction, and to that of the Board of Health, carefully sifted the gossip and rumours and slanders to which Father Damien's successful mission, coupled with the envy of sectarian rivals, had given birth *in Honolulu, solus !*

When application was made to the President of the Board of Health for such details of the investigation as would serve the present purpose, lo ! reference was made to Mr. Reynolds, as the only one clearly in possession of all the facts. So easily the truth had been run to earth that wonder mounted at the double neglect of Dr. Hyde and Stevenson to verify their statements before uttering direct accusations. When this application was brought to the Board's executive agent he was found to be, as represented, a gentleman of official probity, upright and wholly unprejudiced in action and judgment. His knowledge of the lepers and the affairs at the settlement had been gained through long study and experience, and in consequence was second to none in Hawaii. For years he had made the material interest of those afflicted wards of misfortune and misery a kindly and careful study, with their peculiarities developed under disease, their racial defects, their personal merits, all of which things were the familiars of his patient overseeing.

It was in the year 1887 that this special inquiry was made about slanderous gossip concerning Father Damien, who had been then nearly fourteen years toiling alone in that living grave of Kalawao. Mr. Reynolds' statement of his wardship and experiences, covering the latter years of Father Damien's martyrdom, must be here condensed to bare results, interesting and strange and unheard of as they are ; but even when reduced to a skeleton of words his statement will be found to be an armoured refutation of the accusations either purposely or inadvertently uttered. There comes as well the hope that his testimony will aid in the correction of the misstatements and misapprehensions current abroad.

Before going to Molokai to perform the duties of his difficult and dangerous office, the Board's executive agent was well informed upon the details of Father Damien's work and habits. The office has been called *dangerous* in the light of the last twenty years' history of the settlement to be found in the archives of the Board of Health in Honolulu. These recount, among weekly casualties reported, repeated threatenings of violence against officials for carrying out the necessary regulations and enforcing the law, personal outrages among themselves, conspiracies for riot and incendiarism, and even attempts on human life, all caused by the hopelessness developed in these unfortunate beings, whose savage passions had been already seized and inflamed by that mysterious and lingering disease which had traced death upon their brows.

In addition to his own experience, Mr. Reynolds had read that brief but remarkable report by the good Father, made to the island Legislature of 1886, upon the affairs of the settlement after the year 1873, beginning: 'By special providence of our Divine Lord, who during His public life showed a particular sympathy for the lepers, my way was traced towards Kalawao in May, A.D. 1873.'* In this report he found set out a mental picture of the priest in the daily practice of a life which had been made a willing sacrifice in aid of hopeless misery. Before taking up his work at the settlement, Mr. Reynolds had been officially informed of the gossip of the sectaries and the lewd stories springing from that class of degenerate persons whose vulgarity festers in isolated communities. These were the same accusations that Dr. Hyde had used with a purpose, and by which Stevenson, too credulous, was led astray; but they were better understood by the keen-eyed officer of the Board of Health, and were set down, pending investigation, as the probable prate of rival sects, or the mouthings of vulgar men. And it must be borne in mind that no word of these tales

* Appendix.

came to the Board of Health from the settlement itself, whence they must have sprung, had there been truth behind them. All this was clear enough in official circles, because the oft-repeated cry of malicious warning about Father Damien's vices had been heard only in the Board-room at Honolulu; but for the better protection of official decorum that body instituted a thorough inquiry, occasionally renewed upon some slanderous outbreak, long after Father Damien's innocence on all material charges of a moral nature had been fully established.

The priest Damien, then, upon the only reliable testimony in existence, was largely responsible for the introduction of the many reforms made at the Leper Settlement between the years 1873 and 1890, for, as it appears, it was mostly at his urging, or as the result of his personal labours, that the unwholesome hovels of thatched grass which he found upon arrival gave way to the comfortable wooden town of 1886. It is quite true that the priest often visited the other districts of Molokai, and sometimes took steamer even as far as Honolulu; but this was done under a special permit granted by the Board of Health, and this he continued to do until he became a leper, and the Board was compelled to cancel this privilege. The first symptoms of his leprosy were discovered by the priest himself in the year 1884, and, hero that he was, he immediately reported himself to the Government physician for examination and condemnation, alas! and alas!

It was in the heat of midsummer. Father Damien had been absent all day at the head of one of the narrow valleys in search of a new water-supply for the leper village. On his return with the leper boys who had gone with him, he pulled off his coarse brogans and threw himself on his pallet, exhausted with heat and by the roughness of the trip. Then it was that he discovered in consternation and with leaping heart that one of his heels had been blistered to bleeding by his heavy shoes, without a feeling of pain or even incon-

venience on his part. Here he recognised the fatal sign of one of the forms of leprosy. Yet at that time in the development of the disease the examination of the physician failed to be diagnostic, and it was not until the middle of the following year that the terrible disease had so pronounced its presence that he was declared a leper. Afterwards Father Damien never left the city of the living dead; his fate was upon his head, and his martyrdom soon became complete. Four years more he ministered to his dying brothers most faithfully, labouring even while disease tortured and consumed him; but to almost the last hour this great moral hero kept on his feet, and shortly before the usual complication of those diseases that bring death to the leper set in, he had walked a mile and a half with Mr. Reynolds to perform a deed of mercy for another distorted human mask, more hideous, because nearer death, than himself. Of this man let the world say, Hail and farewell!

But time also was an element in the investigations of Father Damien's ministrations at Molokai, and this Mr. Reynolds did not begrudge, although it added greatly to the duties of his office. The more serious charges against the priest were first of inquiry, and with result most conclusive to the unprejudiced mind. 'I found,' says Mr. Reynolds, in summing up his statements—'I found the general verdict among the lepers at the settlement was that Father Damien, since his arrival in 1873, had been a thorough friend to them. From the start he had urged for the betterment of their houses and the upbuilding of their lives, and all agreed that throughout his ministrations he had acted toward those unfortunates more as a nurse than as a priest. Never a word against him: always he had been the good brother and kind-hearted father to their helplessness. *I never heard from anyone in the settlement that he had been immoral or licentious in any way, for had he even made a slip in his conduct in that mixed community, which included representatives from the various sects of religion in the islands, or if*

there had been anything of the kind hinted at there, it would have been commented upon, and in my official position I could have easily elicited such condemning testimony had it been in existence.'

This matter disposed of, Mr. Reynolds took up the charges that the priest was 'tricky' and 'untruthful,' with the minor accusations that he was coarse, dirty, bigoted, and unwise. Upon the ample testimony of others, corroborated by his personal experience and long acquaintance with Father Damien, the executive officer of the Board of Health declares that the priest was not an untruthful man, nor given to verbal misrepresentations, even where the temptation lurked. That he was careless of his person—nay, that he was a dirty man, living a coarse, pig-like existence among his festering patients—is amply proved by the testimony of both lepers and officials. Again there is no exception, and the testimony from the settlement is conclusive. *This is the grain of truth to be found in the accusations of Dr. Hyde and Stevenson, already quoted from their private letters.*

But Father Damien's views of morality were as strictly urged for others as for himself, for Mr. Reynolds tells us that from first to last the priest was a strong advocate for the compulsory segregation of the sexes at the settlement, and that he held that such a policy was especially necessary among the younger lepers. It was upon the subject of complete segregation that Mr. Reynolds and the priest held long discussions, yet the priest would yield not an inch here, where he believed the eternal welfare of his wards depended. But the more practical policy of the Board of Health, untrammelled by sectarian faith, at last prevailed, and with the exception of minor children compulsory segregation never has been carried out, and probably will not be, unless through a lack of experience the federal authorities at Washington should unhappily attempt such a policy at the foolish demand of that over-righteous class, noted as an indiscreet but pushing minority, who strive for the

recognition of their religious theories as an element of free government.

There remain but two points for consideration, and the first is soon disposed of. 'Father Damien was not more bigoted,' declares Mr. Reynolds, with an indulgent smile, 'than is the ordinary sectary placed under similar conditions. I think his report to the Government is amply clear *and conclusive on this point.*'* *Thus vanishes the last* sectarian charge against Damien worthy of notice, and with it necessarily fall the lesser accusations of trickery and unwisdom. The result arrived at is not without discredit to both participants, because both failed to set forth the truth and facts which were lying within easy reach. The other point necessary to be made clear is, How did Father Damien contract the leprosy? Again the testimony lies with Mr. Reynolds, who says positively: 'Father Damien had been in the habit for years of assisting the poorer lepers to build their houses, always working with the poor maimed creatures, and using the same tools, often exchanged from their bleeding fingers to his healthy palms. From the time of his landing at Kalapapa, until shortly before his death, this was his practice. The first house that he aided in building was the new church for his flock. This was built of island stone, and he worked with the lepers for weeks, assisting them in handling the rough stones, and often with torn, bleeding fingers. Then, again, Damien was extremely careless in his habits, and frequently would have leper boys at work in his kitchen, so that he could give more time to his ministrations for others, being busy from peep of day until long after dark. Besides, he was very careless about his own person, *not being a cleanly man. It is absolutely beyond doubt that he contracted the disease through his careless ministrations and uncleanly personal habits.*'

Outside of sectarian circles, perhaps Professor Walter Raleigh is the only writer who has expressed

* Appendix.

the opinion that Stevenson erred in taking up the Damien slander. He says: 'His [Stevenson's] open letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde in vindication (*sic*) of Father Damien is perhaps his only literary mistake. It is a matchless piece of scorn and invective, not inferior in skill to anything he ever wrote. But that it was well done is no proof that it should have been done at all.'* This judgment, in so far as it is the author's opinion on a question of literary propriety, is safe enough, but when he writes of Father Damien's vindication by Stevenson as though it were complete, he certainly flies wide of the facts, and makes no account of the several serious counter-accusations which the alleged vindication contains, either by admission or directly made by Stevenson in his letter to Mr. Colvin. But for the present purpose this much will suffice. What has been needed from the first was a clear statement of all the facts in the case, independent of sectarian bias, and unmixed of rhetoric and passion. Such a course would have removed at a stroke the slanders of Dr. Hyde, and have protected the memory of Father Damien from the equally as cruel, if unintentional, admissions of his literary defender.

* 'R. L. Stevenson,' p. 44

CHAPTER VI

HIS SECOND VISIT TO HONOLULU

It was in September, 1893, that Stevenson returned to Honolulu. Since his former visit the declension of native rule had fallen rapidly; in fact, the end of the Hawaiian monarchy had already come. Kalakaua, the semi-savage King, whom the novelist had admired for his intelligence and wondered at for his debaucheries, had lain dead since January, 1891. His sister, Liliou-kulani, had reigned briefly, but not well, until the events of January, 1893, had swept her throne beyond regaining. Between these two events, a revolution and a conspiracy had rippled the surface and disappeared in failure. The last of a doubtful line of Hawaiian monarchs now sat alone in Washington Place on Beretania Street—some thought repentant of her follies; but, as it afterwards transpired, vindictive and shortsighted as any savage despot in the Pacific. There, bereft of the majority of her foreign supporters, she awaited the fate of her appeal to the United States. But the mills of the gods were in motion, and it proved that her appeal had been uttered too late. Outside interference proved to be impractical and undesirable, after the situation had been fully reviewed by the Washington Government. Of political conditions in Hawaii there were almost none by this time. Policies had lapsed, or had been replaced by a Committee of Safety and a Provisional Government; in fact, the tax-payers of the islands had met together long enough to declare no further confidence in native rule and native rulers. Here,

then, Stevenson saw the final breakdown of the only thorough experiment in Polynesian government under modern conditions, which had been fostered for fifty years or more by the kindly but mistaken sympathies of the American missionaries. The end had been failure through the inherent racial incapacity of the Polynesians, which excluded the possibility of a further trial, because of the great foreign interests now involved. Social Hawaii was topsy-turvy. The royalists who had dominated society so long as they drew their necessary expenses from the treasury now found themselves an unbreeched political faction, and quite unimportant, unless restoration could be accomplished. As a faction they were filled with bitterness not unmingled with threats of vengeance, but in the meantime the revolutionary government proceeded calmly and indifferently to the definite end before it, which was annexation to the United States if possible.

Briefly stated, it was thus that Stevenson found conditions when he arrived in Honolulu on the twentieth day of September, 1893. His former associates and friends of the palace were dispersed, or without social standing and official influence. In his absence the civilization wherewith he was not in sympathy had proved its fitness to survive socially and politically, even under a persistent international pressure that was temporarily favourable to the Polynesian monarchy in Hawaii. But there were good and sufficient reasons for the final outcome, which a summing of the facts disclosed, yet it is doubtful if Stevenson fully realized this before his death. That he partially comprehended it is clear from his changed attitude toward the foreign residents in 1893, as well as from utterances made before he returned to Samoa shortly after. He was too keen an observer not to see that the recent revolutions of the foreigners of Hawaii were the legitimate fruit following native misrule, howsoever stubbornly he refused to admit the conclusions which followed, for he was a man whose prejudices would not withstand a demonstration; and it is unfortunate that

during his residence there Samoan affairs had not yet reached that stage of political development where a demonstration of Polynesian incapacity was possible. It has been said of him that, outside of his writings, he mostly kept his opinions on racial disputes in the Pacific well under control, whenever he met with opposing views. Although not so in Samoa, this was clearly the case during his last visit to Honolulu, for he repeatedly refused to speak of the overthrow of the monarchy and the political state of the islands except with whom he knew were in sympathy with the native cause. Yet, secretive as he was about local, he dilated freely upon Samoan, affairs, and besides he seemed, during his visit, intent upon renewing old friendships, or in making new, among the foreign residents.

To members of the press he was most affable. It was near midnight, after the arrival of the steamer *Monowai* from the South, that the reporter of the morning newspaper knocked him up at Sans Souci By-the-Sea, a hostelry situated some two or three miles from town, at Waikiki. Stevenson had retired, and had left word not to be disturbed. The reporter was at first refused, but upon insistence his card was taken to the novelist, and soon after the reporter followed. As he entered, Stevenson, who sat propped in bed, explained with a smile that he always excepted newspaper laddies from his orders to the servants, and to head his courtesy he at once ordered refreshments served in his bedroom. Afterwards he gave the reporter the desired information, and then kept him until after one o'clock to give him a brilliant conversational picture of native life and manners in Samoa. The result was that the scribe returned to the office entranced with Stevenson, but so put out by his fine descriptions that he found it impossible at that time to do either his subject or the author justice. Stevenson's eloquence had placed the reporter under a temporary eclipse, and the editor of the paper found it necessary to secure a second interview, which is here given in full.

'You are very welcome,' said Mr. Stevenson, 'but it must be understood that I cannot express an opinion on local matters; it takes a bonny head to keep the pace of a spry tongue. This much I have learned from my experience of Samoan politics, and I do not intend to get into politics—and consequently into trouble—while I remain here. Well, no; I cannot see much risk in talking of Samoa, after the fat is already in the fire, so I will inform you there.

'When I left Apia all was quiet throughout the islands, but just how long this desirable state of affairs will last it is quite impossible for me or any living man to say; it depends in my mind upon the condition that an English man-o'-war is kept in Apia Harbour or near by. But perhaps you have already noticed that England has acted time and again against her interests in this regard, and by another blundering the only English vessel there may be recalled to-morrow. This I believe would mean immediate war. No, I am positive on this point, and I am certainly not of the opinion that the German warships could keep the peace alone, but quite otherwise. The two German vessels at present there (for several reasons unnecessary to repeat) are incapable of either controlling or defeating the Samoans. This is shown by their actions, for, whenever there is threatening of trouble, the German officers hasten to act in conjunction with the British commander until the disturbance is avoided or order is restored.

'It's canny, but I think it hardly fair to ask how I came to be embroiled in Samoan politics. But I will be honest, and tell you the truth. I really and truly do not know. I have been trying to explain the matter to my own mind for a long time. The first thing I realized was the feeling that the Samoans were being wronged, where they were right in fact. I felt this first when I was in Honolulu some years since; indeed, I felt so strongly at that time that I sat down and wrote a letter to the London *Times* about it. Well, the next thing was that I found myself to the

elbows in Samoan affairs, with no chance for a retreat. Besides, you will see, I could not desert the poor natives in their desperate need. Now, of course, I intend to stay in to the end, whatever that may be; but I am always remembering what Charles Lamb said, and thinking that if dirt were trumps politicians would always hold full hands. But I hope to come out of it clean-handed, and able to help the Samoans, too.

'There is unrest among the Samoans—yes, and much discontent, I may as well add—and I am not sure a change of dynasty would not follow if war unhappily outbreaks again. I cannot venture into prophecy, but it is quite certain the natives in the southern part of Upolu are, even as I speak, making brave preparations, and are not trying to hide their frequent warlike demonstrations. It was so when I left Apia. I have said before* that there is but one way to peace and unity—by procuring the joint rule of Laupepa and Mataafa upon some practical understanding; but now I am willing to go beyond that, which savours of a compromise, and say I can see but one way out—to follow the demand of the Samoan people that the Berlin Act be rescinded, *while the three Powers withdraw absolutely*, and the natives be let alone, and allowed to govern the islands as they choose. I understand quite well the cry of objection that will follow such proposing, but I hold that this or some similar policy which will leave the Samoan people free to act is entirely and urgently necessary.

'Of course, there would be internal dissensions *covering an uncertain period, but this would be of no great consequence to the natives*. Yes, I think it might affect commerce, and certainly the present standing of foreigners—perhaps the German residents most of all; but I do not think it necessary to discuss that question. It is the patient and not the doctor who is in danger, and in our case it is the poor Samoans to be saved, even without their consenting. You

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xix., p. 590.

remind me, sir, that if left alone the Samoans would continue fighting, just as they do under the tripartite treaty. That is perhaps true, but at least they would fight it out by themselves, without their wars being turned to the advantage of meddling foreigners. Yes, say I mean the Germans ; there is little use in attempting to hide the truth. It is also true that the three Powers have taken hold at last in Samoa, or rather in Apia, but I fear their tardiness has served to make a very delicate business still more delicate, if that could be. Yet, if the Powers are lucky, and are able to persuade Mataafa to surrender, which I do not believe he will, we may yet secure peace, otherwise Samoa lies upon the verge of a great trouble that will end, like all official blundering, in the spilling of further and unnecessary blood. I must decline to answer your last question, as it touches Hawaiian affairs, further than to say that I do not consider any similitude exists, and therefore no parallel can be drawn between conditions here and in Samoa.'

The residents of Honolulu had not lost sight of Stevenson and his work during an absence of nearly four years. On the contrary, his policy in Samoa had been followed with more than ordinary interest, and wherever his course fell into error, or he strayed from the facts as seen by the Islandfolk, his faults were quickly condoned or gallantly ignored. And all of his recent successes in literature had been hailed with enthusiasm, and his forthcoming work was watched for with alert interest. Even many of those who had formerly taken offence at his attack on Dr. Hyde came forward with hearty welcome. It was quite as hard to be angry with him after his return to Honolulu as he has acknowledged it was for him to live in anger against his chiefest political enemy in Apia. But at this time Stevenson strove to please and conciliate, in his outward demeanour, at least ; and the spirit in which he was met by all citizens, almost without distinction, made his last sojourn in Honolulu one of the cherished memories of that pregnant year.

He made an early call, after landing, upon the recently-dethroned Queen, whom he had met during his former visit. Mr. Graham Balfour has described the interview as ' most impressive,' and it is regretted that he did not take the trouble to record its substance, for the current native versions, as usual, vary greatly, and probably do injustice to both sides. Stevenson must have been informed by his royalist friends (who were then advocating the restoration of the Princess Kaiulani to the throne) that Lilioukulani was justly condemned for the overturned monarchy, and, knowing this, in connection with the outspoken fearlessness of the man, it becomes impossible to believe that he sympathized with the fallen Queen to the extent of assuring her, as alleged, that the blame of her undoing was entirely owing to the encroachments of her foreign subjects. But of such stuff are the political tales of the natives, they bear not even the necessary characteristic of consistency. Before leaving for Samoa he again called on the ex-Queen, but much more frequently he was to be found in the company of the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, the father of the Princess Kaiulani, then absent in England. With this gentleman Stevenson was often in communication, and before he returned South their intimacy had ripened to a friendship which outlasts death and misfortunes, and is still cherished by the father of Kaiulani in the evening of his days, as he sits beneath the great banyan at Ainahau.

One afternoon, shortly after his arrival, Stevenson surprised the editor of a local daily newspaper by breaking his habit, and calling at the editorial room. There he remained until near the dinner-hour conversing upon a number of sufficiently interesting topics to be here reproduced, as written in the editor's diary while still fresh in memory. This interesting and more or less typical record thus preserved of the novelist's comments—among other things on his own methods of writing, or on the expression of his views of higher grades of literary work—was unintentionally

brought out by the publication of an appreciative and kindly editorial upon the quality of the novelist's literary product. Throughout the interview, or rather the reproduced conversation, Stevenson is described as throwing off his usual reserve with strangers, and displaying instead a buoyancy and enthusiasm which impressed the journalist as almost boyish, yet not without a touch of that more serious dignity which always surrounded Stevenson's presence. The following excerpts from the office diary of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* are reproduced here just as they were left by the editor, who wrote the same day, from notes taken at the time, of most that was said during the conversation :

'The newspaper man,' writes the editor, 'is not given to lapses of surprise after the first years of his training are passed, but yesterday my usual reserve was disturbed when Robert Louis Stevenson walked unannounced into the room, came over to my big green-topped table, and laying a marked copy of the *Advertiser* before me, stood looking at me with a queer sort of interrogatory smile on his face—such a smile as I had never before noticed—while his eyes seemed sparkling either with a gleam of anger or of fun. Now, my experience is that, when well-known public characters take the pains to come to a newspaper office, it is mostly to complain about something that has appeared in print, or to criticise the conduct of the editor, or someone of the staff ; so I asked him to be seated, assumed my office frown, and with a view to gain time, read over slowly the following marked portions of an editorial I had written about him :

'"He is not only a master of English, but he is a literary artist whose touch has added to the fame of English literature. In saying this much of Mr. Stevenson, no flattery is intended beyond that which his literary merit calls forth. . . . The public always keenly appreciates pen pictures of human conditions, and perhaps no novelist since Walter Scott has been more happy than Mr. Stevenson in portráying these

as they actually exist on the world's highways. To hear him talk is like turning a new page in some favourite volume, or like uncorking a long-kept bottle of rare wine. His pleasant personal appearance, his intellectual impressment, his fine nervous development, and his masterful command of the language of civilization—the English—at once bring him into confidential contact with his audience, and give insight into the secret of that charm which he throws around his work, never forgot when once read." '

' "Are you the guilty laddie ?" he cried, as I looked up, fearing I had offended him by too much praise, so I began explaining that the thing had been hurriedly written under the pressure of a moment. But at my serious face he laughed outright, saying, as he pulled up a chair (for he had remained standing while I read) : "It's not that, man ; it's the braw words you have been saying without let, that brought me to ken where you came by your wit, so finely put. Forbye I love things well done, even when others do them. And I will say to you fairly, it's the best I've read about mysel' in a newspaper sin I have come into the Pacific."

'Again I reminded him that it had been hastily written, and that probably he was now overestimating its merits.

' "But it's the method, sir," he replied—"the editorial method behind haste that gives it merit. Now I know nothing of the methods of rapid writing —in fact, all hasty composition is quite beyond me, if good results are reached—but you newspaper men will often do excellent work on the wing and under the most adverse circumstance. The mystery is how so many of you men can fetch a readable article every day in the year, for I am uninformed of the methods you use, except in the general way."

'At this point I am certain that I must have surprised Mr. Stevenson by the boldness of my direct question, for he had evidently fallen across one of my hobbies—namely, the genesis of successful newspaper writing—so I demanded : "Is not all literary method

neither less nor more than that previous and careful synthesis of thought which must precede all good work? Is there, in reality, any so-called method outside of complete mental digestion before the process of thought is put in operation?" And, seeing that he was interested, I added: "There is a theory among newspaper men of the better class that success in writing springs in a great degree from the facility with which the results of this mental process are expressed in composition. This, of course, includes the assumption that the thoroughness of the process has everything to do with the merit of the performance. This much, Mr. Stevenson, could be deduced from your own work, if necessary, though probably you are unaware that your writings harbour such a literary heresy." Then, as I saw a twinkle in his eye, as he glanced at the marked editorial he had brought with him, I hastened to add: "No, sir; that, too, will fall within the theory. It was quickly and perhaps crudely penned, if you will; but I assure you that each thought it contains had been carefully shaped and burnished long before you reached the Pacific."

'Then Stevenson: "I believe you are right. I know you are right, sir!" he exclaimed. "I always have been half convinced that my best work has lain beyond the convention of what is called *literary method*, and the hardest puzzle to me has been to run my *leeterary meethod* to earth. In fact, whenever I come to writing, or talking about writing methods, I am convinced that they are shabby and unsatisfactory affairs, and I always cut the subject as short as is permissible. Happily, the most of my work has been done without thought of method; that is probably what has saved it from wholesale failure—partially, at least. I am afraid to speculate on what might have been if I had followed a method as faithfully as some have. Do you know, there is a bit of suspicion in my mind that my writing methods, like some of my religious and political views, are not quite clearly defined, and perhaps never will be made to stand out

clearly in the flesh? But by looking at the writing method as quickly putting together ideas that have been before gradually thought out, I can come nearer to your understanding of it. And this harks back to another suspicion—I am thinking you have been a reader of Herbert Spencer? . . . Yes, that is it! That's where that expression 'synthesis of thought' came from. Why, that is the very term—it is conclusive—and here we all have been blundering over the word *method*, and scribbling nonsense about it by the quire. But, man, I canna give you the credit of discovery now—that is Spencer's—yet you have the credit of its application, which is a much better thing to my mind. So I give you thanks twice—once for the braw words, and once again for an explication that carries its bit of worth." . . .

'I wish I could remember clearly enough to set down all that Mr. Stevenson said during his pleasant visit, and I must fail as well in any attempt to reproduce the charm and pointedness of his conversation, for I find that this is denied even to reportorial elasticity. Yet we spoke of many things—of his health, of his travels, of his impressions of the South Seas, of his experiences in Samoa, of his quarrel with civilization, and his condemnation of the white man's policy in the Pacific. But when I endeavoured to get him to talk of Hawaiian affairs, he excused himself with a smile and a kind word—for already we seemed old acquaintances—yet saying at last: "So in the end you have attempted to lead me to the probing. No, sir; you must not deny it, as I intend to say a word for your fuller understanding."

'After a moment's musing he continued: "There are several prudential reasons why I should use discretion on this point at the present. I am not yet sure that I have not erred with my meddling in Samoa, but my excuse is that my heart and head both pushed me to the defence of those poor people. But in Hawaii it is different. Here you have a homogeneous civilization, largely Anglo-Saxon, or Anglo-American,

which is the equivalent, while here live many able politicians who try to act in the interest of all, whatever their differences of opinion may be. So you will see that, should I show an active interest in Hawaiian politics, I would be misinterpreted after my uncanny Samoan record; and even if I were foolish enough to enter local politics, I fear it would now do little good for the natives, while it might do their cause much harm at a time when all, it seems to me, depends upon the will of the United States, whose future interests must be consulted in reaching a settlement. Still, I have the will to interfere on behalf of the Hawaiians, if it were prudent or feasible. Don't forget this—that I am a royalist at heart, with much pity for these poor Polynesians; but again prudence checks me, beyond saying that I trust and believe (perhaps too fondly) that the United States will restore the poor Queen to the throne of her ancestors, not for her sake, guilty, as I am informed she is by leading men of her party, of an inexcusable blunder against sound sense and kindly diplomatic advice, but for the sake of her poor oppressed people, who have done no wrong."

'At this point came in one of the native pressmen to inquire for the foreman. I happened to know the fellow from experience and by reputation, and there was likely not another so irresponsible a scamp in the islands. Yet he had hardly closed the office door before my visitor fell into rapture over this great hulking text. He called my attention to the perfection of the Polynesian's physique, and hotly contended that whoso claimed such fine manly natives were unfit for governing their own affairs put himself purposely in the wrong to guard some selfish interest. When I informed him of the man's instability and well-known reputation, he merely smiled at my statement, which he said flatly he did not for a moment believe. He explained at once that he did not doubt my word, but he misdoubted my information. I did not contradict him, but I wondered how he could be so positive, who had been in Hawaii less than half as many months as

I had lived here years, and it set me thinking that probably politics and the habit of acute observation in strange places were out of his line. I must have unwittingly expressed something of my thought, for he took occasion to tell me that I had misjudged him sadly. "I am not in a snarl with island affairs and government, as they exist," he said, "so much as I am determined to do all I can for the poor natives as I find them. No sacrifice do I think too wide to be made in their behalf, even though it should prove fruitless. You must see that, while passing on my actions, this underlying idea must be kept to the front. Wherever my utterances have seemed cruel and unjust to others, you will find it more in seeming than reality. Take, for illustration, my Samoans—my hobby, if you like—who is responsible for their misfortunes and oppressions? who for the continued injustice to Mataafa? This tinkering up of treaties, this delusive invention of makeshifts in government tailed with further oppressions and grosser injustice—these things, coupled with the absence of any sensible policy in the foreign officials, delay peace and defend my claims on behalf of Samoan people, patient under oppression and misgovernment, and noble in the midst of their misfortunes. Am I to be blamed if I err in their cause, and roundly condemn their task-masters? But do I err? Oh, sir, let us be just where we condemn, as well as where we err when we love!" . . .

'As soon as I saw the subject was painful to him, and the chance offered, I asked him of his future work; but of this he told me that he was loath to speak. "I do not like to talk shop, even with a fellow scribe," he said, smiling and slowly shaking his head. But soon he became interested when I happened to mention the unfitness of many South Sea subjects for literary elaboration, and he at once asked me to explain my meaning further. This I did at the moment's notice, saying that while the folklore and legends of the Pacific Islands were admirably adapted for sketches, short essays, or poetry, they would be found largely

unsuited for romance proper, or even short stories. This, I added, was because they lacked a link of homogeneous interest to connect them with the mentation and sympathy of the civilized reader, which called for the introduction of the civilized element, with certain other foreign and native local phases. This in turn necessitated a transformation of the original Polynesian tale or legend to make the inter-racial or composite story, like "The Beach of Falesá."*

'When I had spoken, Stevenson pulled his chair nearer the table where I sat, and, picking up the office scissors, began spearing them into the pile of exchanges while he talked. "That," he said, "was almost my first discovery after I began to write of the South Seas, and to my chagrin I found my matter would not work up even into readable travels (from the public's point of view). It seems to me that you have put the difficulty into a line—everything in the Pacific must be first translated into terms of civilization before being written. I am pleased that you speak well of 'The Beach of Falesá,' for I have a sneaking liking for it myself, and think it a pretty good story. But mind it was an experiment to see if such difficulties as those you have mentioned (some of which I actually met in my work) could be successfully overborne. I think I have partially succeeded, but I mean to do better, and I have a hint that it will be best done by placing the extremes and anomalies of island life face to face."

'Although he had before refused to talk of his work, my curiosity at this point overcame me to the extent that I again asked him if he would be more explicit about the plan, or outline, of the literary work he had in mind. He sat for a moment after my request, and then said: "It is my fault, for I pushed myself upon your time and confidence, and now I must take you to the edge of surfeit before you are satisfied; but mind this: if you were not interested in these matters yourself, I would refuse you a further word. Well,

* This story had just been published in book form at that time.

then, I have told you that my habit of work drags slowly. A column an hour after your newspaper fashion would throw me into bed before the week was out. Now, it may surprise you, but I find that I am not tardier with my pen than with my subject. The delay of revision is another drawback, but my first and greatest hinderance is the length I spend over a subject before I am able to do satisfactory work; in other words, my story must lie passively in my mind working out its own salvation for months sometimes before it comes to my pen. In the meantime, you must understand, I am at times obliged to try the contents of my boiling as the cook does his stew, by tasting some difficult or new combination in a short sketch or story, sometimes in an allegory or fable; and not infrequently some single point of the new world, or some phase of life, is experimented with in a paragraph of whatever work I have in hand, or on some slip of paper, presently thrown away.

'"You can hardly call this procedure a method; it is rather its absence, which I think is not to be regretted. My conviction is that a story should be allowed to compose itself in the mind first, thus leaving only the technicalities to authorship, along with the finishing and necessary remodelling. This much I have said by way of preface. But in the South Seas I find that I must move with great circumspection—with much more than I have found it necessary to use in most of my former work—yet in the end I am certain I shall find I have fully digested what I intend shall be my complete story of Polynesia. In this I will set face to face the extremes of native and foreign island life, as already mentioned; but I expect to do more, and raise the story out of the ordinary by making its dramatic bearing national as well as individual. At present the whole thing is in the nebular state, but I have in mind several shorter stories, and one longer—all laid in the South Seas—that, if successfully finished, will have cleared the horizon, so I shall be better able to see my beginning, if not some-

thing of the end. . . . Yes, as you have guessed, it will take somewhat of the form of a prose-epic—if the term is allowable—for I have not told you that, no matter what else it may be, its bearing will be upon the unjust (yet I can see the inevitable) extinction of the Polynesian Islanders by our shabby civilization. In such a plan I will, of course, make liberal use of the civilized element, but in the most and best the story shall remain distinctively Polynesian."

'At this point Mr. Stevenson's remarks brought us again to the question of the introduction of the white element being necessary in successful work about the South Seas, which he again took up by saying: "From what I have now said you will see why it is that 'The Isle of Voices' is not up to the mark—I left out too much of the civilized ingredient. Yet, for verse of the ballad form, such matter is best adapted by far, for here it can be used without changing to any extent the legends of the Islanders, and still bring good results. Have you read 'Rahero'? Yes; well, that makes my point clear. That ballad has faults, but it is true to the legend as I heard it in Tahiti from various sources, mostly agreeing; and I believe the ballad stands for a piece of fair work—anyway, it cost me some pains. The success there, I think, lies in the fact that there is something in the ballad form—perhaps its limitations—which hides the literary defect of the subject that would be quite conspicuous in more comprehensive prose. This was my reason for using verse—I wished to reproduce the legend as nearly as possible as I found it."

'He then began speaking of the facility with which some of the South Sea legends could be turned to account as the basis for short sketches, and often for weird fables, if placed in antithesis against our modern beliefs. At the same time he took occasion to point out that many of these legends, as he expressed it, "seemed to be without bottom, although they certainly contained the salt and rhyme of reason among the crudest of savage superstitions." Unfortunately,

another interruption came at this point, and the subject was not renewed. Still, as it turned out, the loss brought another gain, in this wise: The foreman came into the room for some copy, and, as he turned to go, I called him back, asking Mr. Stevenson to excuse me a moment while I began making some corrections in a piece of local correspondence I had been at work on when he came in. The fact was, I had been substituting English expressions for some Latin quotations, and perhaps somewhat testily exclaimed, as I handed the copy to the foreman: "There, if all the fools were as dead as the language, editors would not be bothered with Latin quotations!" But I turned to see a smile on my guest's lips, who said without further interrogation: "So you believe in slighting foreign quotations, do you, sir, just as many newspaper men ignore good punctuation for some half-lazy, half-practical end? Well, at least you must admit there are some queer turns among your extreme ideas, as pleased as you and your brethren may be to name them *newspaper simplicity*. Indeed, my dear journalist, what reasonable objection exists against quoting other languages than your own in the course of your work? It has always been done in good literature, why not in good newspaper work?"

'Before he had ceased speaking, I saw the gulf that existed between us on this subject, and wondered at his conservatism on a point long settled by the preferences of the reading public, for are not classical and foreign literature but a sorry substitute—nay, a very makeshift—where the live energy of pure English, shorn of all learned pretence, is ploughing new furrows in broad Anglo-Saxon fields of thought, whence will spring the choisest intellectual corn of to-morrow? But in reply, and to avoid default by silence, I made shift to briefly put the practical side of the question, as viewed in the editorial room. From our side, I said, the question resolves itself largely into one of business. Newspapers are published to sell, and, if success is sought, the daily publication of news and

comment must be palatable to the public, who have no penchant for the pompous pretences displayed in the learned languages of the past. The people of to-day prefer their news as they do their literature—in good, straightforward, wholesome English. In most of the modern newspaper offices quotations from foreign and dead languages are looked on as an affectation, uncalled for by public taste, and hence out of place. There are but few exceptions to the rule, and these are mostly to be found in the old world. On this side of the Atlantic the exclusion of quotations from the secular press is based on very practical reasons, and the good result has been that readers have learned that largely unintelligible quotations can be beneficially excluded from literature proper as well, where they are often an annoyance, seldom enhance, and never strengthen an English sentence. This much, I concluded, is a part at least of the journalist's side and view.

'"Well, I will grant your plea for the newspaper," said Stevenson, "but not for literature." He then added, smiling: "You see, I have always been a user of quotations in my work—both French and Latin forbye—wherever I have found the thought not so well expressed in English; but this indulgence I do not allow often enough to mar my pages, as authors were wont to do in the earlier centuries. I am afraid that even now the recollection of good old Robert Burton and his 'Anatomy of Melancholy' sets my nerves on edge, and soon makes me tire of his pages, which one must be a classical scholar to read with pleasure and understanding; but Burton, I must admit, is an extreme that cuts little against my claim. . . . No, I should not wish to try writing a book in a foreign language, as you suggest, for lovers of quotations, especially if I wished to do my subject justice.

'"But to be consistent, I must now make a confession that is brought to mind at present. I once wrote a story in a foreign language—by request, as your reporters say. It was written in French, of a kind;

but I was not brave enough to send it to the publishers, so I destroyed it, as one should all literary temptations of every class. Yet in the teeth of your practical men I refuse to give up the habit of foreign quotations, for they are artistic and lovable, and are they not soothing to an author's egotism, after the editors have failed in appreciation? But you have made one claim to which I incline, because it falls in with my experience. I will admit that many of our young men at college learn more of foreign languages and foreign quotations (if you will) than they do of their own powerful and versatile English. In my own case I failed to learn English as I wished, as every man who writes should learn it, until long after I had left school; but otherwise is not this the case of all who egoize in universities in place of putting their edged tools in shape for practical work, which is by far the most important and particular part of a man's education?"

'It was quite half an hour longer before he said he must be going, as he had a hack at the door for which he was paying while we talked. "But I do not regret it," he added, "and, man, I am glad to hear your forbears were Scots, for Annandale is a braw spot to hail far awa." Before he went I begged that he would use the columns of the newspaper at his convenience, which he thanked me for, should the occasion arise. . . . Once during our conversation I had alluded to his open letter to Dr. Hyde, but for this I was afterwards sorry, as my indiscretion evidently pained. However, he took the occasion to defend his action, yet saying, as he concluded: "It was a most unfortunate affair, all in all, and while I am strong in my belief that I was right, and well justified in what I did, still I can see now that the letter never should have been written. And this reminds me of another thing I wish understood in order to avoid further misunderstandings. I refer to the consideration with which I have been treated without exception by the friends of Dr. Hyde, or, as you have put it, by the missionaries whom my letter offended. You say that,

in the face of my unfriendliness to the missionaries and Americans of these islands, they bear me no ill-will. Now, your statement is sufficiently near the truth to call for some explanation, if I am to escape the charge of unfairness and social ingratitude which seem to be fastened upon me in Hawaii by the consent of many of the foreign residents.

'"First of all, then, you are to understand that I am not opposed to the missionaries in Hawaii *as missionaries*, and that I am not opposed to the American and English planters resident here *as men*; but I am opposed to both classes *as politicians. Here my criticism of the foreigners begins and ends.* Your suggestion that I do not treat the missionaries of these islands with the same consideration I have shown for the missionaries further south is not accurate, for I would oppose with tongue and pen any missionary wherever found meddling with the political affairs of the Polynesians, just as I have criticised the interference of other white men for the disturbances they have raised in Samoa. My belief was, and is, that it is not too late to reach a result favourable to the Polynesians in most of the islands to the south; but, as I have already informed you, I believe Hawaii is too far given over to the evils of civilization for salvation at any hand."

'At this time Mr. Stevenson also spoke of the valuable gathering of literary materials that he had made here during his first visit in 1889, saying that it was his intention to improve the first opportunity to revisit the Eight Islands to make further collections. Thus far, he said, "I have but taken a few samples from your great store, and as soon as my work is caught up, and I dare leave my Samoans for a time, I intend to make you a longer visit. I am here only until the next steamer arrives," he said as we shook hands at his carriage, "and this time I came for the benefit of the sea voyage; but you may look for me again, for I am learning to like the people here, and I believe I would learn to like Hawaii, if it were not for your

beastly cold weather—*and your politicians*," he added, with a grimace and a wave of his hand. . . .'

These excerpts have been made from the office diary of a man accustomed to reproduce the thoughts and conversations of others, and, written down as they were almost immediately after utterance from notes taken at the time, they may be considered accurate and reliable. They are certainly typical of Stevenson's mental mood during his second visit to Honolulu in 1893. It was not long afterwards that he took advantage of the offer of space made by the local editor, and forwarded a short communication to the paper. The whole occurrence is highly characteristic of the man, who was then staying at the Sans Souci Inn at Waikiki. He had heard some gossip, or more probably had read some comment in the local press questioning the orderliness of the hostelry, which, like other resorts outside of Honolulu at that time, was dependent more or less on an illicit liquor trade for support. No one living in Honolulu or understanding local conditions would have given the matter a second thought. Not so Stevenson. He determined at a leap that the Sans Souci Inn had been wantonly attacked, and that Mr. Simpson, a host whom he liked, might suffer injury thereby. So, without hesitation or further inquiry, he sat down and penned the following note :

'WAIKIKI, HONOLULU, H.I.,
'6th *October*, 1893.

'*To the Editor of the Advertiser.*

'SIR,

'Will you allow a harmless sick man, who has just made out eight days of sickness here, to express his amazement and his wholesale disapproval at the nickname recently tacked upon it in the papers : A Disorderly House ? My bedroom is now in the heart of the establishment, opening upon all the public rooms. No one can arrive, no one can depart, by day

SANS SOUCI,
SEASIDE RESORT
GEO. LYCURGUS, PROP.
MUTUAL TELEPHONE 283.

Waikiki Honolulu, H. I.

6th October 1893

To the Editor of the Advertiser.

Sir,

Will you allow a harmless sick man, who has just made out eight days of sickness here, to express his amazement and his wholesale disapproval at the nickname recently tacked upon it in the papers: A Disorderly House? My bedroom is now in the heart of the establishment, opening upon all the public rooms. No one can arrive, no one can depart, by day or night, but I must hear them. I have had a high fever: you will regard it as an obvious rider that I was in a state to be easily annoyed. Will you believe it, sir, the only annoyance that has befallen me in this Disorderly Establishment was two nights ago, when the Telephone broke out bleating like a deserted infant from the nigh dining room; - I dare never, from a variety of prudential considerations, approach this interesting instrument myself; - I had no choice but to summon others who should prove more bold; and for a considerable

interval in the gaunt midnight, the telephone bell and I performed a duet. At length Mr Simpson came to the rescue, fearlessly tackled the apparatus, and learned that the Adams was demanding her Chief Engineer.

If this be disorder — well, I will agree. The introduction of the telephone into our bed and board, into our business and bosoms, partakes of the nature of intrusion. But one house in Honolulu is not more private than another. And to me, who pass my days listening to the wind and the waves along the reef, I can but say that I desire to find no quieter haven than the Sans Souci; and may well add, with the poet, "In a more sacred or sequestered bower, nor nymph nor Faunus haunted."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant
Robert Louis Stevenson

or night, but I must hear them. I have had a high fever: you will regard it as an obvious rider that I was in a state to be easily annoyed. Will you believe it, sir, the only annoyance that has befallen me in this Disorderly Establishment was two nights ago, when the Telephone broke out bleating like a deserted infant from the nigh dining room; I dare never, from a variety of prudential considerations, approach this interesting instrument myself; I had no choice but to summon others who should prove more bold; and for a considerable interval in the gaunt midnight, the telephone bell and I performed a duet. At length Mr. Simpson came to the rescue, fearlessly tackled the apparatus, and learned that the *Adams* was demanding her Chief Engineer.

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'I am, Sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.'

This communication was accompanied by the following note, written on a separate slip of paper:

'*To the dear Editor.*

'SIR,

'Since we talked nearly a fortnight ago, I avail myself of the permission to write, *if I found mysel' redd up*. So I have, sir; and perhaps you will best publish without comment, in the ordinary way, the epistle which comes herewith by the hand of Mr. Simpson.

'R. L. S.'

CHAPTER VII

AT SANS SOUCI BY-THE-SEA

I

The Gathering of Scots

Go where you will among the Pacific Islands, the Scot is there—sometimes one, or ten, or a hundred; but few or many, he proves to be a commercial and social factor wherever found. In Hawaii the canny Scot long has been a man of influence in local affairs, commercial and political. When viewed from the social side, and under the new conditions of life, the Scot still shows some tendency towards clannishness; but while this trait is inherited, yet it shows in a less degree than on his native heath. In his exclusiveness, he much resembles the German residing abroad, but in the case of the Scot national traits have suffered modifications so far that the local sages of the street do not fail to inform the stranger about Scots in Honolulu who have become thoroughly identified with Western civilization, so as to fulfil all the cosmopolitan duties of Island life. It is also true of the Scots of Hawaii that they have been among the worthiest of foreign residents in the Eight Islands. For have they not held positions of trust and difficulty under the various governments to the present? and, with few exceptions, have they not been found arrayed on the side of law and order whenever internal or foreign disturbances have occurred?

For more than a dozen years past the national sentiment of the Scots colony in the islands has been concentrated in the Scottish Thistle Club of Honolulu, and it was of this club that Stevenson was elected an honorary Chieftain soon after his arrival in 1893. The club holds in remembrance, and has frequently celebrated in a semi-public way—by a ball, or a smoker, or a literary evening—the birthdays of famous Scots from Burns to Stevenson ; and the letters and pictures of these and other Scottish worthies adorn the walls of the club-rooms, together with many quaint bits of old historic scenes from lowland and highland. So it has happened that, for more than two decades, the Scots of Hawaii have followed their quiet routine of business and pleasure without untoward happening, save one, and this only served to draw them more closely together, and to prove conclusively, though in a somewhat humorous way, that the Scot, as well as his brither man, hides under his skin that very human layer of feeling known as the Old Adam.

It came about in this way, and shortly before one of their periodic club meetings. The curator of the Bishop Museum, a brusque old gentleman with an encyclopædic affection for the arts and sciences, happened at the time to publish an essay on anthropology, or some kindred subject, in which he had taken occasion to say (with a bit of malice, it was alleged) that from natural and climatic causes, or both, Scotchmen were a more or less bow-legged people. It is true the statement was written to round an illustration in the abstract, but the Scots of Honolulu arose in their wrath to a man, and leaped for pens and paper in perfect unison. The newspapers of the town were deluged with replies to the curator's article in the passing of an hour, but only a few of these were published. One office received eight communications in one day. Judged by the uproar raised, it might have been asserted safely that the Scots of Honolulu had waxed fourfold in the flitting of a night.

There was at least one amusing incident which came

out of the general indignation, but it was not breathed until after the sun had gone down several times upon the anger of the Scottish colony. It seems that a well-known and genial Scot, who was distinctly bow-legged, called at one of the newspaper offices with a plaint for publication. In describing to the editor the outrage perpetrated by the Curator of the Bishop Museum, while giving the scientific offender the rough side of his tongue, the indignant Scot stepped into the middle of the room and cried : 'He has called the Scots a bow-legged nation, and now I'll leave it to the editor here if the average Scot has not just as straight legs as I have.' Upon which he raised the tails of his coat in either hand. 'Would he dare call me bow-legged ?' It is not related how the editor and his reporters kept countenance, but they were probably aided by the danger-signal that hung in the visitor's inquiring eye. Afterwards the story was told to discreet persons on the street, yet from then to now no one has shown bravery enough to repeat the anecdote within earshot of that bow-legged Scot.

One day when Stevenson had come into town from Sans Souci, and was standing on the veranda of the Pacific Club with several friends, someone told the story again, which greatly amused the novelist, who requested that parts of it be repeated as he wished to retain them in memory. He then went into some detail upon the touchiness of the Scots about their national traits and customs, giving several instances that had fallen under his observation. One of those present was a brither Scot, who had not yet said a word ; but when Stevenson, in giving his instances, seemed to join in the criticism, he burst forth in an angry tone : 'That's all well enough, but I'd just like to put it you, Mr. Stevenson, fair and honest, if you don't think it a slander and a falsehood to say the Scots are bow-legged ?' Stevenson stood smiling for a moment at his irate countryman, and then replied in broad Scotch : 'Aweel, man, ye need na be fash't forbye I've keen'd a Scot or twa mysel' along the brae

who might be ca'd bow-leggit a wee, *and gie na daur.*'
Stevenson's good-nature and wit was followed by laughter, in which the angry Scot soon joined, and calling a waiter, he requested that those present would sit at luncheon with Stevenson and himself, and when all were seated and the glasses filled he proposed a toast to 'Thin authors and their bow-leggit readers,' which was drunk with much good-humour and laughter.

It was natural that the Scottish Thistle Club should act promptly, upon the suggestion of the moment, in deciding that some courtesy should be extended to Stevenson before his contemplated return to Samoa by the next steamer, and after the matter had been informally discussed by those present, it was determined that the club would invite the visiting author to spend an evening at the club-rooms, and would request him to give an informal talk on any subject which he might select, the main object being that some arrangement might be made by which the members could become acquainted with their famous countryman. Accordingly, a committee waited upon him at Sans Souci on behalf of the club. They were received with unaffected courtesy, and without a moment's hesitation the novelist told them he would take pleasure at the opportunity of so serving an organization of his countrymen. The only question, he said, was that of time, as he intended to depart by the steamer due on the next Thursday ; he would, therefore, set the evening before his departure to meet his brither Scots at the club-rooms. A special meeting of club members was held the same evening, and as the time was short, it was deemed impractical to secure a larger hall and invite the residents of other nationalities. However, it was determined that the club members might invite friends to the full seating capacity of the club's rooms.

As soon as it was learned that Stevenson was to address the Scottish Thistle Club, the applications for admission so far exceeded the accommodation that

much disappointment was felt. In the meanwhile the club-rooms were thrown into one and handsomely decorated with island flowers and ferns, and in the decorations of the chandelier over the platform, where Stevenson was to stand, were to be seen some real Scottish thistles, 'the symbol dear,' peeping out of the green ferns. On the walls were tartan plaids, displayed between the pictures of literary worthies and bonneted lairds. The evening was pleasant, although the night was dark and the sky overcast. In the open the air was somewhat hazy and damp, so that when Stevenson's carriage arrived he threw off several heavy wraps before entering the hall. He walked directly to the platform, being greeted with warm applause, and when he smilingly turned to his audience he said :

'Ladies and Gentlemen, and Brither Scots,—I sincerely trust none of you have come here under a misapprehension. If you have come expecting a speech, you will be disappointed, for I am in no sense a public speaker. If there is any one thing that flustrates truth and obfuscates the public mind, it is the doubtful gift of public speaking. My one reason for consenting to talk before you to-night lies in that weakness, or strength, that binds Scots hearts together wherever they meet each other. I cannot say why they are proud to be Scotsmen ; the fact remains that they are. It is not that our land is sunny, like these tropical isles, and its climate is not even lovely. Scotland's history contains little that is not disgusting to people of humane feelings. That long brawl which is called Scottish history contains scarcely one object that Scots have any patience with. First there was a long period during which the wild Celts were cutting each other's throats, and trying the thickness of each other's skulls. Coming down a little further, we arrive at the time of Sir William Wallace, the Guardian of Scotland, a man far ahead of his time, who, if not particularly amiable, had some humorous qualities. Following him came

Robert the Bruce, a little humorous and certainly amiable. He was something of a rogue—that kind of a political rogue which it may not be indelicate for me to mention, as I have come from Samoa, where we are all politicians, and speaking to you here, who are all politicians, and the most offensive kind of a rogue is a politician. Bruce figured in a time when the nobility were grasping at everything in sight, each without any regard for the right of property in his neighbour's cow.

'Coming to the Reformation, they had two great characters—John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots—and I must confess to a foible for Mary in my sympathies. Take her all in all, Mary was quite a good fellow. It is true she blew up her husband, and committed other little eccentricities; still, she was rather a good fellow. Scotland owed much to John Knox, and this is a name I should never presume to mention in a jocular manner, for every Scotsman in his heart of hearts knew that perhaps to him more than to anyone else belonged the credit of their country's advancement in education; but they could not find anything amiable in Knox, "he who never feared the face of man." Following the great reformer came a great host of priestlings. Persecutions and trials for witchcraft then became general. The great struggle on behalf of the Solemn League and Covenanters was a conspicuous feature of those times. The Covenanters were very interesting, but would anybody ask me to sympathize with them? They suffered themselves to be killed, and they died interestingly, but nobody should allow themselves to be killed simply because they could not kill others.

'Like others before me, I have found difficulty in coming at the real facts of the succeeding period, owing to the unreliable character of contemporary history; but where there was so much smoke there must be some fire, just enough to light a cigarette. Coming then to '45, they tried to start another government, and failed, but they sacrificed themselves with

some degree of dignity. I am not sure this is not the most heroic scene in Scottish history, falling as it did upon the black defeat at Culloden Moor, yet from that sombre background springs much to admire, much that shines out most worthy under louring misfortune, forbye it was Scots loyalty during Prince Charlie's wanderings that evened the honours of that disastrous day. From the moment that band of floundering horsemen, straining in the wake of a young highland laird, galloped across the gray moors to the Lovat's door, after forty minutes of desperate killing at Culloden, new friends sprang to the Prince's aid with the moment's danger.

'I cannot go all over the story of that dreary time, the marches and the counter-marches on land, and the wanderings by sea in open cobles. Every Scot has something of this laid by in memory; and he can trace on occasion the retreat from Culloden Moor along Loch Ness to the western sea. This path led through Lochiel's country, through the Isle of Skye, and throughout the outer islands; then by return to the mainland through those perilous counter-marches, down to the last resting-place at the friendly threshold of Borodale and the final embarkment at Loch Nanuagh.

'First there came Edwin Burke, true Scot and canny guid over the rugged marshes between Inverness and the ocean outlet; then I mind a hulk of a farmer, called Cameron of Glenpean, who befriended the Prince more than once again in his wanderings; and the wife of Angus Macdonald, whose bairns perished in the Prince's cause, and her tears not yet dried—a most heroic wife! Nor must Donald MacLeod be forgot, who piloted the Prince's boat, an open coble, without compass, through storm and mirk across the Minch; nor the Mackenzies of Stornoway, who, although supporters of the Government, put aside the reward of thirty thousand English pounds, only insisting that Prince Charlie should embark at once and depart their neighbourhood. Then there was Flora Macdonald, a

bonny lass—who can ever forget her? And it can be said to her honour that her loyalty to her Prince went hand in hand with her daring prudence; for she ventured even to dressing him in petticoats, and took him by dangerous route to Skye, disguised as a female servant called Betty Burke, and fending all dangers until she had placed him in safe Scots hands at the old inn of Portree. Next came the three MacLeods and the hiding on the Isle of Rasay; then the mainland again, with manifold danger and some desperate cases: slippings by sentinels and flittings in the darkness many and often. Repeatedly there were last hopes and frequent bitter disappointments; creepings in the heather and hidings in caves, until the Prince found temporary safety again with Cameron of Clunes and Macdonald of Lochgarie.

'One more is in my mind for a last word. The "Gentle Lochiel," who from the first saw what folly the rising was, and said so, but with grave offence to his Prince; yet afterwards he silenced reproach, when, wounded, he went into skulking in the hills of Benalder, almost in sight of English troops, as they lay encamped on the Inverness road. With Lochiel was his cousin, Macpherson of Cluny; and they had contrived a curious hut called "Cluny's Cage," which I have described already in "Kidnapped"; here Prince Charlie lay in safety until succour unexpectedly arrived at Loch Nanuagh from oversea. And here at a stroke the picture is finished for either song or story: anybody in all broad Scotland by betraying the fugitive could have secured a fortune; but through those squalid and parlous months the Prince passed unthreatened save once. This was when the starving, half-witted youth whom the Prince had fed and clothed made the Judas attempt that failed, happily for the honour of Scotland. Such unselfish devotion in our defeated countrymen shows that there is some little good in Scotsmen after all. With Prince Charlie Scottish history closes.

'A little further on there came a very interesting

patriot, who was a judge of the High Court of Justiciary. He was a very celebrated lawyer, but cruel, unconscionably cruel. "Hang" was his one word. I do not recall his name at the moment, although I have it at the end of my tongue. Ah! Braxfield—Lord Braxfield—that is it! A Scot can hardly think of the word "hang" without remembering Lord Braxfield, whose favourite maxim was "Hang a thief when he's young, and he'll no steal when he's auld." The aptest sample of the gentleman's wit was given during the trial of Muir and Palmer for showing sympathy with the French Revolution. One of the prisoners displayed a great deal of eloquence on his own behalf, while "my lord" sat listening. The prisoner came to a point where he said that all great men had been charged with being criminals, not excepting even Jesus. "And I think he was hanged!" was the cold observation from the bench. A story is told of his lordship's butler giving him notice, his reason being that he could not get along with her "leddyship." The master ejaculated, "Gad, if ye were married to her!"

'Thus I have run my eye over a long past of Scottish history, and have found nothing but what is desperately cruel and brutal. Yet there was something good, and this is the beautiful songs and ballads of Scotland. There was Patrick Walker, grim enough, but his songs were filled with human sympathy. There were many others, whom you all remember, until I come to that one who has summed them all up—that is, Sir Walter Scott. Scott was the incarnation of kindness and good-nature. And I would recommend everybody to read not only the Waverley novels, but the life of Walter Scott by his son-in-law. Lockhart's "Life of Walter Scott" is in places crushingly pathetic. When you arise from its perusal you are melted, consoled, benefited.

'Another thing I feel strongly. I received a book the other day called "The Stikit Minister," with a dedication to myself which affected me strangely, so that I could not read without a gulp. It was addressed

to me in the third person, and made me remember those places

> '"Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
> His heart remembers how!"

Now when I think upon my latter end, as I do sometimes, especially of late years when it seems less imminent, I feel that when I shall come to die out here among these beautiful Islands, I shall have lost something that had been my due—my native, predestinate, and forfeited grave among honest Scots sods. And I feel that I shall never quite attain to what Patrick Walker calls, in one of those pathetic touches of which I have already spoken, my "resting grave," unless it were to be upon one of our purple hillsides, under one of our old, quaint, and half-obliterated table-tombstones slanting down the brae, and

> '"Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
> My heart remembers how!"'

When the speaker had finished, and turned with a smile to resume his place, there was a stillness in the audience very near to tears; but this feeling was soon changed to laughter in the scene that followed, when the chairman arose and announced in broad Scots, 'Lait's seng th' doaxology.' Thereupon the innocent pianist, an Englishman, at once struck up the old hundredth psalm, at which Chairman Lindsay cried out, 'Thaat's no th' doaxology, mon; seng "Auld Lang Syne"!' And this was done with a will and with joyous laughter. Soon Stevenson came from the platform and joined in the song, where a ring of singers had formed in the open space in front; there the 'doaxology' was brought to a close in the good old Scottish style, with the clasping of crossed hands at the lines:

> 'And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
> And gie's a hand o' thine;
> And we'll take a right guid willie-waught,
> For auld lang syne.'

Stevenson remained in the club-rooms for some time after, and before leaving he became acquainted with

most of the two hundred and fifty persons present. In fact, it was near midnight when he reached Sans Souci and his bed. On the way home he repeated several times that it had been the most joyous evening he had spent since coming to the Pacific, and that hereafter he intended to mark the date as one of the red-letter days of his life.

Owing to the disappointment of those who had failed to hear his informal lecture before the Scottish Thistle Club, that organization soon made arrangements, with Stevenson's consent, for another lecture on some literary subject, to be given in the large Y.M.C.A. hall, as soon as he recovered from a temporary illness, which had seized him shortly after his former talk. But this engagement he was obliged to countermand at last, by the advice of his physician. This was done in the following characteristic note to the editor of the *Advertiser* :

'*To the dear Editor.*

'SANS SOUCI,
'*October* 20.

'SIR,

'Will you please to state—*this note is not for the public*—that, owing to an interference of Providence, abetted by my French doctor, the talk announced to take place to-morrow afternoon must be indefinitely postponed. I do not believe the effort would seriously hurt my health, and, as you know, I would rather take a wee risk than to disappoint so many of my friends in Honolulu ; but Dr. Trousseau and Mrs. Stevenson are insistent, and I must yield. Perhaps they are right, but I hope not ; for it would be hard to believe so, just when I am learning to forget I am an invalid. The fever has entirely left me, and I am certainly convalescent. We hope to be able to return by the steamer due about the 27th October, in which case there is a small kindness I shall ask you to do for me—collecting a fact or two to be forwarded at your pleasure to Apia.

'I am, sir, in haste,

'R. L. S.'

II

Life at Waikiki Beach

The steamer by which Stevenson expected to return to Samoa was due to arrive the day after his appearance before the Thistle Club. In consequence he arose early, and breakfasted before eight o'clock. He now stood in the doorway awaiting his conveyance, which had been ordered by telephone, as he wished to meet some of his friends in Honolulu before sailing. In relating the occurrence afterwards, the driver said in explanation that Stevenson always employed the same hackman, if he happened to take a fancy to him. The novelist, he said, had shown the same peculiarity in 1889; and, when he returned in 1893, he had employed one driver almost exclusively, sometimes going so far as to delay his outgoing until he could secure his favourite jehu. In the present instance, the novelist had taken a liking to an Irish hackman named Quinn, who did his orders until he sailed from Hawaii for the last time. It was Quinn, hackman, wit, and politician, who, upon arrival, took Stevenson and his Samoan servant from the wharf to Sans Souci by-the-Sea, and caught the measles from Ta'alolo, who sat on the front seat with the driver. The result was that Quinn was sick during the fortnight that Stevenson lay prostrated in consequence of the shock received in the accident now to be related.

By a quarter to nine on the morning in question, Quinn, hackman, wit, and politician—a make-up that had won Stevenson's patronage—was at the door, having driven out a new horse that he had purchased the day before. He was already thinking well of his bargain, so gently had the animal paced his first few miles to livery. When he drew up at the door of the hostelry, his passenger stood smoking and enjoying the seaward view, or looking eastward where lay Kapiolani Park, fragrant and glistening under the

morning sun ; beyond lay the crater of Diamond Head, purple and brown in the half-lights, like some gigantic sphinx laving its fore-foot in the foam of cool breakers. Before taking his seat, Stevenson stood a moment talking to Quinn, and asking the latest news from town ; meanwhile he rolled the familiar cigarette.

'That's a fine animal you have this morning, Quinn,' said he. 'If I had time, I'd like to take a ride around the park and by where we lived in eighty-nine, near Poor's place.'

'Yes, he's a fine animal, Mr. Stevenson,' replied Quinn, eyeing his bargain. 'I only bought him yesterday, but I believe he's a daisy ; so, if you wish, it won't take more than half an hour to drive around the park with this boy.'

A thorough horseman and careful driver, it was with many expressions of regret that Quinn gave the facts of the runaway that followed, declaring in his defence that the horse had come to him highly recommended, and had been driven out that morning like any kitten.

'No,' said Stevenson, after some hesitation—'no, not this morning, yet it is quite tempting ; but I have an appointment in town, and when we return, I'll drive that way, if the steamer is not in.'

No sooner was he seated than the new horse bolted from Sans Souci, overrunning two well-rooted palm-trees in reaching the highway ; here, instead of taking the way to Honolulu, the animal swung to the right, and took the road through the park, squealing and kicking at every jump, as only the Spanish-American horses can. Familiar horseman though he was, Quinn relates that he was scared into a cold sweat on Stevenson's account, thinking of what might happen if the brute got beyond his control. Making a guess afterwards, Quinn says that from five to eight minutes must have passed before he succeeded in 'breaking his jaw,' and the animal dropped into the roadster's pace. The main difficulty was to keep the horse in the road and away from the trees that crowded the winding way on each side. During more than a mile and a half of the

run the hackman did not catch a glimpse of his passenger, so dangerous was the course, and it was not until he felt the horse weakening that he dared to turn his head ; but when he did, Stevenson sat erect and grim on the back seat, white as any ghost, and grasping the bows of the carriage-top on either side. Quinn declares that the sight of suffering in the white face behind filled him so with shame for getting his passenger into such a dangerous scrape that he knew not how to begin an apology ; but, finally remembering the famous reply of the mountain coachman to Horace Greely, he blurted, ' Keep your seat, Mr. Stevenson, and I'll get you to your appointment in time, even if we do have to go around the park.'

But the novelist replied never a word, and he continued to sit without sign of physical animation, save the burning intensity of his great eyes where they shone, Quinn says, like sharp fire-points in the hollow background of the carriage. It was not until they had left the park far behind and had come abreast of the old sunny south resort, about two miles from town, that Stevenson said, in his usual quizzical way when commenting on *outre* happenings, ' Quinn,' he said, leaning forward and smiling—' O Quinn, brave and witty jehu, I don't like this new animal of yours ; I have an idea that he is a bit of a politician, like yourself, and is apt to take his bit in the teeth ; and, Quinn, I don't altogether think he is safe. Now, you held him beautifully, and the ride was all that could be desired, *under the circumstances ;* but don't you think, as a politician, Quinn, that we had better drive to the stable and exchange him for an author's horse before we return to Sans Souci ?'

The exchange was made, and Stevenson found himself at his appointment with five minutes to spare. Afterwards he visited one or two shops, but soon found he was feeling too ill to make some contemplated calls on friends, and he told the hackman he thought they had better return at once, so that he could get a few hours' rest before the steamer sailed. But the excite-

ment of the runaway and the resulting physical shock were too much for his strength, and within an hour of luncheon he had taken to his bed, where he remained a fortnight and a day. On the same day the hackman was taken with measles caught from Ta'alolo on his arrival; but Quinn was in bed only twelve days, so that he was able to serve Stevenson again by the time he left his room three days later.

The news of the author's illness was received with much sorrow by his friends, and many calls were at once made at Sans Souci; but, with a few exceptions, the attending physicians forbade visitors. Yet while at the hostelry he lay under tender nursing, and enjoyed every comfort that could be sent to his bedside by friendship; and so, when Mrs. Stevenson arrived from Samoa on October 19, she found him able to sit on the veranda, or to enjoy walks through the shady grounds on the beach. The Sans Souci of that time was not the Sans Souci of this. When Stevenson was there, it was perhaps the most popular inn in the suburbs of Honolulu; then it was filled with homely comforts, and surrounded by a country quiet, broken only by the droning of the surf on the outer reef, or the dull echo of the land-swell as it broke lazily on the near beach; there occasional bathers crossed the white coral sand, like silent shadows, but happy, and bearing the seal of contentment upon faces subdued by tropical indolence. The resort is deserted now, having passed into private hands; and, although the cottages occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson in 1893 remained nearly as they were, yet the place is now in the centre of modern improvements, and is overlooked by great hotels, and surrounded by numerous extensive seaside resorts, reached by rapid-transit cars from the hot city facing the harbour. Where Stevenson dreamed as he watched the sunlight fade behind the purple hills of Waianae, or was ill, or holding converse with his friends, now stands the first landing-station of the sunken length of cable connecting San Francisco with the Philippines and the Orient—the pioneer of that

coming civilization which already is driving solitude from the Pacific.

Happily we have a record, more or less complete, covering his residence and sickness at Sans Souci—not from hearsay, but from the personal observation of those who visited the author while there, and especially in that given by Mr. Simpson, his host, who attended him with the greatest care and affection until Mrs. Stevenson's arrival. Mr. Simpson's recollections of the novelist will be given first, and as nearly as possible in his own words, and his statement will be followed by those of other friends, supplemented with such personal anecdotes as will serve to further exemplify or illustrate some of the novelist's traits of character.

'My first introduction to Robert Louis Stevenson,' says Mr. Simpson, 'was made on the twentieth of September, 1893, when he arrived from Samoa, accompanied by Mr. Graham Balfour and another friend. Stevenson's Samoan valet, Ta'alolo, was ill with measles, and the Hawaiian Board of Health, after some discussion, permitted him to be landed, with the understanding that he would be placed in quarantine at the beach; this was accordingly done, and he was installed, under a guard, in the windmill cottage, which was isolated from the remaining buildings. The valet soon recovered, and within a week was able to attend Stevenson, who was now confined to his room in the main building. The room was large, and was comfortably situated on the side away from the glare of the tropic sea. Here he was attended by the late Doctor Trousseau, whose visits seemed to give the author great pleasure; sometimes the doctor would prolong his visit, and they would hold extended conversations, mostly in the French language, upon literary topics or local politics—both gentlemen, being royalists, were opposed to the threatening occupation of the Islands by the United States.

'During the time that Stevenson was confined to his room he was carefully attended by his Samoan valet, who slept on a mat at his bedside. The boy was as

faithful as a sheepdog, and clearly showed that he loved his master with an affection that seemed to a stranger almost an adoration. On his part, Stevenson held the lad in much esteem. One of the points in his character that first struck me was the manner in which he always spoke to the boy, and the extreme thoughtfulness displayed for his servant's welfare; and I soon learned that he would rather suffer inconvenience, or even discomfort, than have the boy called when he was amusing himself with the new sights of the neighbourhood. One time I remember Ta'alolo was out with the cook a-fishing from the bamboo look-out, which stood at a break in the reef, when Stevenson's bell rang; when I answered it, he asked for the boy, but when I told him I would have to call him, as he was out fishing, he replied quickly and emphatically, "Do not call him on any account; let him stay; I will manage without him." He never failed to ask daily if the boy had had his meals when he required them; and his consideration and constant thoughtfulness for his servant made it easy for me to understand the affection which the Samoan had for the inmates of the Stevenson household.

'During his sojourn Stevenson lived simply and without demonstration. He generally went to bed early, but not always; yet he was always awake early, although it was his habit to breakfast in bed, arising for the day at nine or sometimes ten o'clock. Frequently he would wander about the grounds, or sit on the end of the pier in the hot sunshine until lunch-time; afterwards he would lounge in the veranda, where he would enjoy daily a cup of black coffee with burnt brandy. At dinner, which he took at six o'clock, he always drank a light-red wine, called California burgundy, and ate somewhat sparingly; and, on the whole, he appeared to be an abstemious man, although he was in the habit of sitting long at table. He frequently called my attention to the panel decorations on the walls of the inn, some of them having been done by his relations by marriage—Mr. and Mrs. Joe

Strong—when they had previously resided at Sans Souci. He did not go abroad much, and when he did it was generally in the morning ; and when well enough, he would frequently receive from one to a dozen visitors during an afternoon. Perhaps he went directly to Honolulu as many as six or eight times during his last sojourn, but he was seldom away more than a few hours ; only on one occasion that I remember he did not return until near his dinner-hour. He often visited at Mr. Allan Herbert's place near by, sometimes spending the day there ; or he would go over to Ainahau to visit Mr. Cleghorn, the father of Princess Kaiulani ; once I remember taking him in my buggy to the gate, as I drove into town. Or, sometimes, during the heat of the afternoon, he would entertain those with whom he had grown familiar, seated upon the grass at Sans Souci, under the shade of a great umbrella-like tree, where the guests had the benefit of the light trades that came over the mountain range beyond. Here they would lie in a group around the novelist, and talk on any subject that came to mind ; and at no other time was Stevenson found more entertaining, for among his friends he would speak without let, at times almost without control, until of a sudden those present would be convulsed with laughter as the author would make some witty play upon the words used, which took everyone by surprise, or uttered some quaint, nondescript comment on local affairs that fell in with the fancy of his guests.'

Upon the first time after his illness that Stevenson was able to take a walk around the grounds, he happened to discover two rooms on the eastern end of what was known as the 'Luce Cottage.' They struck his fancy at once, and he called Mr. Simpson and asked if the rooms were occupied. The innkeeper replied in the negative, and Stevenson at once said that he would like to have them. 'I complied, of course,' relates the landlord, 'and told him I would have the bed made up, and his things brought over from the inn.'

'"No," said he, "I will stay here now, for I am already tired from walking."

'At that I told him I would have the bed made at once, so that he could lie down.

'"No," he cried, "no one here knows how to make a bed! Let me show you!"

'He then pulled all the bedclothes on the floor; then, taking a blanket from the pile, he rolled it into a rude bunch and threw it upon the mattress. "Now," said he, "that is made. In Samoa I sleep on the floor on a mat, and that is the only way to rest in comfort in a warm climate." He then lay down upon his newly-made bed, and asked me to send over his cigarettes and some matches.'

These rooms were occupied by Stevenson and his wife during their stay at the inn. It was there that Mr. Allan Hutchinson took the cast for the 'Hawaiian' bust of the author, from which a number of copies were made. Stevenson thought it would be a good reproduction at the time, but unhappily the artist attempted to introduce some improvements which were not considered successful. The artist also took a cast of Mr. Stevenson's hand—the right—in the veranda next to the dining-room, and under the spread of the great *hau*-tree that stood there. This cast at the last information obtained was still in the artist's possession. After the author's death, it is stated by Mr. Simpson that Mrs. Stevenson made an attempt to purchase the cast as she passed through Honolulu, but failed to conclude the bargain.

At the time the cast for the bust was made a friend asked Stevenson if the artist had secured a good impression. 'Yes,' he said, 'the cast is good—better than I expected under the circumstances; but there are some cases where the artists ruin everything by adding, perhaps unconsciously, creations of their own. These, in busts and portraits especially, may be fairly said to make transformations out of what otherwise would be faithful reproductions. Take the case of the portraits of authors as frequently published in their

works, and the matter will become clearer. You will find, if you know the subject, that there is not one in ten of printed portraits that is not more of a transformation than otherwise. It is generally an *idealized repetition of the artistic mood*, with the subject placed in the pose of an actress, the lines by which Nature marks character having been smoothed from the face until nothing but an undesirable absurdity remains. It is uncomplimentary to literature and intelligence that this absurdity is often sought after by unartistic writers. But in my case we may hope, I think—among some doubts—that our friend Hutchinson will let his brain sleep while at work, and be content to follow the artistic instinct of his fingers.'

Mr. Simpson says that Stevenson's favourite lounging-place at Sans Souci was on the broad front lanai or veranda which viewed the sea. There he would sit for hours talking to any who happened to come, or, if alone, playing solitaire, or watching the play of the breakers on the reef, and at sunset the Waianae Mountains, calling attention every now and again to the changing colours of the scene. It was here that he spent many hours with Mrs. Stevenson after her arrival, and in speaking of their companionship mine host Simpson says: 'Here they would sit hour after hour discussing various subjects. It was most interesting to watch them; no two people could have been more suited to each other, or more devoted, and to me their conversation was interesting and instructive, for they frequently discussed various authors and their writings without restraint. They were indeed both pleasant and agreeable guests, and yet I was frequently asked at the time if I did not find it hard to get on with such a "crank"—the queries, of course, always coming from persons who did not know the man—but I always replied that if Mr. Stevenson was a "crank," I desired nothing better than to have the inn filled with like men. The truth is, a more even-tempered, thoughtful man I never met, and I can easily recall the very few times I ever saw him ex-

cited. One of these was during the discussion of Mr. Stead's London edition of the *Review of Reviews*. This periodical he hated for some reason with a bitter, undying hatred. Another instance was when Mrs. Stevenson had arranged to take the Samoan boy, Ta'alolo, for a ride to Pearl City by rail, the boy never having ridden on steam-cars. A hack was at the door to take them to the depot, when some friends dropped in to lunch, and kept them a little late, but not too late to catch the cars. It was the day before they sailed for Samoa, and Stevenson, thinking his servant would miss the treat his heart was set upon, at once opened the flood-gates of wrath, which were kept ajar for several minutes, but at last he was soothed with a cup of black coffee and a cigarette.'

The outbreak of temper by the author upon hearing the name of the London editor, mentioned by Mr. Simpson, is given with more illustrative detail by Mr. Viggo Jacobson, who was a guest at Sans Souci at the time, and the unintentional provoker of the novelist's anger upon that point. Mr. Jacobson recalls the occurrence as follows: 'While he remained at Sans Souci it was Stevenson's habit to dine alone, but one evening, I remember, I found myself at table near him. There were but a few guests present at the time, so that conversation became general. I had been reading an article that day in the English edition of the *Review of Reviews*, just arrived, in which the editor, William T. Stead, had highly extolled the discipline and heroism of the officers and crew of the British warship *Victoria*, then lately run down and sunk by the heavily-armoured *Camperdown* during the Mediterranean manœuvres. It seems that but shortly before Mr. Stead had written some articles in exposure of scandals in high life, with unfavourable comment on a member of the Royal Family. This had proved too much for Stevenson's feelings of loyalty, and as soon as I had mentioned the article on the naval disaster, he broke into strong language, which was continued for several minutes in incisive, sledge-

hammer style. When he had finished he sat for a spell glaring around the table, waiting for him who dared to answer, but none of those present were so bold. After waiting a moment longer, the novelist swallowed the remainder of his glass of burgundy, hastily finished his meal, and abruptly left the room. Having the warmest regard for him, I yet felt that Stevenson had treated my favourable remark on Mr. Stead's article rudely and unfairly, and it was in this state of mind that I left the table. I was both indignant and angry with him, so I stepped out on the veranda to allow my feeling to subside; but there I found Stevenson, who was seated, and watching, as was his custom, the after-glow hanging over the Waianae Mountains and the western sea. He was smoking his after-dinner cigarette, and I was about to withdraw lest I should prove an intruder; but he had already heard me, at once arose, and coming quickly across the veranda, said, putting his hand upon my shoulder at the same time: "My dear sir, I had no right to lose my temper at the table just now, and I apologize for my rudeness." My anger melted at his words and manner. I could not for a moment withstand the man, and for an hour I sat at his side and enjoyed one of the pleasantest conversational treats of my life.'

Recalling further reminiscences of Sans Souci, Mr. Simpson says that, 'while he was sick and wished attention, Stevenson would ring a small spring bell which he kept at the side of his bed, and if the bell was not answered at once he would keep on ringing it until someone came, when he would smilingly ask if they had heard his music. But it seems that he cordially disliked the telephone, and would not touch one with a fishing-pole, as he expressed it. I asked him once if they did not have the telephone in Samoa, and he replied, "God forbid that we should ever have such a thing!" And when I reminded him of the convenience of having such a means of communication, he cried, "I went to Samoa to be rid of such

devilish inventions, which only disturb the mind, and can well be dispensed with!" '

'Stevenson,' says Mr. Simpson, 'was somewhat untidy in his habits. He was the sort of a man who would let everything go as long as there was room to move about; then he would take an hour or two and have a general cleaning up. On receiving his mail, which was usually large, he would go right through without stopping. Envelopes were thrown on the floor as soon as opened, and a majority of the letters were torn in half and thrown down. The newspapers generally shared the same fate after being glanced through for marked passages; then Ta'alolo was called in, and took an hour to clean up. It was from this habit of the author that an autograph letter from Rudyard Kipling was picked up in two pieces. It was a short note thanking Stevenson for some kindly mention of one of Kipling's books.

'Stevenson was exceedingly fond of the sea, and never seemed to tire of watching its incessant changes under the tropic sky. One day, as we stood on the beach watching one of the fleet of small schooners which ply between the islands, he said to me: "Now, I should just like to be on that boat skimming along there." I told him he would likely soon weary of it, as it is somewhat uncomfortable travelling in such small vessels; but he replied with energy: "To me the sea never grows monotonous, and I am never so happy as when cruising in the South Seas in a schooner-yacht like the *Casco*, and there is nothing so exhilarating as to be bowling along before the fresh trades with everything set. The sea, the clouds, and the sea-birds following the vessel are always changing, and I cannot imagine anyone getting tired of anything at sea, unless it is a calm, and even a calm has some features that are truly poetic."

'Another day, shortly before his departure for Samoa, I was talking to the novelist and his wife as we sat on the front veranda. During the conversation I expressed the hope that he would be able to

visit Honolulu again. After musing a moment, he said—very sadly, I thought—that he did not believe now that he would live long enough to make another visit north. Continuing, he said that Mrs. Stevenson also was in ill-health. His wife acquiesced, and they then began a conversation upon the chances of their early demise, as calmly and quietly as if they were discussing a visit to San Francisco, instead of a departure through the pale portal. That his surmise was correct in his own case we remember with sorrow. Mrs. Stevenson I have seen twice since—once on a passing steamer, and again upon her last visit to Honolulu after her husband's death. At that time she remained at Sans Souci about a fortnight, being then on her way to reside in San Francisco.'

Stevenson had great affection for his Samoan boy, Ta'alolo, and he always took pains to see that others treated him with respect, if not consideration. One morning Stevenson had left the inn early, taking Ta'alolo with him, and had arrived at the Hawaiian hotel shortly before luncheon. It was a warm morning, and, as was the custom, everyone called at the bar for some cooling drink before going to the dining-room. As he passed through the billiard-room, where everyone knew the novelist, somebody pointed him out to an English tourist who was present. The Englishman at once introduced himself to the author, and requested that he be allowed to order refreshments for those of the novelist's friends who had already gathered around him. Stevenson acquiesced with a smile, and said: 'Certainly I will join you'; and then, turning, he said with another smile: 'And my friend Ta'alolo will also join us.' At this invitation Ta'alolo came to Stevenson's side, when the tourist turned to the bar-tender, and pointing a thumb at Ta'alolo, said: 'He can't drink with us here. Give him something to drink over there,' pointing to the corner of the bar where the counter turned at a right-angle. At this rudeness Stevenson quietly turned, and with a wave of his hand said: 'Sir, I do not even

know your name, but if you say that Ta'alolo cannot drink with me, I wish you to understand that I am not good enough to drink with you. Come, Ta'alolo!' And, arm in arm, the two went upstairs to the dining-room.

After the novelist's death Mrs. Stevenson informed Mr. Simpson that she had consulted her duty, and, much against his wish, had sent Ta'alolo back to his tribe. Mr. Simpson says it is not hard to understand that Ta'alolo preferred remaining with the Stevenson household to returning to his tribe, and he explains that, while at Sans Souci, Stevenson treated Ta'alolo more like a brother than a servant; in fact, he doubts if the author ever viewed him in the latter light. It was his habit to send the boy to Honolulu on errands, always insisting that he should go alone, and taking only written directions where to call, so that he would be obliged to inquire if he could not find the place. This was done as a part of the tuition received daily from his employer, and when the boy returned he would be called on for a detailed account of his movements, adventures, and impressions during the trip, to which Stevenson always listened patiently, frequently asking questions to refresh his memory and extend his lesson. Upon Mrs. Stevenson's arrival she brought a long list of commissions, which included a present for each member of the Samoan household, whether native or otherwise; and Mr. Simpson remembers that the discussion between the author and his wife was sometimes very amusing, as they canvassed the likes or dislikes of each, yet it clearly accounted for the esteem in which the master of Vailima and his good wife were held by those who served them.

Mr. Simpson relates that he executed one commission for the novelist that struck him as rather an original idea. This was to superintend the construction of a supply of girths for the ponies used in Samoa. From the rough nature of the roads, or rather trails, these animals are frequently subject to girth galls, and

Stevenson's directions were given in the following words: 'Take a strip of light sheepskin leather about eight inches wide, and long enough for a girth. Double in both edges until they meet in the centre of the girth-length, then fold the ends, and sew on the buckles, which will keep the folded leather in position without sewing the edges together. Every time the girth is used this allows a liberal supply of vaseline to be placed within the folds, and keeps the leather soft, while the doubled-over edges prevent chafing.'

There was a class of reporters whom Stevenson avoided. He never objected to talking to newspaper men in a quiet sort of way, but he refused to entertain those who came for set interviews, where every word he uttered was to be published and perhaps twisted. Once during his stay at Sans Souci such a reporter called. He was the representative of some metropolitan journal in the United States, and, unluckily, demanded an 'interview' with the author. Stevenson was not feeling well, and was reading in bed when the reporter's card and request reached him. He turned the card over once or twice in a nervous way, and then, looking up, said to Mr. Simpson: 'I really don't feel well enough to interview *this paper*. Do you think you can get rid of the gentleman without hurting his feelings?' He never thought of himself, and would probably have submitted if Mr. Simpson had not seen the point, and got rid of the reporter with a landlord's usual tact and discretion.

In concluding his narrative, Mr. Simpson says: 'The day on which the deputation from the Scottish Thistle Club waited on him for the purpose of getting him to address the club Stevenson was both tired and weak. He received the deputation, however, and conversed with them until human nature could bear the strain no longer, and he had to call me to help him to his room, where he at once went to bed. The following day he was better, and was able to meet the club at their rooms in town. The day that the Stevensons were to return—in fact, just as they were leaving—I

asked them to mention Sans Souci to any of their friends coming to Honolulu. Upon this Stevenson walked over to the register at the desk, and without sitting, wrote these few characteristic words :

' " All those who desire such old-fashioned things as good food, pure air, clear sea-water, and delicious sunsets hung out before their eyes over the mountains of Waianae, I cordially recommend to the *Sans Souci*."

' " R. L. S."

' He then said good-bye, and I saw him for the last time ; but I can see him now, and always, as he stood at the desk, with the short Spanish cloak around his shoulders, writing the last few words penned in Hawaii.'

Mr. Robert Catton, of Honolulu, became well acquainted with Stevenson during his visit in 1893, and was frequently with him at Sans Souci and elsewhere up to the day of his leaving. Fortunately, Mr. Catton has preserved copies of letters written at the time to friends and relations abroad, which contain in a brief form his early impressions of the novelist, together with interesting comments and anecdotes. From these Mr. Catton has kindly extracted whatever will be of interest to the reader. The following excerpts come from the correspondence as it was written at various times between September 25 and December 8, 1893, the points indicating where portions are omitted from different letters :

' I have had the very great pleasure of making the acquaintance (in the flesh) of Robert Louis Stevenson. He came up from Samoa last week just for the trip, and intends to return by the steamer now due from San Francisco ; but there is a chance of his staying four weeks or more, as his Samoan servant has, or has had, measles, and may be refused passage. I hope he'll stay, so that I may see more of him. Our old friend Allan Herbert brought him to my office the day

before yesterday, and I had a most enjoyable chat with him for about an hour on all sorts of subjects. He is the most unaffected, unconventional man imaginable, and very unlike a Scotsman till he begins to talk; then there is no mistaking the *Edinburgh* origin of him. He is quite modest about his books, and took all my homage and hero-worship very nicely.

'His story, "The Beach of Falesá," is a prime favourite of mine, as I told him. "Yes," he said, "I think I never enjoyed *reading* anything more than that, and the writing of it was capital fun." I spoke of "David Balfour," now being published in the weekly *Scotsman*, and said I couldn't get the good of it in that shape, which seemed to please him, for he said: "It is only a poor book that one can take in weekly numbers." He is quite a genealogist, and in writing the life of his father, or grandfather, or both, on which he is now engaged, has discovered that the family name was formerly *Macgregor*. Some one of his ancestors, having turned Methodist about Rob Roy's time, no longer valued his connection with that famous rascal. Stevenson was surprised to hear that I was of English descent, supposing our name to be a corruption of that of the great Clan Chatton (see "The Fair Maid of Perth"). He said he had only known of one Catton before, an assistant to Professor Tait at the Edinburgh University about 1867. I never heard of him; did you? He knows Aberdour very well, and the hotel.

'Last evening he gave a semi-public address to the Scottish Thistle Club, which I listened to with very great pleasure. I send you a paper with a partial report of it, which, however, does it very scant justice, except as to the peroration that Stevenson himself revised for the reporter. That about the "whaups crying around the martyrs' graves, my heart remembers how," brought the tears to my eyes, and still does when I read it. That last part which I have marked is very beautiful. I was glad to hear him say that his latter end seemed now less imminent, for it is sad to read in the bright eye, the flushed cheek, and slender

form of this gifted man that consumption will sooner or later claim him; and I felt, while talking to him, that my sympathy increased my admiration of the bright, cheerful creature.

'His talk last night was perhaps the most unconventional handling that the great theme, Scotland, ever got, and that by one whose love for her is very great. He didn't even mention Burns, as everybody does in talking to the theme Scotland, and the reporter has missed the points about John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots altogether. Mary's good-fellowship was mentioned before anything was said about the blowing up of her husband. The remarks on John Knox were prefaced by the words, "This is a name I should never presume to mention in a jocular manner." John Knox, Sir Walter Scott, and, in a lower degree, Patrick Walker, were the only Scotsmen for whom Stevenson expressed admiration; but it was evident to me—and this was the charm of it—that he intensely admired the whole of his subject down even to old Braxfield. . . . It is much to be regretted that no shorthand report was made . . .* although no shorthand-writer could have taken down the inimitable style in which the speaker chaffed both himself and his hearers about Bruce being a political rogue, Mary a thoroughly good fellow, and so on. . . . The allusion to the dedication of "The Stikit Minister" and the peroration went to the heart of at least one of his audience. Aye, aye, it takes a Scot far from home to understand and appreciate all that is conveyed in the allusion to the "quaint and half-obliterated tombstones slanting doon the brae, where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying, his heart remembers how." . . . He is very much down on the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, and is *afraid* he will have to write about it. That will be worth reading if he does. . . . Since Mr. Stevenson's

* Before leaving Stevenson personally revised and corrected his remarks as published in this chapter, adding several paragraphs to the newspaper report.

arrival I have seen a good deal of him. His wife, fearing that he was sick, came up to take him back, and she and Mrs. Catton have become quite chummy. They were years looking for a place where he could live, and Samoa, she says, is that place. The grit of the man is marvellous to do the work he has done in the state of health he is, and was, in. He was much better though, and feeling pretty good before he left here. I shall always look upon this as a red-letter year, having in 1893 made Mr. Stevenson's acquaintance. By the way, didn't Cousin Agnes Stevenson claim some relationship with the lighthouse Stevensons? I told him about her, but he was not aware of having any relations at Earlston. . . . My pleasure in making Mr. Stevenson's acquaintance was indeed greatly modified by seeing him in such poor health, though that affects his spirits but little. He is clean grit and Scottish to the core. One day I went to see him at Sans Souci, and found him in bed, smoking a cigarette and reading a novel. "Yes," he said, "I have had a sharp spell of some confounded kind of fever, and can't get about yet, so I'm trying to make the best of it here. It's a grand opportunity for reflection, but I need scarcely say that I don't do any reflecting at all." During our conversation I asked him if I couldn't lend him some books. He asked me what books I had, and selected Carlyle's "Essays," which I sent him, and now my second volume, where the author says that Voltaire "thus . . . raises his income from 800 francs a year to more than centuple that sum," bears the following note by R. L. S.: "80,000—£3,200? I doubt ye, T. C.!" I was showing this to a friend and his wife one evening, when he turned to her and said: "Just think of it, Grace! Carlyle's Voltaire annotated by Stevenson!" . . . Stevenson has the most gracious manner of rising to welcome visitors I ever saw. His command of language is wonderful, and his conversation most entertaining. It is sad to see such a bright spirit in such poor health. . . .'

By the middle of October Stevenson had recovered sufficiently, thanks to the wifely care he received, to be able to go about again ; so he now determined to return to Samoa by the through steamer due on the 27th of that month. In the meanwhile both he and Mrs. Stevenson were kept busy with preparations for the voyage, and making or receiving numerous farewell calls. The novelist's familiar figure was again seen as he rode through the streets of Honolulu, or loitered at the Hawaiian Hotel or Pacific Club, where he frequently lunched with friends when in town. With the return of health, he began taking interest again in affairs around him, and, as the question of annexation of Hawaii to the United States was at that time the topic of conversation in the public mouth, the royalist feeling ran high and hot in protest against the threatened ending of the native monarchy, too clearly pointed out by a just, if seemingly cruel, fate. To a man like Stevenson, whose sympathies, as in Samoa, preceded his political fact-gathering, the royalist cause (at that time but lately thrown upon the defensive through the foolishness of its leaders) seemed to be recipient of aggressions, if not oppressions, from the annexationists, who, being mostly interested foreign residents, demanded the establishment of some sort of responsible government without further parley.

It was not a matter of surprise, then, in spite of his wise determination not to meddle in Hawaiian affairs, that he at last allowed his feelings to overcome prudence so far as to make a formal offer of his presence and literary services to avert, if possible, the lapsing of the Polynesian monarchy in the Eight Islands. Under the excitement of the moment, his enthusiasm so expanded that he grew willing to once more attempt in Hawaii the application of his plan for the Polynesians, which the majority of Islandfolk even then could see clearly was doomed to failure in Samoa, *under more favourable conditions*. But here prudence failed to warn him ; it was evident that his Samoan experiences had not taught him political caution ; yet any practical

man of less ability and attainment would have seen at a glance that the men behind the annexation movement and in control of the provisional government and all the military resources of Hawaii represented the protection of hundreds of millions of dollars of invested foreign and domestic capital, together with the extensive commerce of the islands ; therefore it stood to reason and human nature that the annexationists, controlling the bulk of the wealth and intelligence of the islands, would not tamely submit to the restoration of an incapable and extravagant native government, even though the United States should ask such an unwise sacrifice ; and it is a matter of fact that these men were rather inclined to smile at the novelist's apparent readiness to cross the political Rubicon and begin his second paper-war against the course of natural evolution evident in the semi-savage politics and government of Hawaii.

Yet Stevenson was thoroughly sincere and honest to the core when he delivered himself of this offer. It was well known which way his inclinations lay, and during the last week he was here royalist partisans were frequent in prophecies that the novelist would soon aid the Washington Government to a conclusion that would reinforce native rule in Hawaii. It was on the day he sailed for Samoa that he formally tendered his literary services and presence to the royalists. At noon he had lunched at the Pacific Club, the guest of the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, who was one of the foremost leaders of restoration. The matter of his aid had been broached several times before, and when, later in the afternoon, Mr. Cleghorn went to the steamer to bid the author adieu, he says : 'When I went aboard, I at once proceeded to Mr. Stevenson's cabin, where I found him feeling much better, but still looking frail. He had thrown off his light clothes, and now wore a velveteen coat, and appeared very bright and cheerful. We talked for some time, and his last words to me were : "Now, Cleghorn, if I can be of any service to the royalist cause in Hawaii, just drop me a line, and I

will come right back here." Of course, it was understood that this formal offer referred to writing for the advancement of our cause. I thanked him sincerely, and I have always felt pleased that I did not call him back by letter ; for had I selfishly done so, the change of climate during the cooler winter months, together with the natural excitement in politics which followed here, might have been the means of hastening his unfortunate death, that was only delayed until the following year, under the most favourable circumstances. That was the last time I ever saw him ; but when I returned to England about two years later with the Princess Kaiulani, we called on Stevenson's mother in Edinburgh, where we were most kindly received.'

It was a happy thing that the matter took this turn, for it is certain now that had he interfered in Hawaiian affairs, ignorant as he was of much and hampered by all the facts in the case, his theories would have met more serious and speedy defeat than they found in Samoa. For the annexationists of Hawaii were men of no mean ability, who proved a few months later that they were capable of first baulking, and then defeating, President Cleveland's policy for landing United States troops to accomplish the restoration of the worn-out native monarchy ; they were, indeed, of that kind of men who have pioneered the establishment of constitutional government from sea to sea. Such men would have found little trouble in handling a political lightweight like Stevenson, who would have wrought under the disadvantages of being outside of his sphere, and handicapped by his prejudices and ethnological conditions. Besides this, he would have found those annexationists very unlike himself, aggressive and hard-hitting—men having the courage of their convictions, and acting fearlessly with a high degree of courage against great odds, but, like him, being unable to realize when they were defeated. Under such an opposition, his paper warfare would have been met by a phalanx of crushing facts, instead of being allowed to pass largely unchallenged, as in Samoa. Again, Stevenson's

influence would have been much less in Washington and throughout the United States than it was, in the case of Samoa, in London and England.

After leaving the Pacific Club on sailing day, Stevenson took a carriage and made a number of calls on friends on his way to the wharf where the steamer *Mariposa* lay. His last call was probably made at the shop of Mr. Thomas Lindsay, jeweller, on Fort Street. It was Mr. Lindsay who had presided at the Scottish Thistle Club the evening of the author's reception there. The jeweller was well acquainted with him, having met Stevenson more than a dozen times at Waikiki, and having done quite a lot of work for him in his shop. It was at this meeting, when Stevenson held out his hand to say good-bye, that Mr. Lindsay took occasion to present him with a Scottish Thistle Club button-badge, which he placed in the lapel of his coat ; upon which Stevenson, with much feeling, and while he grasped his friend's hand, said : ' Mr. Lindsay, I will never part with it ; it is near enough to my heart now to be buried with me. Good-bye, and—God bless you !'

The week before he delivered his address Stevenson had been unanimously elected an honorary Chieftain of the Scottish Thistle Club, and with the club's badge he took away with him some of the pleasantest memories experienced during his exile in the Pacific.

CHAPTER VIII

UNFITNESS FOR POLITICAL LIFE

If the appearance of injustice to Stevenson is to be avoided, it is necessary to consider several things before speaking of his intervention in Samoan affairs; at the same time, it will be prudent to bear in mind as many of the facts as may be, that justice may be done to those participants by circumstance, rather than by choice, in that perplexing entanglement called, for want of a better name, the Samoan Imbroglio—not the first, but last, political complication growing out of the native wars that have distracted the islands for the past thirty-five or more years.

Foreign capital entirely has been the means of developing the resources and trade of the islands, and this capital until lately has been centred in the German and American firms located in or around Apia. Of this the bulk has been clearly German for many years, so that it would seem there was plausible excuse for the side-taking of the German planters. On the other side were equally as ardent partisans, composed of the foreign merchants and other residents whose private interests were interwoven with local affairs, and who were more or less influenced by national leanings in consequence. But to the friendly bystander there never has appeared any reasonable excuse for the interference of strangers in the semi-savage politics and perplexing tribal disputes of Samoa, which were already baffling the diplomats of three great and prudent nations.

Stevenson's indiscreet interference becomes more marked when viewed from the literary and personal

side; for when he first began writing on Samoan affairs, it will be remembered that it was on irresponsible testimony, picked up from the returned Hawaiian Embassy at Honolulu.* We must also remember that he was largely a stranger to the real merits underlying the disputes that he proposed deciding by an untested political theory. But in any case it must be admitted that by the year 1890 the Samoan entanglement was not a fit subject for other than the safest and surest political action, and it was most unfortunate that he should have undertaken a burden that proved a waste to his time and energy. Yet his position was not exceptional, for in the past other literary workers of great ability have been known by their works to have overestimated their knowledge of public affairs.

Nor was Stevenson the first who, with the worthiest intentions, has spoken and written cathedraically on the intorted phases of island government and economy in the Pacific; and it may well be pointed out here that most of these attempts have been made with too little prudence and experience. But in the case of Samoa, Stevenson carried matters farther than usual, and, in consequence, drifted into a political wrangle that wasted too much of the brief span of life that was left him, did the native faction he defended no permanent good, and to a certainty delayed the final settlement by the treaty Powers. Perhaps under the circumstances it will be judicial to recall the facts directly affecting his action, together with others that may aid to a better understanding of his Samoan policy.

First, it seems best to point out that it was not long after his arrival ere the islandfolk, both north and south, discovered those peculiar phases of his character which have been pointed out by Sir Leslie Stephen in the following words: 'Scott, in fact, began from a profound interest in the social phenomena (to use a big word) around him. He was full of legends, the relics of the old customs and ways of thought, but was

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxii., pp. 451-454.

also a lawyer and keen politician. His story-telling often represents a subordinate aim. Stevenson just reverses the process. He starts as an "artist," abnormally sensitive to the qualities of style and literary effect to which Scott was audaciously indifferent. His first interest is in any scene or story which will fit in with his artistic purposes. Life swarmed with themes for romance, as rivers are made to supply canals. The attitude is illustrated by his incursions into politics. He was stirred to wrath by Mr. Gladstone's desertion (as he thought it) of Gordon, and could not afterwards write a letter to the guilty statesman because he would have to sign himself, "Your fellow-criminal in the sight of God." He was roused by the boycotting of the Curtin family to such a degree that he could scarcely be withheld from settling on their farm to share their dangers and stir his countrymen to a sense of shame. His righteous indignation in the case of Father Damien and the zeal with which he threw himself into the Samoan troubles are equally in character. The small scale of the Samoan business made it a personal question. He came to the conclusion, however, that politics meant "the darkest, most foolish, and most random of human employments," and though he had an aversion to Gladstone, had no definite political creed. Political strife, that is, only touched him when some individual case appealed to the chivalrous sentiment.'

At this point warning has been sounded as well by Mr. Sidney Colvin, who, in the introduction to Stevenson's political correspondence, writes : 'Mr. Stevenson may have been right or wrong—or, as it is more probable, partly right and partly wrong—in his outspoken criticism of the various authorities engaged in administrating the embroiled affairs of the islands where he had fixed his home, and for whose population he felt so warm a sympathy. But, at all events, he believed himself to be working in the interests of justice and of peace ; he was entirely devoid of personal animus and personal motive ; and as to one main part of his con-

tention, though not the rest, the action of the three Powers practically confirmed his views.'*

It is not surprising that a critic of Sir Leslie Stephen's standing should make Stevenson's 'incursions into politics' typical of a personal peculiarity or eccentricity, as intimated; no more is it surprising that Mr. Sidney Colvin should caution thus on his friend's political career in Samoa, for during a long correspondence many *ex parte* statements had reached him from Stevenson's hand about the recurring native disputes. Nay, the surprising thing is that Mr. Colvin did not sound a louder note of warning as the facts warranted; his failure to do so was probably owing to his lack of personal acquaintance with Pacific conditions, or his view may have been partly obscured by Stevenson's rose-tinted statements from Vailima made about his favourite Polynesian tribe, with assurances of their political, social, and economic capabilities. But in his introduction to the novelist's letters he takes a more sanguine view, and speaks of Stevenson 'as unofficial politician and political critic,' and he afterwards tells us that the novelist 'was drawn into interference by the evils which he saw arising from the fact that these small and remote islands had in recent years become the scene of political intrigue and rivalry carried out by the three great Powers against each other with scant regard to the wishes and welfare of the native population.'† As far as lack of accuracy goes, the novelist himself might have penned the last sentence quoted; for these alleged political intrigues by the three treaty Powers were largely imaginary, or, at best, the result of unauthorized side-taking by the local officials or foreign residents of Samoa, as their sympathies led them to this or that, in support of the warring native factions.

Upon his arrival in the South Seas, Stevenson was without knowledge and experience in island affairs, and while he proved an acute, he soon demonstrated

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxii., p. 449.

† *Ibid.*, vol. xxiv., pp. 245, 246.

that he was not a comprehensive, observer. He found no difficulty in viewing one side at a time of any subject that fell in his way, but it was most difficult, or quite impossible, for him to consider all sides of the intricate commercial and racial problems alive in the Pacific. A brilliant composer of sentences, he failed when it came to putting in place the facts composing the complex puzzle of life and government in Oceanica. His dearth of experience with several classes of men to be found on the world's frontiers had caused him before to speak harshly of worthy persons ; and when he wrote down the settlers of Monterey, California, as 'absolutely mannerless Americans,' and in contrast portrayed the remnant of the degenerate and thriftless Spaniards as 'a people full of deportment, solemnly courteous, and doing all things with grace and decorum,' his comparison was certainly unfair to the Californians.

Although Stevenson's powers of exact observation have been justly highly extolled, yet at times his power of comprehensive observation is to be found at fault ; but at other times, when under a cynical mood where his quixotries have ceased prompting for a time, his observations on men and affairs are both exact and comprehensive. Being of such a mental fibre, he seems to have easily fallen into the beaten path of that quaint school of philosophers who, for more than a century before the awakening of science, dinned the world's ear with the assertion that man in a state of nature meant man in a state of savagery. In fact, the theory seems to die a lingering death, and it is not unfrequently dragged out at this late day, where convenience or predilection demands. But Stevenson was not only sincere, he was energetically and passionately in earnest, and he was the courageous lover of fair play, even to a point where he would unconsciously do injustice to others ; yet these brave, manly traits failed to save him from not a few regretful and hasty actions ; nay, there were times when he would do outright injustice to opponents against whom his sympathies were enlisted ; but here we must remember that he

was fallen among new and strange conditions of life, and was without standards of comparison, as he was largely without the benefit of that experience so necessary for writing justly about new countries.

In spite of the assurance of his biographer, a perusal of his writings about the South Seas clearly shows that Stevenson *did* idealize the Polynesians, and that his views of them were too often disturbed by sentiment or prejudice. He had been but a few months in the Pacific ere he came to Honolulu and penned the following words : 'But, O Low, I love the Polynesian ; this civilization of ours is a dingy, ungentlemanly business ; it drops out too much of the man, and too much of the very beauty of the poor beast, who has his beauties in spite of Zola and Co. . . .' Now, the Polynesians are very lovable creatures, but they must be treated with that protecting and correcting love that a father has for his children, if any benefits are to result to the Polynesians. And it was here that Stevenson's kindness of heart and chivalry of nature caused him to shift the faults and weaknesses of Polynesians to the shoulders of a broader civilization, which at times he clearly underestimated. But there were times in his island career when his sympathies would carry him farther. A perusal of his volume on the South Seas and Samoa will show that under a certain mood he has written that Polynesian testimony about island affairs was to be preferred to the evidence of foreign residents on questions touching the Polynesians in general.

Now, those who have studied the Polynesians are well acquainted with the difficulty of securing reliable testimony from native witnesses on any matter, and especially in law cases where they are interested personally, or through some relationship, however remote ; and such observers will appreciate the weakness of a position which assumes that the witness with the least idea of personal and moral responsibility will give (other things being equal) the more trustworthy testimony in a given case. As a practical illustration—one

of many—of the insufficiency of native testimony in general, the following, from Stevenson's pen, will be in place.

In telling the story of a half-caste and his native wife, whose boat was capsized in a lagoon at the Low Archipelago, and who reached shore after some nine hours' swimming, the novelist says: 'I am reminded of a woman of Hawaii who swam with her husband, I dare not say how many miles, in a high sea, and came ashore at last with his dead body in her arms.'* This is one of several inaccurate native versions of an historic episode, all of which differ according to the imagination and invention of the narrator. Stevenson doubtless took his version of the fact from the native source while in Honolulu in 1889. The occurrence, however, has been sifted of romance by an able and learned gatherer of Hawaiian lore, who received it from one of the original witnesses. The facts of record are as follows:

'At noon on Sunday, the 10th of May, 1840, the schooner *Keola* foundered and sunk a considerable distance west of Kohala Point. As there was a strong current running to the northward, the passengers and crew, seizing on oars, boards, etc., swam for Kahoolawe, then about thirty miles distant. A Mr. Thomson of Lahaina was drowned, but his wife and two young men reached Kahoolawe the next day; Mauae of Lahaina and his noble wife, Kaluahinenui, swam together, each with an empty bucket for a support, until Monday afternoon, when his strength failed. His wife then took his arms around her neck, holding them with one hand and swimming with the other, until she found that he was dead, and was obliged to let him go in order to save her own life. After sunset she reached the shore, where she was found and taken care of by some fishermen, having been thirty hours in the sea.'†

But Stevenson at least gave sign of caution when he refused to repeat the native figures as to time and

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xix., p. 178.

† Alexander's 'History of the Hawaiian People,' pp. 230, 231.

distance, which vary all the way up to seventy-five miles and seventy hours; yet he showed no hesitancy in repeating the greater absurdity—that she 'came ashore at last with his dead body in her arms'—in which the native versions agree. Even the physical impossibility present did not prevent him from this expression of confidence in native testimony, although better was at hand.

There are other inaccuracies in his too hasty interpretation of South Sea conditions of which brief notice must be taken. For example, the latter part of the following statement falls away from the truth: 'A little French-English, or an efficient pidgin, what is called to the westward "Beach-la-Mar," comes easy to the Polynesian; it is taught, besides, in the schools of Hawaii; and from the multiplicity of British ships, and the nearness of the States on the one hand and colonies on the other, it may be called, and will almost certainly become, the tongue of the Pacific.' The truth is that only the English and Hawaiian languages have been taught in the schools of the Eight Islands since the early establishment of the educational system by the missionaries and the native government. Up to the present none of the local dialects have been used or even tolerated; and it has always been the policy of the Board of Education to discourage the use of dialects during school hours, as detrimental to the reception of the two languages required by law.

These instances will warn us against an indiscriminate acceptance of the novelist's views on island life and affairs. Otherwise there are many pages in the South Sea writings which are reliable and charming, where he seems to have quite escaped from his prepossessions and theories; hence contradictions, seeming or real, will be found in many of the pages that he has penned of Polynesia and the Polynesians. The case of Taniera Mahinui is in point.* Here he has given us the type of a class that can be traced through the island groups. and which includes some peculiar ethnic defects among

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xix., pp. 172-181.

many amiable qualities. In other words, Taniera Mahinui portrays sharply that mixture of primitive indolence and craftless savagery which in other times and places allured Stevenson beyond the hail of prudence ; and it is clear even here that he could not see that his literary diagnosis pointed out the weakness of the racial type whereon were based his plans for the political redemption of a Samoan tribe.

A differing type of another widely distributed class is given a little further along, where in incisive words he writes : 'The Paumotuan is eager to be rich. He saves, grudges, buries money, fears not work. For a dollar each, two natives passed the hours of daylight cleaning our ship's copper. It was strange to see them so indefatigable and so much at ease in the water—working at times with their pipes lighted, the smoker at times submerged and only the glowing bowl above the surface ; it was stranger still to think that they were next congeners to the incapable Marquesan. But the Paumotuan not only saves, grudges, and works, he steals besides ; or, to be more precise, he swindles. He will never deny a debt ; he only flies his creditor. He is always keen for an advance ; as soon as he has fingered it he disappears. He knows your ship ; so soon as it nears one island, he is off to another. You may think you know his name ; he has already changed it. Pursuit in that infinity of isles were fruitless. The result can be given in a nutshell. It has been actually proposed in a Government report to secure debts by taking a photograph of the debtor, and the other day in Papeete credits on the Paumotus to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds were sold for less than forty.'*

Kamehameha V. of Hawaii understood the defects of Polynesian character more clearly—semi-savage though he was—than did Stevenson, who represented the mental development of years of culture. And yet Kamehameha V. was the embodiment of many of those defects that Stevenson failed to appreciate, and hence overlooked ; but the merit of the Island King was, that

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xix., p. 184.

he clearly recognised Polynesian incapacity for self-government, under the conditions existing by the year 1863, when he ascended the throne, as the following shows:

'It has been said that Kamehameha V. did not care to appoint Hawaiians to positions of honour, and that when asked for his reasons he kept silent. This was not the case, as he really desired to place the Hawaiians in offices of honour, but he felt that few of them were capable of holding those offices, as he once told Lunalilo (afterwards King of Hawaii), when he asked him why he did not place more Hawaiians in the higher offices. The King replied: "Cousin, you and the natives have only yourselves to thank for not being in these offices. You know very well, cousin, that you could have the highest office in the kingdom that is in my gift if you would only keep straight and attend to business." Lunalilo replied, "I know it." The King then said: "Cousin, when I first came to the throne, I tried filling the higher offices with Hawaiians, and the first thing I knew the men were too big for their offices. I found they were keeping too many people around them, drinking too much, and not attending to their duties. Soon the government money was missing, and so I quietly put my hand in my pocket and repaid the money to the Government, and dropped those persons, and put in their places men who would not disgrace the country by drinking and squandering the Government money. There are plenty of natives who know enough and are smart enough to perform the duties of a great many of these offices, but it is hard to find one who will not be upset after a while by being put into office, and disgrace himself and the nation. I feel that it is too bad that it is so, but you know it is true." Lunalilo replied, "Yes, it is so." . . .

'Many who opposed Kamehameha V.'s policy at the time have since learned to judge him more charitably, and to admit that he understood his own people

and was a sincere patriot according to his lights. . . . None will deny that he possessed certain manly and honourable traits of character. No one ever accused him of lack of courage or of dishonesty or duplicity. It was his policy to place the ablest men that could be procured at the head of affairs, and to give them a steady support, which insured a stable and consistent administration. It may truly be said of him that he was the last great chief of the olden type.'*

From what has been stated it will not be a task for anyone to picture Stevenson's frame of mind toward the South Sea Islanders when he reached Honolulu in the year 1889, and at once plunged into Samoan politics. That he was unfitted by habit and education for the difficult task his warmest friends in the Pacific freely admit ; it was easy enough for him to write in elegant phrases of regret about the depopulation of the South Seas, or to point out that ' experience begins to show us (at least in Polynesian islands) that change of habit is bloodier than a bombardment,' but when it came to fitting a practical solution to the social and political puzzle of the Pacific, he was soon beyond his depth, and ended by falling into a contention for an impossibility.

But it must not be forgotten that he began his defence of a Samoan faction under a self-imposed promise, which he unfortunately construed into a duty that led him first to adopt the policy to which he clung, even when his facts crumbled beneath him. ' I will right this wrong,' he said to the Secretary of the Hawaiian Embassy to Samoa—' I will right this wrong of which I have heard fully from your Embassy, and I will have no half-measures in doing it !' This was shortly before he left Honolulu for the Gilbert Islands and his future home in Samoa. The utterance was the keynote of his actions thereafter, and it hindered him not that the dictum set aside the principle that in politics conflicting interests must be compro-

* Documents Hawaiian Historical Society, 1903.

mised to relieve the strains of representative government. His vindication rests on the fact that, being by nature and training unfitted for politics and diplomacy, he could not fully appreciate or understand the vital importance of applying such a principle in handling Samoan affairs.

CHAPTER IX

THE SAMOAN IMBROGLIO

It was early in February, 1889, that Stevenson first became involved in Island politics by writing a letter on Samoan affairs to the London *Times*. This letter was penned in Honolulu ere he had had time to investigate the statements upon which most of the letter was based; afterwards it was claimed by King Kalakaua that the unfortunate letter was written at his suggestion, and on representations made by the Hawaiian Embassy, lately returned from a mission to Samoa. But the truth is that Stevenson was purposely kept in ignorance of the damaging facts connected with that mission, and which he failed to hear of at that time from outside sources. It was thus that he left Honolulu with his mind made up and purpose fixed regarding the Samoans, to whom his sympathies inclined; as a result, he felt disposed to begin a justification of their cause without further inquiry, and was soon committed to a policy that a more practical man would have seen must end in failure.

The important question to be first settled was, What were the causes of the racial contentions existing in the Samoan Islands? Did they spring from tribal rivalries, from international jealousies, from commercial competitions, or from a part or all of these, or from other causes unsuspected? To lay an assumption here was imprudent. It is well known that where opposing interests of this kind confront one another there must be either a compromise or

final conflict, and the rule will be found to include individual actions as well as those of civilized or savage nations. To set up that foreign commercial interests, and the consequent interference of the treaty Powers, were wholly wrong would be quite as impolitic as to claim that the troubles sprang entirely from the tribal rivalries over the Island kingships. The truth is that these native disturbances were unimportant in effect until the growth of foreign trade and commerce was at last confronted by the recurring menace of these meaningless wars that reached no practical end.

It was then clearly a case where individual action, no matter how sympathetic, would be useless because the conditions present called for such an international redistribution of public benefits, privileges, and franchises as would practically and justly settle the claims of the factional disputants. This end could not be reached without more or less disappointment ; yet as hard-headed, practical white men, and as covetous, quarrelsome, and improvident savages, all realized that some practical compromise must be the end, and all saw that a final resort to force meant political abridgment, if not extermination, of the rights of the weaker though more numerous natives. In fact, there was no room in Samoa for the application of a theory, where a condition demanded solution ; and it can be seen now that it was the unwisdom of certain impractical demands made on both sides, and the application of certain plans worked out for ideal conditions not in existence, that in all likelihood delayed the coming of peace until after Stevenson's unexpected death in 1894. Of his political career in Samoa it may be said by warrant of the facts that, while his intentions were of the best, his method was the worst that was ever selected for serious ends. From the start he failed to see that adherence to an abstract principle is of less moment in island affairs than is the use of practical good sense in its application to conditions of life as they are found.

After locating in Samoa, Stevenson took occasion

to correct some of the errors of his first letter to the *Times*, which were originally caused by his placing too much confidence in 'the rough-and-tumble embassy,' as he called it, of King Kalakaua. His confidence, however, had been rudely broken by the later testimony of the Samoans themselves. This congenerous evidence could not be overlooked, so he hastily turned to rend his late Hawaiian friends and mentors, but in so doing he meted little equity to any, and did some injustice to one, but up to the last moment he refused to read the political lesson that lay upon the surface of Hawaiian affairs. And yet the Embassy that he now condemned was from the first typical of Polynesian incapacity for self-government under the conditions existent in the Pacific. It was, in fact, the Embassy of the most enlightened Polynesian monarch, and it was composed of Polynesians of more than ordinary intelligence. But in commenting on this miscarriage in diplomacy, Stevenson fell into somewhat of a passion, and as his pages show, leaped without reserve from extreme confidence to outright repudiation; seeing now all their defects, he overlooked those meritorious qualities that are to be found in all Polynesians—qualities that must always be treated with prudence and forbearance.

There is, however, one part of the arraignment of the Hawaiian Embassy that should not be allowed to pass without such kindly correction as the facts demand—namely, Stevenson's censure, on unfriendly testimony, of Mr. W. M. Gibson, who was Kalakaua's Prime Minister. This able official was the political friend and defender of a Polynesian faction in Hawaii, just as Stevenson was the volunteer advocate of a kindred faction in Samoa. The political careers of these men show that they possessed similar traits and sympathies in their handling of Polynesian affairs. Both were men of education and ability who had chosen to take up the defence of a native cause. The chief difference between them was that Mr. Gibson was a consummate politician by nature and training,

who thoroughly understood the Polynesians, and knew how to handle them as a successful political factor among clashing factions. Like the novelist, Gibson professed the greatest love and admiration for the Polynesians, and, like him, he was consistent in his professions to the end of his career. Like Stevenson, the Minister of Kalakaua was an able writer of prose, and before a native audience he proved, like the Samoan champion, a convincing orator. On the contrary, where Stevenson made little if any headway in the cause of his Samoans, for years Mr. Gibson sustained his Hawaiian faction at the head of the Island's affairs in the face of a defiant and wealthy opposition.

In Hawaii, as in Samoa, there were international conditions and policies that had to be taken into the account, and here the Prime Minister of Kalakaua again avoided error. But from the moment Stevenson laid trenchant pen to Polynesian politics he aggravated the trouble without reaching any practical end. Besides this, some of his writings had a querulous tendency, as the following quotation—one of several—clearly exemplifies. After repeating, in his first letter to the *Times*, an idle rumour gleaned from the Hawaiian Embassy, that the German war policy was not 'at all directed at Samoans, but against the English and Americans, and that when these are extruded peace shall again smile on a German island,' he concludes: 'It can never be proven, but it is highly probable, that he [Dr. Knappe] may have said so, and whether he said it or not, there is a sense in which the thing is true. Violence has not been found to succeed with the Samoans; with the two Anglo-Saxon Powers it has been found to work like a charm.'*

Feeling ere long the weakness of this attitude towards the treaty Powers, he adds that 'it must be clearly pointed out that this is no quarrel of German and anti-German,' although there is room here for doubt, after reading the enclosures of the letter 'between

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxii., p. 453.

certain residents of Apia and Baron Senfft Von Pilsach.' But later the facts show that Stevenson's political attitude in Samoa became anti-foreign in general, and anti-German in particular. This became so clear that his biographer has applied to it the epithet 'Anglo-German animosity,'* and the novelist himself elsewhere writes : 'Even on the field of Samoa, though German faults and aggressions make up the burthen of my story, they have been nowise alone. Three nations were engaged in this infinitesimal affray, and not one appears with credit.' † And again : 'But the true centre of trouble, the head of the boil of which Samoa languishes, is the German firm.'‡

Without going further into the merits of this long and tiresome political dispute, it will be sufficient for the present purpose to show that near the beginning Stevenson committed the error that has exposed him to the oft-repeated charge of 'meddling in Samoan affairs.' Briefly put, the matter stands thus : Under the terms of the Berlin Treaty the foreign residents of Apia were placed under the protection of their respective Consuls. The term *protection*, as thus used, has an established international meaning that includes all reasonable information and advice, pecuniary aid or other assistance where warranted, and protection from unlawful threatenings, or immediate dangers to person or property. Both the reach and bearing of the consular arm is quite well understood among the foreign residents of the Pacific.

As foreign residents, the signatories of the correspondence referred to were represented by their respective Consuls, and there is no escape from the conclusion that, when they applied for official information to Baron Von Pilsach, they went beyond their sphere of action as limited by the treaty Powers. The gravity of the matter lay in this : That when the signatories went outside the duties and privileges of individuals, their action had the seeming of a concerted plan to

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxvi., p. 154.
† *Ibid.*, vol. xix., p. 399. ‡ *Ibid.*, vol. xix., p. 393.

force the diplomatic hand of one of three treaty Powers, under the guise of laying a political ghost that disturbed the rest of the factional leaders in Apia. Yet another view suggests itself. Although the petition to Baron Von Pilsach was politely worded, it would hardly be a task for the stranger to read between the lines that the requets was intended to be an unofficial demand, which, no matter how it was answered, it was thought would give the opposing factions some advantage over the Baron and the German faction. But if this view is adopted it will be seen that the signatories quite underestimated the diplomatic ability of Baron Von Pilsach, or, as Stevenson himself put it in his letter to the *Times* : 'It will be seen in the crevice of what quibble that gentleman [the Baron] sought refuge and sits inexpugnable.'*

In the meantime Stevenson began collecting materials for carrying his defence into the field of literature proper, where he proposed to do battle-royal in the interest of his political wards. But to those who understand the perplex life of Oceanica, with its peculiarly derived political and economic system, seemingly neither flesh nor fowl to the civilized mind, there will be no doubt that the novelist's championship of a theory where a condition awaited solution must be classified with those quixotries which have been kindly and truthfully mentioned by Stevenson's biographer.† The 'Footnote to History' was clearly a self-imposed task, and from the politician's standpoint a useless one, could he only have seen it as most people see it now. But at it he toiled in a fever of haste until the sheets were ready for the printer. When the short time that it took is compared with the material collected and arranged for publication, the task may be called a gigantic one. Yet, hasty as the work was, it deserves due praise as a piece of literary effort, being passionately and in places finely written, and throughout clear, forceful, and

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxii., p. 455.
† *Ibid.*, vol. xxvi., p. 212.

incisive, if *ex parte* and somewhat misleading at times.

At the same time it is well to notice that it is not so much his statement of facts, as far as it goes, that is defective, as it is his unfair handling or interpretation of them. If the facts had been stated and interpreted in accordance with the precise political, economical, and ethnical conditions existent in Samoa, the general conclusions that he reached would become logically, as they are historically, impossible. For example, it was not enough to show that the United States and England agreed in their official statements concerning the facts, while the claims of the German Government were excluded, together with other weighty considerations bearing directly on the case. But even if Stevenson's partial statement of current facts be rigidly interpreted under the old-fashioned, common-sense method, it will be found to largely sustain the conclusions tardily reached by the Powers some six years after he had been laid to rest on the Vaea Mountain.

Yet in the chapter on the elements of native discord he has left us a pregnant paragraph which, in the light of the final settlement of that savage striving, reads like the words of him who catches a glimpse of an inevitable end. He is writing of the disputes over the tribal kingships, and after summing up the circumstances of those useless competitions, he concludes with the following statement: 'In 1881, Laupepa, the present King, held the three names of Malietoa, Natoaitele, and Tamasoalii; Tamasese held that of Tuiaana, and Mataafa that of Tuiatua. Laupepa had thus a majority of suffrages; he held perhaps as high proportion as can be hoped in these distracted islands, and he counted among the number the preponderant name of Malietoa. Here, if ever, was an election. Here, if a King were at all possible, was a King. And yet the natives were not satisfied. Laupepa was crowned March 19, and the next month the provinces of Aana and Atua met in joint parliament, and elected

their own two Princes, Tamasese and Mataafa, to an alternate monarchy, Tamasese taking the first trick of two years.'*

It should be added that tribal war was threatening when the Consuls intervened to establish the right of the duly elected King, but their action did not accord with the novelist's views, who conceived that an injustice (unexplained) had been done the rebels, whom he now made his charge. But, without comment, could words be quoted that carry a stronger admission of the fundamental causes which lay so crudely and plainly at the root of the Samoan trouble? It becomes a puzzle how so acute an observer could proceed further without a thorough examination of his premise. But not so with Stevenson: a theory clutched his brain and blinded his eyes wherever he thought that the Powers interfered to check the savage passions of his political wards, and he adds: 'Any war were preferable to the terms of the peace which they [the Consuls] procured.'

'If I am in the least right,' he continues, 'in my presentation of this obscure matter, no one need be surprised to hear that the land is full of war and rumours of war. Scarcely a year goes by but what some province is in arms, or sits sulky and menacing, holding parliaments, disregarding the King's proclamations, and planting food in the bush, the first step of military preparation.'† This conclusion is fully justified. Not only is the statement of fact accurate and typical of Polynesian life, but is general in its application. But here he falls into error by limiting the application to a state of affairs alleged to have been created by the interference of the Consuls, whose purpose it was to stay imminent war. Such limitation was clearly outside of the facts of record. Samoan written history testifies to the existence of the same or similar conditions since the arrival of white men, while the unwritten history, or the tradition of Samoa,

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xix., pp. 377, 378.

† *Ibid.*, p. 380.

establishes the existence of like happenings long ere foreign eyes had spied those shores. Stevenson closes the chapter on the elements of native discord with a brief but clear statement of the defects and shortcomings of the Polynesian, which would seem to bar effectually any further *ex parte* defence of the Samoans *as a political factor in the future government of the group.*

In Samoa, divided into petty war-parties by tribal policies, there was not to be a conquering hero, like Kamehameha in Hawaii, who should perpetuate native rule for another century; and, unlike in Hawaii, the Powers were already on the ground in Samoa representing vested commercial interests which made such a conquest an impossibility. But unlike Samoa, Hawaii had passed the stage of savage discord before the white men arrived in sufficient numbers to influence her internal welfare. Had it been otherwise, there had been no conquering hero in Hawaii, and Kamehameha the Great would have lived and died the unknown ruler of a petty native State.

For Stevenson to successfully carry out his political ideas it became necessary to accomplish two things: first, he must discredit the motives and policy of the three Powers; and, secondly, he must remove the authoritative effect of the Berlin Treaty by an impeachment of its terms as insufficient and impractical under existent conditions. This he bent his energies to perform, and beginning with the second chapter of the 'Footnote,' he carefully elaborated to the end of the volume as subtle a count of special pleading as ever pricked forth under the guise of historical literature. But his effort was so evidently made from the Polynesian side of the question that it had little effect beyond delaying a settlement on the merits at issue. The result was that his well-meant interference in Samoan affairs has long since passed into the wide-bellied limbo, whither the many political nondescripts springing from recurring island disputes have been swallowed, after marking for a little moment the advance of civilization among the excesses of savagery.

It is also of interest to note that the opening of the second chapter of the 'Footnote' contains an admission that constantly threatens and retards his defence of the Polynesians, and which finally becomes fatal to no small number of his conclusions. At this point he seems to have some inkling of the weakness of his political contention, for in the first paragraph he says that 'upon one condition it is plain that they [the Samoans] might enjoy themselves far beyond the average of man. . . . But the condition—that they should be let alone—is now no longer possible.' Here lies the truth in a nutshell: in order to carry out successfully his theories for the political and social betterment of the Polynesians, it became necessary to remove the condition *that they should be let alone.* But, as he admits, this *is now no longer possible.*

Stevenson's statement of the case at this point is comprehensive and exact. And yet when writing it he cannot be blamed for failing to see that within a year or eighteen months he would be forced by events into a position where the admission would leave him without a leg of support. But within the time mentioned we find him, in a conversation with a Honolulu editor, saying in the most positive manner: 'I have said before* that there is but one way to peace and unity: by procuring the joint rule of Laupepa and Mataafa upon some practical understanding; but now I am willing to go beyond that, which savours of compromise, and say I can see but one way out—to follow the demand of the Samoan people that the Berlin Act be rescinded, *while the three Powers withdraw absolutely, and the natives be let alone and allowed to govern the islands as they choose.*'† Thus was this able man drawn into inconsistencies and contradictions by the tyranny of a self-imposed theory which he was obliged to modify as often as circumstances made it untenable.

The evidence of these contradictions is ample, and may be drawn from various parts of his career in

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xix., p. 390.

† See Chapter VI.

Samoa. Fortunately his 'Footnote to History' is at once the record of his earlier views as well as the standard by which we must finally judge of his later opinions, his changes of policy, and his verbal modifications of his theory itself. 'I must certainly have erred much,' he writes in the preface, and upon reviewing the field at a later day his warning is seen to be fully justified. From the first the Islandfolk saw that he was overwhelmed by the flood of outlandish facts into which he had plunged. Yet in justice it must be admitted that, while the acts of the native disputants were often absurd, those of the foreign Powers may have been at times arbitrary, if not unjust. Under the circumstances, it will be fair, and certainly wise, to make due allowance for much that he wrote in defence of the Samoan faction led by Mataafa. At the same time, it must be allowed that, were his Samoan attitude gone into in detail, his political policy would hardly have been warranted under his own statement of the case.

On the native side which he defended no excuse was too remote for his industry, or too insignificant for consideration. Not only did he keep his imagination and sympathy in play around the Samoans, but he demanded a like tribute from others. 'You must try,' he writes to Mr. Sidney Colvin—'you must try to exercise a trifle of imagination, and put yourself, perhaps with an effort, into some sort of sympathy with these people, or how am I to write to you?' How, indeed! It was this largely impossible demand that he made of others in the Pacific, but made in vain, for few there were who could follow him in a wholesale condemnation of whoever opposed the claims of Mataafa and his adherents.

Labouring under a self-imposed task, he never looked for blameworthy actions among the Samoans themselves, or for a moment thought that his policy might carry injustice to those Samoans who were not rebels; but it was without exception the representatives of the three Powers, or their subjects and allies,

who received the sharp end of his argument at every occurring event. A senseless native outbreak takes place in the island of Atua, and is duly suppressed by law; the three Powers are blamed for unwisdom in not restoring law and order among marauding savages without the necessary harshness demanded in such cases. A native war is begun, and when Mataafa's savages with hideous, blackened faces go forth head-taking, they are called 'these poor children.' When one of them is brought into Apia mortally wounded, 'poor, fierce child!' is the comment of his pen. But the bringing in of a basketful of heads from Mulinuu is chronicled in a brief half-line which flutters between historic statement and partisan commendation. When Mataafa meets with a reverse, Stevenson writes almost with a sob: 'Mataafa driven from Savaii. I cannot write about this, and do not know what should be the end of it.' Fourteen months before he had written: 'All this bother and pother to try and bring a little chance of peace; all this opposition and obstinacy in people who remain here by mere forbearance of Mataafa, who has a great force within six miles of their government buildings, which are indeed only residences of white officials.' When it becomes necessary to admit that Mataafa was blameworthy for allowing the German officials to lower the rebel flag, he defends him as a 'helpless monarch,' who sat 'like a fowl trussed for roasting,' and divides the blame between the Consuls of England and the United States for entering a protest instead of getting their governments in a snarl with Germany over a warring native faction.

Among his many defences of Polynesians, only once in the volume does he find the Samoans in error. Here the facts are so strong that he is convinced that the Samoans fired first at Fanagalii, but he has the ever-ready excuse at hand: 'Certainly the Samoans fired first. As certainly they were betrayed into the engagement in the agitation of the moment, and it was not till afterwards that they understood what they had done. . . . Conceive this people steadily as

schoolboys, and conceive the elation of any school if the head boy should suddenly arise and drive the rector from the school-house.'* Yet it was with the aid of such savage children that he proposed to establish and keep the peace of the Samoan archipelago.

But it was after the Berlin Act went into effect that he began a long special plea to excuse the too-evident misconduct and perfidy of Mataafa's party, and here, misled by a hasty interpretation of facts, he was forced in the course of time to a revision of his plans. This was accompanied, as stated, by a demand of the withdrawal of the three Powers. There was also set up, without the proofs, however, a charge that trickery existed, which was to be read in between the lines of the Berlin Act. The claim was made in favour of Mataafa's faction, and it was admitted that they were wishing and waiting to violate the provisions of the Act as soon as a pretext could be found—nay, it was admitted that they had even then found one, and were already crying out to excuse their contemplated rebellious acts that the terms of the treaty would be, or might be, *violated by the whites!* †

In such guise is the end of the Samoan Imbroglio, ridiculous and pathetic as it was, at last neared. As far as the settlement suggested in the closing paragraphs of the 'Footnote to History' is concerned, it can be called a practical plan only by courtesy, after reading the following words: 'There is one way to peace and unity—that Laupepa and Mataafa should be again conjoined on the best terms procurable. There may be other ways, although I cannot see them; but not even malevolence, not even stupidity, can deny that this is one. It seems, indeed, so obvious and sure and easy that men look about with amazement and suspicion, seeking some hidden motive why it should not be adopted.'‡ This conclusion is so evidently the result of inexperience and a misinterpretation of Polynesian character that it needs not in proof the citation

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xix., pp. 520, 521.
† *Ibid.*, pp. 561, 562. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 590.

of the details which crowded the next few years preceding the final settlement.

It will be sufficient to observe that war broke out again, and was terminated by the intervention of foreign warships—that finally, in 1899, a last contest over the native kingship ended in the last civil war. Once more the powers intervened, but this time with less forbearance; commissioners were appointed who saw the necessity for establishing a provisional Government, recommending at the same time the partition of the group in the interests of peace and quiet; thus was established in permanent form the future Government and commerce which had for more than a decade been seriously threatened by tribal dissensions. At this point England withdrew, and the partition was accomplished the same year. Then came peace and prosperity at a bound, with the flags of Germany and America flying over the group.

Stevenson passed to the grave without having his political delusions disturbed, and perhaps it is as well that he was not there to see how rudely the development of events was to sweep aside his sympathetic but impractical theories; and where are they now with their representatives of power, literary politicians, newspaper correspondents, citizens' committees, amateur journalists, Polynesian prodigies, encroaching German firms, sympathetic advisers, practical jokers in command of warships, rumours of dynamite plots, warring native kingships, blundering Chiefs Justice, and cries of colour prejudice, with many other absurdities? Where, indeed! These things have long since fled before the multitudinous treading of those recent living events which mark new Samoa; but this redemption has been reached under a policy drawn from practical experience, and surrounded by a better equity than Stevenson's impracticable theory would have permitted.

CHAPTER X

THE AUTHOR AND HIS PACIFIC WORK

So closely are they interwoven, it will be found next to impossible to separate Stevenson's personality from most of his literary work done after the year 1888; and, in the view of the Islandfolk of the Pacific, it is doubtful if an attempt to separate them would be desirable. Throughout the larger part of Oceanica he was intimately known and loved; by all he was recognised as the honoured and gifted brother in the dominant family of the Pacific—the Anglo-Saxon, whose members have belted the earth, almost, with freedom and civilization during the passing of a century. In consequence, Stevenson's life and work in this great ocean was followed to its completion by the appreciative eye of kinship. And thus it has been that during his six years of travel and residence in Polynesia no act or thought of his has escaped friendly observation and comment; but the Islandfolk always have availed them of the family privilege of saying the mind freely, while reserving their full rights of personal defence of the author when strangers appear as critics. This brotherly familiarity with the man and his work dates almost from the hour the *Casco* burst into the Southern seas, and lasted until, lamented of all men, he was borne to his 'resting grave' on the Vaea Mountain's top, where he lies sepulchred for aye, while the winds twine tropic vines over his tomb to the never-ceasing requiem of 'the besieging sea.'

The reviviscent climate of the South Seas at once checked the waste of vitality, and largely increased his

capacity for literary labour at the moment when he realized that the springs were almost run dry; but, happily, his renewed physical strength caused him to make no blunders in literature, as in politics. In that part of his literary work which he has justly and prudently distinguished from his 'journalism' or political work, it is fortunate there appear none of those quixotries that otherwise marred his writings in Samoa; and to his friends it is most pleasant to observe that none of them appear to have affected his unusually good judgments upon the new phases of literature and its development with which he fell in contact after 1888. Finding him in such literary habit, then, it becomes an agreeable task to write of the man where he and his work show at their best; and, indeed, some of his literary effort describing life in the Pacific stands without rival in the estimation of those Islanders most capable of judging.

But here arises the difficulty that always appears in treating of a comparatively new literary field. In what manner, and under what habit of thought, is the work to be approached in order to make a judicious, and at the same time an appreciative, review? And at this point (quite as well as elsewhere) it may be pointed out wherein the critics of the homelands have fallen somewhat out of touch with Stevenson and his new world; and how, in natural sequence, they have partially failed to understand where and how he erred in much, just as they have failed to appreciate fully some of his best work on new subjects. In consequence, it is not surprising to find his misfit political work over-praised, while some of his best literary effort has received more or less undeserved comment from reviewers of wide reputation, but who lacked sufficient knowledge of the life-conditions in the island world of which he wrote. It becomes evident, then, that some more appropriate standard must be assumed by which to judge his work, since some have seen fit to blunder most at this point; and it may not appear bizarre to say, if his literary work after 1888 is to be

justly judged, that it must be by the sole standard of truth to nature, reflected by the existing conditions of life as he found them within the fabled sea. But the judicious reviewer must go further; besides acquaintance with the conditions under which Stevenson wrought, it becomes a duty, ten years after his death, for the conscientious writer to eliminate largely the quality of personal loyalty to the man, although this need not be lost to sight; for has not Sir Leslie Stephen warned us, in his admirable way, that 'From the first it was clear that the literary appreciation coincided with a personal attraction'? Surely such a view does not detract from the merits of the novelist's work, yet it will serve to remind us where may lurk the danger to a fair judgment.

It must also be remembered that the frequent contradictions to be found in some of his writings are to be dealt with leniently rather than exposited. For instance, when death overtook him, he was still deeply in love with the Polynesians, and there can be no doubt that he found falling-in-love with them much more agreeable to his peculiar temperament than he would have found the inevitable falling-out-of-love with savages; yet this comes sooner or later when that ruthless iconoclast, Experience, knocks around the ears our air-castle of first impressions and delusions about the South Seas. Had sufficient time elapsed before his death, he would have found much retouching necessary in portions of his work. It is possible, but quite improbable, that he never would have fallen out of his love for the natives; a few similar but isolated cases may be found in a few eccentric missionaries to be met with in the Pacific, who persist in mistaking theoretical for practical Christianity; but the probability remains great that a man of Stevenson's strength would have overcome finally those defects of temperament, which nowhere, outside of his political theories, prevailed to the exclusion of his usual keen observation and good judgment.

Liberally interpreted, it becomes doubtful if he had so

deep a dislike of civilized man and his ways as we find frequently intimated in his writings after 1888, for we are reminded that he expressed without his later prejudice his real feeling, when, at the conclusion of 'An Inland Voyage,' he wrote : 'To the civilized man there must come, sooner or later, a desire for civilization.' Certain it is that many times and in divers places in Oceanica he was wont to enjoy most fully civilized associations, in spite of his somewhat illiberal utterances at other times and in other places. In any event, it is beyond doubt that at all times and in all places he keenly enjoyed and fully appreciated the high estimate in which his best work was held by civilized men ; beyond doubt also is the corollary that he gratefully acknowledged more than once the substantial financial rewards for his long literary labours that came through his publishers as an earnest of the civilized estimate of their worth and popularity. Is it not, then, best to assume, without closer examination, that no ingratitude was intended where he has inadvertently written ? And certainly none could be supported by the facts or could have been deserved by his fellows in Oceanica.

Where such or similar faulting, then, is found, either expressed or implied, in his later writings, may not criticism do something of justice by charitably attributing such slips to temperament, or by deeming them to be errors of judgment, resultant of a driving theory founded in inexperience ? It is best not too rashly to review the motives and character of a man of Stevenson's fine fibre, for by what searching can the motives preceding the overt literary acts of a man of genius be uncovered, when we find it impossible to use the mental scalpel upon the character of our most intimate friend ? At the best we are enabled to understand there are one or more furthersome causes to a given act without being able to drive them to a mental demonstration. This phenomenon is often seen in the lives of men of public affairs, and nearly as often in science as in literature and art. At this

point it usually is the critic, not the literate, who is in error. How very useless, then, would be attempts to analyze the motives of a public man dealing with worldly affairs, or of an author, who weaves an intangible picture out of the tangible facts of life ; in both cases our acquaintance with the subject must depend wholly upon extraneous support and hearsay.

In Stevenson it is not improbable that what may be called his literary tendency toward the idealization of his subject has had much to do with his pro-Polynesian attitude. A similar tendency is to be seen in art. This has been called, for want of a better term, the 'art instinct' by enthusiasts furtherest removed from the realism of nature ; but the charge of the idealization of his subject cannot be fairly urged against the novelist, for he was a genuine realist in literature, if the term is properly understood ; he does not belong to the Zola cult, to be sure, yet he was a realist who held a just libration between the facts of nature with which he wrought, and the imagination and fancy in which he clothed them. In much of his later work, and with the closest scrutiny, it will be found impossible to distinguish his creations from the natural types upon which they are founded, and this is especially applicable to those fine creations in 'The Beach of Falesá,' to be more fully discussed in the next chapter. Only once during his residence here did he allow his judgment to fall out of balance, and that was when he was drawn into the vortex of Samoan politics through the stress of his sympathies and a too free play of his imagination ; but in his literary work proper he committed few blunders, and with perhaps one or two exceptions, where personal regard and affection led him to overestimate the work of others, it will be found that his literary judgments and opinions are exceptionally free from error.

There is another factor that likely had to do with forming his literary attitude toward the Polynesians ; this trait of Stevenson had already been noticed by Professor Walter Raleigh, who says : 'A high and

simple courage shines through all his writings. It is supposed to be a normal human feeling for those who are hale to sympathize with others who are in pain. Stevenson reversed the position, and there is no braver spectacle in literature than to see him not asking others to lower their voices in his sick-room, but raising his own voice that he may make them feel at ease and avoid imposing his misfortunes on their notice. "Once when I was groaning aloud with physical pain," he says in the essay on "Child's Play," "a young gentleman came into the room, and nonchalantly inquired if I had seen his bow and arrow. He made no account of my groans, which he accepted, as he had to accept much else, as a piece of the inexplicable conduct of his elders, and, like a wise young gentleman, he would waste no wonder on the subject." Was there ever a passage like this? The sympathy of the writer is wholly with the child, and the child's absolute indifference to his own sufferings.'*

Here, in all probability, Professor Raleigh has given the hint for the true explanation of Stevenson's pro-Polynesian tendency. In any event, the trait noticed must not be overlooked in accounting for the inconsistencies and literary anomalies frequently to be met in his South Sea voyages, and everywhere in his Samoan political writings. Upon reviewing his work calmly, there can be no doubt that from the literary point of view he treated all Polynesians very like he did the young gentleman who came to look for his bow and arrow; in other words, he reversed normal feelings and conditions, and attempted, with the aid of his pen, to apply to his full-grown savage children plans and theories of self-government fitted for civilized men only. But this defect, which vitiated his political theory, his keen judgment in letters at once enabled him to fix upon, for, while penning 'In the South Seas,' we find him writing to Mr. Henry James in 1890: '. . . And then think of writing a

* 'Essay on R. L. Stevenson,' by Walter Raleigh, pp. 24, 25. Edward Arnold: London and New York.

book of travels on the spot, when I am continually extending my information, revising my opinions, and seeing the most finely polished portions of my work come part by part in pieces. Very soon I shall have no opinions left. And without an opinion, how to string artistically vast accumulations of fact? Darwin said no one could observe without a theory; I suppose he was right—it is a fine point of metaphysic; but I will take my oath, no man can write without one—at least, the way he would like to—and my theories melt, melt, melt, and as they melt the thaw-waters wash down my writing, and leave unideal tracts—wastes instead of cultivated farms.'*

By this expression of his thought at that time it is made evident that he realized some of the defects of the first-fruits of inexperience which come to each and every literary worker in the Pacific who endeavours to deal conscientiously with the multitudinous facts and cross-purposes of island life. In his political writings Stevenson unfortunately clung to his theory, and allowed the facts to shift for themselves; more fortunately, in his literary work he took good care of his facts in most cases, and let his theory shift for itself. This has caused some inconsistencies and seeming contradictions between portions of his work; but never mind, the facts are there, the work has the true ring, and the pages speak intelligibly to every reader who knows the Pacific; and if some of his admirers at home have underestimated 'In the South Seas,' or at times have spoken lightly of its merits, so much the worse for them. While writing the volume it is probably true that the facts threatened to overwhelm him—they always do in cosmopolitan, semi-savage Oceanica—but what matter to a man like Stevenson, whose judgment seldom failed when he revised his manuscript for the printer? To him who understands the many peculiarities of the South Seas, a perusal of the volume will show how skilfully the novelist avoided the literary dangers upon which

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxiv., pp. 255, 256.

several previous attempts have fallen short of success. At the same time, we must keep in mind that the volume was only the rough preliminary sketching of a literary pioneer in an unexplored world, where precedent vanished with civilization, and the new conditions demanded new standards for judgment, together with modified methods of treatment.

But while somewhat nonplussed and bewildered by the multitude of strange facts around him, he succeeded in the end in giving the world an unrivalled series of pen pictures that include many of the phases of life in the South Seas. But it is true that, as verbal illustrations of island manners, the chapters are largely episodal in character, and this incompleteness probably would exclude the volume from the domain of regular travels, if strictly construed ; but in whatever literary classification they may be placed, there is certainty the volume contains a host of facts so aptly told, in spite of the many obstacles overcome, that our regret is awakened that the author found it necessary, in making up the sheets for a uniform edition, to exclude so many of the chapters contained in the original plan. Especially acceptable would have been those deleted records of his visits to Tahiti and Hawaii ; the Islandfolk would have welcomed and appreciated them in their incompleteness—even with their palpable defects—rather than have lost them altogether.

The conditions of Island life, as Stevenson found them between the years 1888 and 1894, are now rapidly passing ; in a few more years the changes will have become so great that the traveller shall scarce be able to recognise the islands that the novelist saw. Already the spirit of progress is passing over the Pacific, which is perhaps to be the great battle-field of the future, and within another wink or two of time even present conditions will have vanished, and with them will have flitted the last of the old habits and customs of Island life and government. These subjects Stevenson had barely skimmed in his volume on the South Seas, and it is to be hoped some other pen, as

conscientious and capable as his, will be found, ere it is too late, to finish the record he began so successfully. The fact that others have underestimated the merits of the volume in no wise lessens its value to those more capable of judging; from their point of view, irrespective of its lack of popularity as a piece of literature, the book is found to be a comparatively reliable expression of the succession of phases and conditions of things that go far toward making up the record of the evanishing savage life of Polynesia. Even Stevenson himself, influenced by the advice of absent friends, evidently thought too little of his work at the time; but in the end we find that his good judgment prevailed over distant advice, and in August, 1894, he writes to Mr. Sidney Colvin: 'Glad to get so good an account of the "Amateur Emigrant" [a new and uniform edition of his works then preparing]. Talking of which, I am strong for making a volume out of selections from the South Sea letters; I read over again the "King of Apemama," and it is good in spite of your teeth, and a real curiosity—a thing that can never be seen again—and the group is annexed, and Tembinoka dead. I wonder couldn't you send out to me the first five Butaritari letters and the Low Archipelago ones (both of which I have lost or mislaid), and I can chop out a perfectly fair volume of what I wish to be preserved.'

Throughout the record of his travels in the South Seas, in his comments on his researches, and in his general observations, Stevenson wrote under more or less of restraint; this was due to the oppression of the new facts and strange surroundings; but in truth herein lay his present safety and final success in a field where so many have failed. It was only when he took up his pen for political ends that he wrote almost, if not entirely, without restraint, and then always disastrously, from the side of the literate, where the facts must be carefully considered and the deficiencies of the performance noted. But as usual Stevenson was the first to place his pen at the weak point in his

political writings by carefully distinguishing them from literature proper. Before the 'Footnote to History' was half done, he wrote to Mr. Colvin as follows: 'I have lost all the days since this letter began rehandling Chapter IV. of the Samoan racket. I did not go in for literature; address myself to sensible people rather than sensitive. And, indeed, it is a kind of journalism.'

Now, when he wrote of his work as *a kind of journalism*, he classified to a turn all of his political writings in the Pacific. It is not clear from the expression used into which grade of journalism he intended to place these writings, for there are at least three kinds of journalism known to the professional world that may be roughly classified for present purposes as good, bad, and indifferent. These degrees of merit in journalism may be said to depend on the width of the angle of observation brought to bear upon the facts of the world by an editorial staff. The manly, the comprehensive, the fair and accurate journal naturally falls into the first class. Happily there are comparatively few of the second class in existence now, thanks to the progress of intelligence in our modern days; but of the third, or indifferent class, there are more than enough to light all the kitchen fires in Christendom for a century to come. Average journalism is indifferent journalism; good journalism is quite as rare as good literature, and it is quite as creditable to the editorial and reportorial staff as the latter is to an author. Now, by the newspaper editor of ability and repute, Stevenson's political writings would be excluded from the first class, on their merits, as pieces of special pleading, and hence unfair; but not being intrinsically bad, or evil in intent or purpose, they would of necessity find place as a kind of journalism, as he has named them, in the third or indifferent class.

But to leave the matter thus stated would be to do Stevenson an injustice. Some qualification must, therefore, be made. His political writings would not be excluded from the first class of journalism for any

falling away from literary merit, for, in the matter of form, they everywhere excel the third, and in places rival the best work by master-hands in the first, class. The defect, then, lies not in the literary garb, but in their lack of comprehensiveness and their evident unfairness to a part of the contestants in the Samoan dispute. But under analysis the work shows a serious shortcoming that lowers its classification, as stated, until it justly becomes 'a kind of journalism,' and quite as truly it will be found not of a very worthy kind, if the demands and equities of the higher classes of journalism are duly placed as standards before judgment is entered.

Consider for a moment that in all fair journalism it is a part of the ethics of newspaperdom that all the known facts (and even the facts claimed) in a given case must be clearly placed before the public before the discussion on the merits is taken up editorially and carried to a conclusion. When this has been done fully and fairly it will be found there is neither room nor necessity for the introduction of special pleas or *ex parte* statements, for is not the reader by that time in possession of the facts? and is not the average reader possessed of enough mother-wit to enable him to arrive at a just and equitable conclusion without the aidful interpellations of an editorial mentor?

Unfortunately, Stevenson's inexperience in the field of journalism prevented him from establishing prudential safeguards around the policy he had set up in defence of a factional native cause; in consequence, the larger amount of hard work and actual worry that he underwent was ineffectual, or only resulted in widening the factional breaches, and intensifying the existent local hatreds and international jealousies. In reviewing the once-famous paper warfare that he waged in Samoa and London for a number of years, it will appear beyond gainsaying to the unprejudiced mind that Stevenson has nowhere fully or fairly stated the German's side of the dispute from either the local or national side, and it must also be kept in mind that

locally the German side of the dispute included one of the disturbing native factions of the islands. Otherwise he has quite fully and clearly exposited the American and British claims, insofar as these did not clash with the claims of Mataafa, and he has certainly set forth with wealth of detail and elegance of diction all the available facts for the rebel claimant's cause. Here, then, it will be admitted he violated the equity of fair journalism. 'A kind of journalism,' he has called his effort, not without a touch of fine literary scorn, yet perhaps with more truth than he thought.

Although the 'Footnote to History' falls below the established standards of journalism in some respects, in others the work is carried to a literary plane seldom reached in the cursory pennings for the press. The public ear is always alert for news and eager for information; by day and by night all news is welcome; and while the conditions that surround modern journalism apparently deflect the standards of literature, yet broader foundations are being laid beneath the public intelligence (happily for authors as for mankind) upon which more comprehensive standards may be established. Modern journalism, too often sneered at by those little acquainted with the scope and far-reaching comprehension of its mental machinery, is nearly, if not solely, responsible for the astounding development of the world's thought and the great increase in literature during the second half of the last century. It is true that this forward step contains much that is indifferent in quality, and consequently of an ephemeral nature; but upon comparing the maximum of the 'good literature' of the last fifty years with preceding periods, the advance of the latter half of the nineteenth century will be found to be both material and distinctive. With a few notable exceptions it is true that in journalism the unavoidable time-limit is the greatest hindrance to its literary excellence, but it is also the chiefest element of success through which the press develops the knowledge and intelligence of the masses of people. The widespread educa-

tion of western civilization, and the accurate habits of thought found among the middle classes of the two great English-speaking nations, are largely due to the diffusion of knowledge through the press, and its teachings have been persistent, penetrating, untiring, as well as efficient and lasting; for do not results show that a large and ever-increasing army of intelligent readers in all departments of literature has been provided, so that now the editions of books by the publishers are counted by thousands of copies where fifty years ago they were counted by paltry hundreds?

But in Stevenson's case he was too recently arrived from the green pastures of literature to be easily affected by the limitations of journalism, or to fairly understand the rigid requirements demanded by its rules for good work. One of the consequences has been that in a volume combining two distinct classes of writing the defects of his journalism are likely to be overlooked, while the mind fixes upon the many literary excellencies of the work, which stand forth in bolder relief. But, piece of special pleading and *ex parte* political statement as it is, the volume has for Island-folk the same inexplicable fascination that characterizes his other work. From the first page to the last his spirit of affection for his Polynesians hangs around his words, as did the spirit of Sir Walter Scott for the romance and chivalry of his beloved Scotland, yet happily without the latter's sometimes tiresome verbosity. It is true that at times Stevenson has gone the length of doing an injustice to others, as a kind of vicarious sacrifice to the savage adoration in hand—nay, sometimes he had done the political faction he defends an historic injustice, where he found it necessary to cloak the defects of the savage ideal, somewhat wantonly set up.

This can be seen especially in the first chapter of the volume where he treats—or rather fails to treat—of the elements of native discord which preceded and were involved in the Samoan dispute. But in what a pleasing garb of interesting statements, philosophical

dissertations, sweet mouthings of folk-lore and savage habit, does he hide away the fundamental and historic causes of those ancient Samoan disturbances! One not informed would be apt to assume they were of recent origin, or were caused by the advent of the whites, so briefly and obscurely are the springs of the savage troubles alluded to in the chapter. But in the following chapter, where he treats of the foreign elements of discord, lo! there is no uncertain sound, neither shielding from the condemning facts, well marshalled. Now a spade is called a spade, and especially if a German spade is meant; but even the bastings that the Germans receive on almost every page have not made him unmindful of his Samoans. These he holds up in comparison as children, to be sure, but as children of deep observation, who for the nonce are alleged to thoroughly understand the intricacies of politics and the application of civilized policies; and to point the moral with dramatic force, one of these savage prodigies is made to utter an epigram not unworthy of a Martial or Voltaire against the 'white man on the beach.'

Yet at all times it must be remembered that Stevenson was not a man who harboured feelings of anger and ill-will toward those who opposed his views of Samoan affairs. He was as chivalrous in politics as in private life and literature. Time and again in his letters and elsewhere are to be found expressions of regard, if not of friendship, for his political opponents, which honour the man and his guileless heart. His liking for Chief Justice Cedarcrantz, and his letter to Mr. Sidney Colvin* about this liking, is a case in point; and while it may be true that he held less liking for some of his German opponents than for Cedarcrantz, still, with the exception of Consul Becker, whom he never forgave to the end, he had a ready word of regard for all others as the occasion proves. In the opening paragraph of the eighth chapter he writes of Becker and Knappe in this wise: 'For Becker I have

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xvii., p. 75.

not been able to conceal my distaste, for he seems to me both false and foolish. But of his successor, the unfortunately famous Dr. Knappe, we may think of as a good enough fellow driven distraught. Fond of Samoa and the Samoans, he thought to bring peace and enjoy popularity among the islanders. . . . The history of his administration leaves on the mind of the islanders a sentiment of pity scarcely mingled.' There are other instances of this kindly regard for opponents to be found in his writings, notably where he describes his meeting with Chief Justice Cedarcrantz at a ball, and how ere long all enmity between them vanished as they smiled at each other and clasped hands while treading the pattern of an island dance.*

If the volume is taken as a whole, it still serves to illustrate his incapacity for living in enmity with his neighbours for a length of time ; for, after he has poured out his last phials of political wrath upon the German Consul, in that fiery, *ex parte* sixth chapter on the 'Last Exploits of Becker,' the tone changes to the end for the better ; the element of political enmity vanishes almost ; there appear fewer paragraphs containing special pleas, less of unfair statement, and much more of that manliness of authorship that is recognised the world over as one of Stevenson's chief merits in letters, and one that he has seldom violated in his voluminous writings of twenty years. The seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters prepare the reader by almost imperceptible approaches for the great hurricane pacifical that swept away, for a time, at least, the bickerings of national suitors and arbitrators with the whiff of its mighty breath. Putting aside, as of little moment now, several inconsiderable misstatements of facts, the reader finds that in the latter part of the volume Stevenson has entirely regained composure, when he describes so realistically the terrible results of that fateful storm in the harbour of Apia. Here, again, is found the Stevenson of letters, the political makeshifts of authorship having vanished with Becker's last exploit. The

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xvii., pp. 188, 189.

chapter itself is a wonderful piece of descriptive writing when the local facts are fully understood ; and to those who live in the Pacific it brings the impression that he has done few, if any, finer pictures in words within the same space. At times the wealth and finish of detail in a few brief lines is very striking. A single example of the many in the chapter will serve for illustration, and it is one that will long after make pictures in the minds of whomso know of coral reefs in forlorn seas, and of the breaking of stanch ships on their smiling but treacherous edges.

'The *Eber*,' he writes, in describing the wrecking of the German men-of-war, 'had dragged anchors with the rest ; her injured screw disabled her from steaming vigorously up, and a little before day she had struck the front of the coral, come off, struck again, and gone down stern foremost, oversetting as she went into the gasping hollow of the reef. Of her whole complement of nearly eighty, four souls were cast alive on the beach, and the bodies of the remainder were, by the voluminous outpouring of the flooded streams, scoured at last from the harbour, and strewed naked on the seaboard of the island. . . . By about eight, it was the turn of the *Adler*. She was close down upon the reef ; doomed herself, it might yet be possible to save a portion of her crew ; and for this end Captain Fritze placed his reliance on the very hugeness of the seas that threatened him. The moment was watched for with the anxiety of despair, but the coolness of disciplined courage. As she rose on the fatal wave, her moorings were simultaneously slipped ; she broached to in rising, and the sea heaved her bodily upward, and cast her down with a concussion on the summit of the reef, where she lay on her beam-ends, her back broken, buried in breaching seas, but safe. Conceive a table : the *Eber* in the darkness had been smashed against the rim and flung below ; the *Adler*, cast free in the nick of opportunity, had been thrown on the top. Many were injured in the concussion, many tossed into the water ; twenty perished. The survivors crept again

on board their ship, as it now lay, and as it still remains, keel to the waves, a monument of the sea's potency. In still weather, under a cloudless sky, in those seasons when that ill-named ocean, the Pacific, suffers its vexed shores to rest, she lies high and dry, the spray scarce touching her—the hugest structure of man's hands within a circuit of a thousand miles—tossed up there like a schoolboy's cap upon a shelf, broken like an egg, a thing to dream of.' Was ever before such writing seen in any kind of political journalism? From the literary side, the chapter is in itself the redemption of a volume full of defects, unfair throughout, and with some lack of logical connection, if viewed by the standards of editor and statesman.

But while he failed to recognise his own shortcomings as literary politician and journalist, he has not failed to put his pen, with keen perception, upon the fault in others; in fact, he has delineated with startling exactness in his works some of the weak points in his own character. Keep in mind the ten political letters published in the London press between 1888 and 1895, then turn to the second chapter of 'The Story of a Lie,' where he has described how old Mr. Noseby wrote a political letter which, in a moment of indiscretion, he was heartened to publish—hardly showing the usual prudence and sense of the average country gentleman during hustings. In a single paragraph the author has fairly and tersely summed the defects of the amateur politician and journalist in the following words: 'So things went on until the famous occasion when Mr. Noseby, becoming engrossed in securing the election of a sound party candidate to Parliament, wrote a flaming letter to the papers. The letter had about every demerit of party letters in general: it was expressed with the energy of a believer; it was personal; it was a little more than half unfair, and about a quarter untrue. The old man did not mean to say what was untrue, you may be sure; but he had rashly picked up gossip, as his prejudice suggested, and now rashly launched it on the public with the sanction of

his name.'* For the phrase 'about a quarter untrue' substitute the phrase 'about a quarter rumours,' and the paragraph, as quoted, will describe quite fairly the injudicious writing done by Stevenson for the London newspapers.

Besides his political work, there remains a single piece of polemic to be considered here. The facts about his open letter to Dr. Hyde have already been given in Chapter V. It remains to estimate briefly the excellencies and defects of that gallant defence of the Catholic martyr. Like all of Stevenson's work, the letter referred to is unlike the writings of ancient or modern times. After examination, however, there may be found some hesitancy in placing it in a hard-and-fast classification, for several reasons. To demarcate where satire begins or ends in literature is next to impossible; for, like the colours of a painting, the shades of intent and meaning which characterize its presence are found to overlap and partially to obliterate precise definition. This will be seen more clearly upon examining his remarkable letter in defence of Father Damien. Among the ancient satirists particular qualities are found that serve to classify the work of each; but an examination shows that Stevenson's work presents so many different characteristics of both the ancient and modern satirists that it defies classification in any particular school or group; for the same reason, his work cannot be compared with individual effort preceding its appearance. If a classification in a school or group is attempted, it will be found that several classes must be united to embrace Stevenson's work; and if his work is compared with that of individuals, it will at once be realized that it contains the effective literary qualities distinguishing the best work of several ancient and modern satirical writers.

But established methods of classification are from necessity sometimes disturbed, often inverted, and many times are ignored altogether. In some writers

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. iii., p. 281.

one or more elements deemed necessary to satire are absent, and sometimes a makeshift is effectively introduced to increase the ironical mockery and effect ; but such introduction may do violence to the ethical feeling upon which all satire in some manner depends. Taking a somewhat similar view, and ignoring the hard-and-fast rules of classification, Stevenson's work may be properly called an example of composite satire, if the phrase is allowable ; for, in comparing the Damien letter with the ancient satirists, Stevenson's effort will be found to include all the scorn and invective of Archiolochus, the permeating ethic element of Simonides of Amorgus ; the rhetorical finish of Juvenal, together with several of the minor excellencies drawn from the Greek and Roman authors. If modern writers are considered, it will be seen that, while he wrote the letter with the haste and disingenuousness of Erasmus, it contains as well the pungency of Byron's invective—but without his frequent descriptive wanderings—together with the sharp, incisive thrusting of Carlyle ; on the other hand, it lacks the staid playfulness of Thackeray and the overflowing wit and exaggeration of Butler, just as it cleverly escapes the brutalities of Swift. And yet there is a sense in which it is brutal, for all writing that borders as closely on invective as the Damien letter partakes largely of that element of brutality that accompanies this form of satire, wherein the person, rather than the habit, is made the object of censure. The letter is a readable, a fascinating piece of work, and, excluding questions of fact and ethic, it holds the reader with the skilfulness of its execution, the incisive beauty of its diction, with the irony, the mockery, and the sarcasm pluming every sentence—or all of these, at a stroke, combined in a phrase, or condensed into a word, which hang in the memory, like strange linguistic jewels. At the same time, if it is remembered that both disputants were mostly in the wrong, as far as facts were concerned, it will be felt there was somewhat of the spirit of intolerance shown in the novelist's letter, although the reader is con-

strained to admit that the sectary, Dr. Hyde, received, upon the whole, what his action deserved.

By following the undercurrent of high ethic feeling pervading the letter, the rudeness of its interruption, at a single point near the close, serves to make the infraction more prominent, in a case where the facts, if fully stated, would have made its violation unnecessary. While discussing Dr. Hyde's slanderous statement against the purity of Father Damien's life, Stevenson says : 'This scandal, when I read it in your letter, was not new to me. I had heard it once before, and I must tell you how. There came to Samoa a man from Honolulu ; he, in a public-house on the beach, volunteered the statement that Damien had "contracted the disease from having connection with female lepers," and I find a joy in telling you how the report was welcomed in a public-house. A man sprang to his feet—I am not at liberty to give his name, but from what I heard I doubt if you would care to have him to dinner in Beretania Street. "You miserable little ——" (here is a word I dare not print ; it would shock your ears)—"you miserable little ——!" he cried. "If the story were a thousand times true, can't you see you are a million times a lower —— for daring to repeat it ?" I wish it could be told of you that when the report reached you in your house, perhaps after family worship, you had found in your soul enough holy anger to receive it with the same expression—ay, even with that one which I dare not print ; it would not need to have been blotted away, like Uncle Toby's oath, by the tears of the recording angel ; it would have been counted to you for your brightest righteousness. But you have deliberately chosen the part of the man from Honolulu, and have played it with improvements of your own.'*

Now this, if anything, is an exhibition of morality on stilts, and nothing more ; this method of dealing with right and wrong in the world belongs to that peculiar and questionable sort of ethical teaching that

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. iv., pp. 429, 430.

has sprung from the necessities of belief, or the promptings of false religious sentiment ; it certainly finds no foundation either in truth or reason. It seems fortunate that in the present age we have discovered there is a scientific basis to the ethics of mankind, which brings us much nearer to the facts of nature and the real principles of justice ; under later revision scientific morals demand, and persist in demanding, that the utterance or publication of the truth is always pertinent and justifiable, be the immediate or remote result blessed or disastrous. Being founded in nature and warranted in reason, this view is the one that falls into fitness with modern thought, and certainly contains one of the ethic elements that Stevenson, of all men, scarcely would have violated deliberately ; may it not, then, be assumed, from the side of literary equity, that he adopted for rhetorical purposes this veriest moral sham of words, without basis in man's nature, or otherwise, than as found in the pleas of sectaries and advocates ? 'If the story were a thousand times true, can't you see you are a million times a lower —— for daring to repeat it ?' Here is the popular doctrine of sham morality condensed to a sentence and shorn of ambiguities. In justice it cannot be laid against Stevenson—hater of all shams, lay or clerical, who insisted without ceasing on what he believed to be fair play for all classes of men, unlimited by their geographical distribution — that he would have accepted, after a careful analysis of the moral quality of the act in question, the unspeakable ethic sham uttered to the man from Honolulu in the Apia bar-room.

Such a view as the novelist's might have been taken of moral principle during the Middle Ages without stirring comment, but in the present age such utterances are regarded as mental misfits, quite out of keeping with that wider data of ethics which now directs and largely controls the teachings of mankind ; and, thanks to scientific thought, the morality of the present age is of robuster nature, and healthier complexion withal. Now, the trouble with all the

allegations of Dr. Hyde, with one exception, is that they were untrue, just as were the admissions, and all, except one, of the charges unintentionally made by Stevenson ;* likewise, the offence of the man in the Apia bar-room was that his statement was false. Had the statement made by the man from Honolulu been true, there is no reason, from the modern view of morals, why it should not have been spoken, and spoken as often as the desire for truthfulness prompted and a fitting occasion offered. Yea, is not the truth in our day a thing to be shouted from housetops, or winged by the whirling of countless presses in this dawn of the twentieth century ? Under the circumstances, as we now know them, and in remembrance of the man and author as we knew him, it may justly be concluded that he was led to adopt the staring moral mask by the urgent demands of his art, and in no other way, and this adoption was aided quite likely by his oversensitiveness to that deep ethical feeling which is throughout the letter the chiefest element beneath his scornful satire.

But at no time must we forget that he thought he was right, and he certainly so believed from the moment 'righteous indignation' seized him on reading Dr. Hyde's charges against Father Damien in a Sydney newspaper, until he had given his answer to the multitudinous presses of civilization. And, thinking he was right, he concluded, under the circumstances as he knew them, that he had arrived at a moral and logical paradox, whose solution defied precedent, and demanding a personal violation of the civil code for the defence of another individual's good name ; he thought from the first that he was writing a libel against Dr. Hyde, and, being unacquainted with the facts, how was he to know that in his chivalresque defence of the dead priest he was unwittingly laying himself amenable to a part of the censure that he so justly meted to Father Damien's assailant.?

His position and action become heroic when his

* See Chapter V.

view is read : ' I knew I was writing a libel : I thought he [Dr. Hyde] would bring an action ; I made sure I should be ruined ; I asked leave of my gallant family, and the sense I was signing away all I possessed kept me up to high-water mark, and made me feel every insult heroic.'* Believing as he did, who, in this age of theological heresy, with its wholesale criminations and recriminations, would be so bold and unjust as to blame, without reservation, this remarkable piece of satirical writing in which, after the elimination of minor defects, he has left to literature an almost faultless model, capable of sustaining satire in its supremest form, and clothed in perfect diction for the conveyance of superlative scorn and invective ?

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxvi., pp. 107, 108.

CHAPTER XI

HIS LITERARY PRODUCT AFTER 1888

It would be beyond the scope of this chapter to discuss Stevenson's literary product in the Pacific from that more comprehensive plane of criticism that sets forward in detail the merits and defects of the work in hand; nor is it here desired to make inquest and estimate of his work further than may be required for examining some of its local phases, appearing under the new conditions that he met in the South Seas—some of these of course are disparate phases that have escaped notice; others, under an assumed parity, have been misinterpreted or wrongly estimated by reviewers. Some of these literary stumblings that have done portions of Stevenson's work more or less injustice have occurred through dearth of information concerning Island life; some have sprung from a credulity that has accepted the novelist's views without verification, or without the necessary weeding: the latter class having been referred to before, only those misinterpretations and misstatements growing out of imperfect knowledge and unacquaintance need be considered.

Could those who have commented on some parts of his latter work have foreseen in what a grotesque mental light their opinions would appear to eyes familiar with the island world, there would certainly have been some remodelling of paragraphs—if not final blotting—pending actual investigation; but distant critics failed to see the need of precaution, and have written as though the circumstances and

problems of life in the Pacific were to be estimated by comparison with conditions in the old world. The novelist's closest friends and advisers erred at this point time and again, and in instances caused Stevenson's unusually clear judgment to hang in abeyance, or induced him to accept some literary dictum formed thousands of miles from the scene and the facts. His book on the South Seas has been mentioned as an instance of several. The same sort of misjudgment occurred in a more aggravating form in the case of 'The Ebb Tide,' as will be seen hereafter, for evidently the literary advice tendered him had made an impression for a time, as his letters show. In 1890, and before the arrival of this friendly comment, we find him writing in a letter to Mr. Marcel Schwob that he thought highly of 'The Ebb Tide' [then called 'The Pearl Fisher'], which he characterized as 'a black, ugly, trampling, violent story, full of strange scenes and striking characters.' But in 1893, after the friendly critics had been heard from, he almost reversed this judgment of his good work, and wrote to Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Henry James in a tone clearly of deprecative apology, if not outright condemnation. Yet, when he received the published volume early in 1894, he at once wrote to Mr. Colvin the following revision of opinion, which entirely agrees with his earlier judgment: 'The mail was very late this time, hence the paltriness of this note. When it came, and I had read it, I retired with "The Ebb Tide," and read it all before I slept. I did not dream it was near as good; I am afraid I think it excellent. A little indecision about Attwater, not much. It gives me great hope, as I see I *can* work in that constipated, mosaic manner, which is what I have to do just now with "Weir of Hermiston."'*

Before publication 'The Beach of Falesá' was prudishly prodded from England for its immorality—a baseless charge that creates a smile in the realistic Pacific. But in this case Stevenson refused to modify

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xvii., p. 281.

his judgment, or change the text, as demanded, and he wrote to Mr. Colvin, who performed the friendly duties of a literary mentor : '"The Beach of Falesá" I still think well of, but it seems it's immoral, and there's a to-do, and financially it may prove a heavy disappointment. The plaintive request sent to me, to make the young folks married properly before "that night," I refuse ; you will see what would be left of the yarn had I consented. This is a poison bad world for the romancer, this Anglo-Saxon world ; I usually get out of it by not having any women in it at all ; but when I remember I had the "Treasure of Franchard" refused as unfit for a family magazine, I feel despair weigh upon my wrists.'* In the eighteenth Vailima letter, the author again takes occasion to answer censure of several characters contained in the story, which, if heeded, would have left the realism of the thing twisted into a sort of literary crazy-quilt to the ruin of the tale, even though there had been dregs left to satisfy moral namby-pamby. Well might an author writing of Island life in Oceanica cry fie upon such critical disability and moral pretence !

Before further consideration of his work after 1888 is entered upon, prudence makes it necessary to call attention to a disturbing factor to be held in mind while estimating 'The Wrong Box,' portions of 'The Wrecker,' and the opening chapters of 'The Ebb Tide,' for these volumes have been more or less lowered by collaboration from Stevenson's usual high standard of literary work. For reasons that will be given in the proper place, these volumes have suffered in the order as stated, 'The Wrong Box' being farthest from, and 'The Ebb Tide' nearest to, the author's literary standard. From the appreciative reader's point of view this collaboration throughout will seem to be one of those uncalled-for literary happenings that defies explanation, unless it be attributed to an influence arising out of familiar associations. But what-

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xvii., p. 117.

ever view is taken, it must be admitted that Stevenson's reputation was therein exposed to injury more or less serious, without the possibility of his receiving any compensatory aid or literary benefit from his collaborateurs.

It is here that care is needed in order not to do the collaborateurs an injustice, and at the same time to reach a just conclusion under the facts as far as known or attainable. It is likely, on account of Stevenson's unexpected death, we shall never be able to say with certainty in all cases just where collaboration began or left off, or where, after literary pruning, the remnants of amateur effort were suffered to bloom in the original diction. Wherever in his notes and letters he has fixed these limits there will be no difficulty, but there are other places where obstacles abound on every hand, caused by claims of authorship made since his death, and covering which he has left no specific note. Where this occurs the reader is wholly dependent upon the internal evidence of the work itself. In places the authorship is easily determined; wherever the testimony supports strongly the claim of collaboration it will be found next to impossible to mistake the work for other than an amateur's, even after it has been licked into shape, or in some cases clearly recast by the master's hand; for does not every editor of experience know how often it is impracticable, if not impossible, to vivify and refit the amateur composition for publication? Often it becomes preferable, in grave matters, to throw the manuscript aside, and without let rewrite the half-ripe paragraphs. But in the case under consideration this was not always done, and there are places where the claims of collaboration leave the reader in doubt, if not in some confusion, when he attempts by the usual methods of comparison and analysis to follow those literary metes and bounds that have been brought to notice by the publication of the uniform edition of Stevenson's works or in other volumes.

There are two pieces of work which were finished

soon after the novelist's coming to the Pacific that cannot properly be classed with the literary product after 1888, as both were complete in draft and partly written before the *Casco* sailed from San Francisco in June of that year. These are 'The Master of Ballantrae,' first published in *Scribner's Magazine*, and 'The Wrong Box,' published in the summer of 1889 in New York and London. It will be unnecessary to refer to the former further than to repeat that it was finished during the first visit to Honolulu in 1889. There has been, however, a criticism made by comparing one of the characters of the volume with the three rogues of 'The Ebb Tide,' which will be commented upon in the next chapter. A brief comment on 'The Wrong Box' may not be out of place at this point, as the volume throughout is an illustration of the literary evils arising from an unequal collaboration which Stevenson's concession made possible. In a statement of their methods quoted by Mr. Graham Balfour in the life of the novelist, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne writes with mingled naïveté and adroitness of the part he filled under the plan for collaboration, which, fortunately, Stevenson was able to direct to a successful conclusion. In the case of 'The Wrong Box' the reader will not hesitate to give Mr. Osbourne the full credit of authorship, for here it will be seen that even Stevenson's genius and experience failed to rescue from mediocrity, and bring the volume within the pale of the literary preserve. And in the face of some injudicious, if not violent praise, the volume remains as thoroughly an amateur's effort as was ever placed before the public under the protection of a popular name.

Nor is it the intention to do Mr. Osbourne the shadow of injustice in taking this view of a piece of his earlier work, for it can be said to his honour, and in commendation of his judgment, that he was perhaps the first to point out that the story, as he wrote it, contained inherent defects that it was impossible for his stepfather to remedy. He says: '"The Wrong Box" was more mine as a whole than either of the others ["Ebb

Tide" and "Wrecker"]. It was written and then rewritten before there was any thought of collaboration, and was actually finished and ready for the press. There was, in consequence, far less give and take between us in this book than in the others. Louis had to follow the text very closely, being unable to break away without jeopardizing the succeeding chapters. He breathed into it, of course, his own incomparable power, humour, and vivacity, and forced the thing to live as it had never lived before; but even in his transforming hands it still retains (it seems to me) a sense of failure, and this verdict has so far been sustained by the public's reluctance to buy the book.'* This is both manly and truthful, and quite coincides with the just opinion of the collaborateurs in the brief preface, which says: '"Nothing like a little judicious levity," says Michael Finsbury in the text, nor can any better excuse be found for the volume in the reader's hands. The authors can but add that one of them is old enough to be ashamed of himself, and the other young enough to learn better.' The volume, in fact, remains as an example of the result of an amiable but misjudged concession on Stevenson's part.

In passing to the consideration of his literary work proper in the Pacific, the space-limit requires curtailment of comment, except on those phases bearing directly on Island life. This course will leave unsaid much that is usually written in a like connection of the literary style, the morality, the genius, and the philosophy of an author; but, on the other hand, this has been done already in two admirable essays written respectively by Professor Walter Raleigh and Sir Leslie Stephen. Whatever is to be said here, then, lies upon the premise that somehow and sometime—the detail matters not—Stevenson became a master in marshalling words to express his thoughts with directness, precision, and force, a requirement which is the antecedent of that element of dramatic energy that is never found absent from his pages. The obstacle that

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxvi., p. 42.

he was forced to overcome in the South Seas was one of greater moment to his future success—it was to construct a realistic picture in literature out of the factual recurrences of Island life, made up of new conditions on every hand, of new scenery on land and sea, and of new manners and customs, with the frequent *outre* details of savagery, all contrasting sharply in the presence of a strange, composite, half-civilization of many nations, and necessarily containing numerous exceptional and nondescript characters. And this picture was to be drawn without being whelmed and carried away by the romance of the situation, or, as Stevenson himself has aptly expressed it, without suffering the work to end 'in a kind of sugar-candy sham epic.'

In his first letters from the South Seas he felt his way with great prudence and painstaking, conquering the difficulties step by step. This he did without showing too much regard for criticism and advice from home, until at last, and after a single revision, he has left us a volume without a rival at all points, and quite as unique in literature as it is valuable as a record of a passing condition of things in the South Seas. But, unsatisfied with the beginnings of success, his future work proved that the next few years were spent largely in studying Polynesian lore and legends, to determine in how far they would be available in literature. His judgment at this point, if heeded, will be of importance to future writers in this field, for although the limit for usefulness of the Polynesian legends and folk-lore, as literature, should be determined before authorship begins, it had never been done in a satisfactory manner before Stevenson with keen judgment set up experimental landmarks for his own guidance. And upon examination it will be found that his judgment led him to discard the Polynesian legends, *per se*, as barren subjects for prose tales, while he relegated them in their original form to the ballad, the fairy-tale, and the short prose sketch or fable.

These conclusions he reached slowly and after much

careful experiment, and it is perhaps best to place 'The Song of Rahero' and 'The Feast of Famine' among the literary experiments which enabled him to carry to success those splendid efforts in South Sea literature, 'The Beach of Falesá,' and 'The Ebb Tide.' These two volumes mark the limit of the Polynesian element in prose, just as the two ballads previously mentioned mark the limit in verse. In 'The Bottle Imp,' 'The Isle of Voices,' and one of the fables, he has carried the prose limit to its extreme point, until it borders on the domain of the legendary ballad and the fairy-tale.

Were it not for the warning note that precedes 'The Bottle Imp,' anyone acquainted with the legends and folklore of the Pacific certainly would be warranted in assuming that the tale had been drawn from Polynesian sources, which more than once relate how familiar, or even family spirits, were at times imprisoned in cocoanut-shells for safe-keeping or convenience, to be handy in case of need for fending future mischief or conferring benefits. But Stevenson has informed us in the note preceding 'The Bottle Imp' that 'any student of that very unliterary product, the English drama of the early part of the century, will here recognise the name and root idea of a piece once rendered popular by the redoubtable B. Smith. The root idea is there identical, and yet I believe I have made it a new thing. And the fact that the tale has been designed for a Polynesian audience may lend it some extraneous interest nearer home.' The belief that he had made a new thing out of an old idea was true of a surety, but he has done more, and besides an inimitable style in the telling, he has so closely adapted the story to the peculiarities of Polynesia that it is next to impossible to distinguish its resetting from the surroundings of its new literary habitat. His use of the English source for the tale goes to show that the author probably was unacquainted with the similar Polynesian legends at the time he wrote, otherwise it would be difficult to understand why he took the

trouble to import 'The Bottle Imp' from San Francisco, over two thousand miles distant, when its antitype was familiar in the Pacific Islands.

In 'The Isle of Voices' he carried the literary experiment a step further by almost wholly eliminating the foreign element. It is true that some foreign sailors are introduced momentarily, as a literary convenience, and a strolling missionary is also introduced in the last paragraph ; yet in both instances they are so evidently used as makeshifts that it may be quite truthfully said he has virtually succeeded in writing the tale without material aid of the foreign element. For similar literary convenience, he has translated the old Polynesian tale to the time of the incoming of civilization among the islands. The sources of the sketch are to be found in Hawaiian fairy-lore, if that term is justly applicable to Polynesian legends and spirit-tales. In 'The Isle of Voices' the author has used one of three versions of the same legend ; this he has worked over with the precision and skill shown in 'The Bottle Imp.' One of these versions, called by the natives 'The Sorcerers' Island,' would have proved much more effective in his hands, had he chosen it ; for it depends less on the supernatural and more on the human element for its dramatic force and movement than does 'The Isle of Voices.' The remaining version of the legend, called 'The Isle of Dreams,' is one of the most picturesque and dainty bits of Hawaiian fable-lore that has reached civilization intact.

It was probably Stevenson's leaning towards the supernatural (which can be clearly traced in various parts of his work) that led him to select the more improbable version for his sketch. But it is also true there is a pervading element of demonism in Polynesian folklore ; at the same time, an examination discloses that the element is not a constant one, being liable to frequent modification, and, in some cases, to elimination, as it undergoes verbal filtering through successive generations. In the present instance, this view will be found to apply directly ; and in all probability the

three versions of the legend mentioned give the verbal expressions of the myth, marking three distinct periods in its growth and development. The older version, used by Stevenson, hinges upon the introduction of the Polynesian black art. In the version known as 'The Sorcerers' Island' the demoniac intervention is a step further removed, while the human agency present exerts more control, giving the story stronger flavour of savage realism. But in 'The Isle of Dreams,' in all probability the latest version, the supernatural element almost disappears, and is replaced by a weird element of savage preternaturalism everywhere present in Polynesian legends.

Besides the experimental efforts mentioned, seeming to cover the field that he wished to test for his work, Stevenson made trial of that form of the literary art known as the fable. In his introduction to his fables, published after the novelist's death, Mr. Sidney Colvin has given us warning that they were left in an unfinished state, and adding that it is doubtful if they 'would have seen the light' had the author lived. All who have made careful study of these occasional writings will fully agree with Mr. Colvin, and perhaps some may express wonder that the fables were published at all. Two of the lot at least were written after he came to the Pacific, as is evident at a glance. These are Fable XIV.—'The Cart-Horses and the Saddle-Horse'—and Fable XVI.—'Something In It.' The former has little, if any, merit as a fable, and may be passed after saying that it was written in poor taste, while its moral, like several in the collection, seems somewhat obscure. There is, on the contrary, much that can be said in praise of the latter fable, which, however, appears under a somewhat inappropriate, if not slangy, title. But, apart from this, the fable certainly is a finished piece of literature of its kind; but here, again, it differs from most of the remainder of the collection. In writing this fable, it is not improbable that its author was carrying but another step his experiment in the prose development of Polynesian legends; in any event, he

here reached the extreme prose limit suitable to their translation into English literature. In this he has lost all grasp on reality, that should be retained as long as the fable is made to revolve around a normal human subject, such as the missionary who visits the daughters of Miru; otherwise the probability of the thing lapses, and it is at once translated into the realm of fairyland. To save this admirable bit of semi-savage literature from classification in fairyland, its author has tacked on a moral in verse that seems entirely out of place, and has called the little gem a fable; but it is no more a fable than it is an epic: it must remain what it is in reality—a perfect sample, in modern form, of the short Polynesian fairy-tale; for when the missionary refuses to drink the 'kava' of the dead, afterwards regains his island, and rings the bell for service, he most certainly returned from Polynesian fairyland after almost falling under the influence of the daughters of Miru; and this is true despite the author's attempt to make the parson the central figure of a modern fable, pointing a moral at the narrowness of religious beliefs.

It will now be necessary to take closer scrutiny of his literary work in the Pacific, and to touch, when needs be, upon the more prominent features of the methods he used in the new field. It is doubtful if the term 'method' is a proper one to use in referring to his work after 1888, but it must serve, being in general use, although it seems to be a term little understood and without definite meaning in literature. The methods of painting and literature have much in common, and it may not be carrying the comparison too far to say that there seems to be some logical nexus binding them closely in their application for pictorial results, as viewed by the mental eye.

For instance, the element of mental suggestion applies with the same force and exactness to literature that it does to art, yet it may be said to exert a greater and more lasting effect on the mind of the reader of literature than the same element exerts on the eye of the picture-gazer. But notwithstanding the relation between the

two arts is intimate at this point, still, the difference between them must be clearly noticed in order to form a definite conception from their collocation. Suggestion in painting largely leads the mind away from realism; in literature it serves to bring the reality before the reader with various and sometimes startling effects. By the deft pen our mental associations may be made to awaken some creeping horror in the heart, or make wonder spring like a bird to wing; or they may cause the physical being to leap with exultation, or to sink trembling before the drawn curtain of mystery and doubt. And perhaps no modern writer has known better than Stevenson how to successfully apply to literature the various phases of mental association and suggestion.

But it must be admitted that he reversed the usual methods in vogue by taking care to learn how to write ere he placed his wares before the public. One of the first things that impresses a reader of his work is that he never expresses by written signs any word, thought, or idea which must be understood when the mental process of interpreting the composition is complete, or the logical form is carried to its conclusion. It will be seen that this method of condensation is nothing more than one of the lower forms of mental association and suggestion; and it is this quality, aided by an ever-present element of dramatic energy, that makes his writing interesting and forceful in those pages usually called 'the dry parts' of books. In none of his books will be found those dull, irrelevant patches of words that abound like weeds in the pages of the novelists and essayists of the middle of the last century; read such to-day, and you either will yawn frequently, or stealthily turn the pages until verbal life returns with the story's thread. The same thing may be said of much that is written at present, with even less finish and preparation.

But these last-century writers had merit? Yes. And they knew how to write English? Yes, partially, but most of them were overwhelmed by verbosity, and

few, if any, seemed to have realized that fewest words give composition the largest capacity and greatest strength ; the demonstration of this was reserved for the famous and worthy successor of that great English school of writers, reaching from Scott to Dickens and Thackeray. The view is not taken that Stevenson introduced the art of good writing, as some have alleged, but rather that he pruned the art, and, by his excellent and always consistent example, reduced its rules, as nearly as possible, to a system that can be practically followed in all classes of composition, and which, if conscientiously followed, will produce the best literary results, in exact proportion to the mental endowments of the writer. The reader of Stevenson's volumes will hardly agree with Thackeray's suggestion in 'Pendennis' that, 'If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!' How many, indeed! It has been this, or a similar method, that has interpolated much of Thackeray's work with so many dull or inapt pages. Thackeray is always best when he is telling his story directly, and is frequently at his worst when he falls across a dozen pages of moralizing.

From the first Stevenson cast aside both the literary habit and tradition of the past ; he saw the vigour and the possibilities of the new method (then practised by but few authors), that was soon to bring forth a new literary priest 'all shaven and shorn,' to take a new part in the drama of letters, which, up to that time, had been written and rewritten by ubiquitous Jacks for many generations. And in his work in the Pacific Stevenson clearly proved that he had lost none of the wit and cunning with which he had penned his remarkable series of essays, or conceived and executed 'Treasure Island' and the 'New Arabian Nights.' Of his later work we will consider briefly, for illustration, 'The Beach of Falesâ.' Fortunately there was no collaboration here, and in consequence the work will

be found to show fewer defects than 'The Ebb Tide,' following within a year. From what has been said, it will follow that the method of suggestive writing in literature is a chief source of many of those attributes that serve to make a composition interesting in itself, be the subject what it may ; nor will the reader fail to observe that, from the first paragraph to the last of this story, suggestion and condensation are salient features. The same thing is largely true of all of his writing, but here, as will be seen at a glance, Stevenson has carried the method further, and has used it as a practical aid to pictorial or descriptive writing. Now, if examined, it will be seen that he has excelled in this —that he has seldom, if ever, overstepped the limits of his method. The result has been that he has left alone the kinds of descriptive writing in vogue before his time ; he seems to have realized fully that the author who empties pages of words around indescribable landscapes is attempting a task of the gods. Everywhere in his work relating to the Pacific it is to be seen that he thought whatever was better expressed by the painter's art should be avoided scrupulously by the literary worker. At the same time, unlike most of his predecessors and contemporaries, he has fully heeded the benefits of pictorial writing wherever the subject to be described has fallen within the scope of language ; elsewhere he has left 'descriptions' to the wielders of brush and chisel, refusing to attempt rather than to run the risk of writing ill.

Yet it will be found that wherever he *has* ventured he has given us a pen-picture beyond the capacity of the artist, and quite beyond the limits of art. Take, for instance, that unequalled first paragraph of 'The Beach of Falesá,' and compare it with the ordinary marine description—nay, with the best that can be found in literature—and it will be almost impossible to find its fellow : 'I saw that island first when it was neither night nor morning. The moon was to the west, setting, but still broad and bright. To the east, and right amidships of the dawn, which was all

pink, the day-star sparkled like a diamond. The land breeze blew in our faces, and smelt strong of wild lime and vanilla; other things besides, but these were most plain; and the chill of it set me sneezing. I should say I had been for years on a low island near the line, living for the most part solitary among natives. Here was a fresh experience; even the tongue would be quite strange to me; and the look of these woods and mountains, and the rare smell of them renewed my blood.'

Now, an artist, were he a master, could paint the first part of this picture—that is, he would reproduce the outward setting suggested by the words themselves—but the remaining and larger portion is beyond the reach of the artist's brush, although not beyond his mental conception. Here, then, through association and suggestion the novelist has drawn for the mind's eye, with infinite success, some of those feelings lying quite beyond the province of art. What pictures we would have for our wonder and admiration could artists but reduce to pigment that 'land breeze as it blew in our faces, and smelt strong of wild lime and vanilla'! But, consummate genius that he was, he was not yet done, and, to finish the picture beyond the reach of brush or pen, he uses the art of suggestion, and adds, 'other things besides, but these were most plain; and the chill of it set me sneezing.' That is all of the picture itself; yet it is enough, brief as it is, to be one of the finest examples of pictorial prose writing to be found in English literature, and certainly the most finished yet penned of a Pacific Ocean scene at break of day in midsummer.

To him who has visited the South Seas, and at the dawn raised one of its myriad islands from the blue expanse, the paragraph quoted will not fail to express much that the artist could not reproduce on canvas; and to the Islandfolk, who love the South Seas and its people, a much wider mental view will be opened. When the paragraph is read by such an one the book more than likely will drop idly in his lap for a spell

What is the cause? It is the sorcery of those three lines ending, 'other things besides; but these were most plain.' And the result? The reader is already a day-dreaming in the Fabled Sea. His eyes are closed as they make the picture of his mind; or, wide open but unconscious, they are gazing over a far-away island scene. By this time he has become a reminiscent through the prompting of those nine simple words; and they will keep repeating and adding to their message as the mental scene develops. But what does this dreamer recall, whom Stevenson had set a-weaving out of the past? Who shall say? Who shall pry beneath his closed lids, or catch an expression of thought from those oblivious eyes?

The past rises around him, and he sees again, perhaps, a forgotten picture summoned by the author's pen. Time now passes like a dream, and two decades have vanished in a wink; he, too, feels the swinging prow beneath his feet and the cool breezes on his face; he sees again the breaking morn, and the half-quenched moon, and the day-star, where it hangs sparkling in the tropic sky and seems almost within reach of his arm; and now he is conscious of an odour of mingled sweets, new and ravishing, that floats across the sea, like the cadence of a song in the mind when the music has ceased. This much, or very like it, all may see, who happily have fetched their landfall on a midsummer's morn. Or it may be those 'other things besides' which hold the dreamer's thoughts in bondage. Perhaps his mind is assorting those nearly forgotten details of sight and touch and inward feelings once his familiars in past sojournings. It may be that he remembers how the elixir of the first approach and landing disappears in some island paradise before the poppied influence of the midday and evening. Perhaps love visits him again in savage guise, decked with flowers and glowing with passion, to beckon him with coy finger. Then he sees again the bamboo house, bound with sennit, and a laughing child—now fatherless—with its brown-skinned mother still beautiful,

but deserted. Does she remember? Ah, those mis-spent days, those happy months! each forms its separate picture in his brain. But when first he tasted, the ties of home were broken, and civilization became a dream of yesterday—all was swept away in the waving of the palm-branches by the breezes of that glorious summer sea.

How long he slept in that island he knows not to this day—nor does he care! The picture rises around him; and now he recalls how the awakening came, suddenly, irresistibly, naturally, and as unexpectedly as the lotus-draught had fallen upon him. And so it came to pass that Memory one day pricked him, Satiety poked him in the rib, and Comparison awoke and plucked the glamour from his eyes. The idolatry was broken, and in its place stood the Goddess of Unrest. He sees with new eyes now the great ocean sparkling in the sun, and with a gulp longs for his old home and the friends of his youth. He even chafes at the delay of the tardy trading schooner, and when she comes at last, and the sails belly above him, he views with indifference the island falling behind, and waves his hand almost without regret to his native wife and her child, where they weep in the glare of the white beach. The breaking of his mid-sea dream has left him almost brutal, and now, while the cordage sings in the land breeze, he turns and smiles as the vessel points into the blood-red sea where the sun is dropping over the edge of the world.

As his mind recalls the scene, perhaps he remembers that he did not even notice, as the island sank in the waves, that gift of Nature's fragrance for ever mingling with the salt of the sea, in which his imagination had revelled as his ship sailed in. But, alas for his good intention! he does not sail homeward, for the Goddess of Unrest leads him now, as she has thousands before, when the charm of the South Seas has hung a garland around the heart; ere long he realizes that he has become one of the Islandfolk of the Pacific, where his grave will be! He had longed for home in the moment

of his first, and perhaps last, moral orgasm to be experienced in his South Sea life; but, as other hundreds have, he went elsewhere, among the myriad islands of Oceanica, where he is to-day either a good or indifferent citizen, the result of many experiences cruel or happy. Is he wealthy? Yes. Contented? If you ask him he yawns—or perhaps winces and looks annoyed—but his merriment is hard to translate. Yet of this much he is certain—he could live no otherwhere than in the South Seas. So he picks up his book again, and continues: 'The captain blew out the binnacle-lamp,' and when he reaches the end of the story, which he will do at the sitting, he concludes that it is the best South Sea tale he has ever read, and he feels there is a bond of love and sympathy binding him to this author as to no other.

Now, what is there in this short story of less than a hundred pages that brings about such a result in the Island dweller? It may be answered, There are several things; and it may be well to mention some of these as they are viewed by readers throughout the Pacific. Perhaps the first thing that impresses will be the novelist's adherence to descriptive truth and factuality, so evident in every pen-stroke of the text. Nothing is lacking, nothing is overdone; all the episodes (or similar) have been acted again and again in the islands of this great sea, and the drama will be as oft repeated, sometimes ending in comedy, sometimes in tragedy, always strong and *outré*. The counterpart of each chapter—nay, of every scene—of the story is readily called to mind by the Islanders; and, if needs be, they could add many interesting details and instructive annotations on life in the Pacific that have fallen without the scope of 'The Beach of Falesá.'

Next in importance will be noticed the fitness of the plan—there is no plot—and the skilful collocation of those certain episodes of South Sea life, forming the substance of the tale, and this plan is much enhanced by the truthful and incisive character-drawing through-

out. Wiltshire and Case, of course, are the central figures around which the story develops ; at the same time it remains one of the few short stories of the South Seas where the characters seem to be equally well drawn, and each is made absolutely indispensable to the story's dramatic completeness. The movement from the first paragraph is continuous, keeping the mind alert and interest at a pitch that prevents skipping ; this is the direct result of that deft episodal arrangement that culminates in the tragic death of Case in the bush. Next to Wiltshire and Case in importance comes the character of the native girl Uma, who was married to Wiltshire. Stevenson was somewhat chary of femininity, and the reasons that have been given, therefore, are not altogether satisfactory after the signal success of his creation of Uma, who is the embodiment of the simple but typical savage woman of Polynesia. In her the island residents will recogise at once much truthfulness of description and exactness of detail. It may have been different with the novelist in dealing with female characters of his own race, for is it not a fact established that, after centuries of patient study, the white man of to-day largely fails to understand civilized woman in many of her natural, and in most of her social phases, and will not the same observation apply in part to man's understanding of his brother man ?

Not less in effect than the character-drawing of the story will be found the undertone of mental suggestion that permeates it ; frequently this is traced through several paragraphs, or may be seen in the turning of a word, or felt in the half-disclosed meaning of a sentence. The first paragraph of the story has been already referred to ; but there are other examples of suggestion quite as apt and forceful. Take, for instance, the account given Wiltshire by the captain of the schooner of the deaths of Adams and Vigours : here the method has been used to bring about a feeling in the reader that some unseen and impending danger threatens the newly-arrived trader ; in other words, the author has

introduced with unusual skill an element of dread and mystery, to be explained only by the growth and development of the story, and as this explanation advances the feeling of terror is increased by such scenes as that where the natives are pictured as silently watching in the dawn before the trader's house, or by the uncanny effect produced by the trader's accidental presence (during the Sunday's service) upon the native preacher. But further along in the story the author causes Case to use mental suggestion on the minds of the simple natives, in order to aid his nefarious designs against new traders settling in the island. The chapter on 'Devil Work' contains typical examples of his methods for influencing the natives; but the mention of his use of Æolian harps concealed in the bush to suggest devils to the ignorant savages, and bring them under his control, will be sufficient for the present purpose.

The frequent recurrence of fine descriptive passages in the story will also fix the attention. The introduction of Uma, and the short, but exact, and indelible description of that island maiden, should be used as a model by a class of writers who seem to take delight in pages of verbose and unmeaning twaddle about their heroines. Then there is the picture of Case's noisome partner, where the comparison of the honesty of drunken old Papa Randall with Case's villainy is made doubly effective without open mention; or the scene between the missionary and Wiltshire at the landing; or the first encounter between Wiltshire and Case; or the description of Case's sleight-of-hand trick, put upon the missionary in order to discredit him with the natives; or Wiltshire's first meeting with the native chief, who had determined to break Case's tabu on the new trader's store; or that fine piece of pictorial writing where Wiltshire and Case met on the black volcanic sands of the beach, after the former had discovered the latter's Æolian harps and devil work in the bush; or, finally, that entire scene of the night in the bush, and until the closing of the tragedy, when

Case's blood came over Wiltshire's hands 'hot as tea' —each and every of these passages makes it clear that there is quite as much in the perfection of the writing method of an author as lies in his genius and in the fitness of his subject.

Yet beyond the beauty, the brevity, and the strength of Stevenson's composition, there lies another element made plain to readers upon perusal of 'The Beach of Falesá.' Pervading each scene and episode there is an undercurrent of sympathetic feeling awakened for the characters. This is sometimes akin to pity, but often mounts into regard and esteem; or it may turn the reader's mind to loathing, as in the discription of Captain Randall; or to hatred, as in that of Case and his mercenary plotting. But behind all lies the more important factor: Stevenson's virile personality gleams in every sentence, glances from behind paragraphs, and ofttimes is less than half-hidden under some striking word or expression. It is this literary faculty of infusing his subtle aura unobtrusively into his work that gives his writing much of its distinctive charm and character.

There are few authors who could accomplish this end without falling into mannerisms more or less gross, yet these defects Stevenson always avoided. Perhaps the most creditable feature of the story is the absence of superfluous words. An examination will show there are very few, if any, words in the text that could be deleted without injuring the scene, disturbing the harmony, or weakening the strength of the diction and construction. Pick up at random almost any recent author of reputation, and upon trial it will be found that there are many superfluous words which could be omitted beneficially, ofttimes entire sentences or paragraphs that could be condensed, or even blotted, without injuring the text, and certainly to the benefit of the narrative. But as comparisons of this kind are apt to be thought invidious, it needs not be carried further; but the experiment remains open to whomsoever has the interest to make trial.

CHAPTER XII

HIS LITERARY PRODUCT AFTER 1888—*Continuea*

'The Ebb Tide' was the second of Stevenson's South Sea stories dealing in a realistic manner with those conditions resulting from the meeting of extremes of civilization in the Pacific. In this volume, as in 'The Beach of Falesá,' adherence to truth and reproduction of essential types of Island life and character have been the chief objects kept in view. This he has pointed out more than once in his letters to friends at home. At the same time, he has foreseen to mention that the phases of life presented were but samples of the store of new material out of which he was already planning volumes of a wider scope. What he had thus far taken from the new field had been reviewed with evident misdoubting or open criticism, but it appears that the critics were quite beyond their depth in judging Stevenson's new work in the Pacific by the standards of civilization. Yet even the scrimp samples of his work received at that time proved enough to shock the moral nerves of his trans-oceanic mentors, and it would not be difficult for Islandfolk to predict what would have been their mental state had Stevenson lived to finish a story embodying more completely the unconventional phases of life in the South Seas.

'The Ebb Tide' does not reach the higher literary standard of 'The Beach of Falesá.' At the same time, the book rises above the average of its class, and sets forth without redeeming features the darker shades of Island life as they exist to-day in the Southern islands. The whole tale may be justly called a realistic develop-

ment of that very realistic phase of South Sea existence known as life on the beach. The volume is, indeed, the artistic working out of a condition to be found in most of the outposts of civilization in the Pacific, and a perusal of the story will make plain that its factual treatment involves, as its author has well expressed it, 'three types of the bad man, the weak man, and the strong man with a weakness, that are gone through and lived out.' Now he might have made much nicer fellows out of his three rogues, and salved the critics by a sacrifice of truth. It is true such a course would have ruined the story from the factual point of view, but the novelist would have had the consolation that he had avoided violating the literary canons set up for his benefit by absent friends and reviewers But Stevenson did no such thing. He pursued his usual iconoclastic method, and it is fortunate for the literature of the South Seas that he followed this course throughout, for in the end he succeeded in placing aside, without giving too much offence, the bulk of the cautionary advice tendered him from home.

Among the causes that lower somewhat the literary plane of the volume, when compared with 'The Beach of Falesá,' collaboration may be mentioned. But here the lines of demarcation are clearly drawn, for Stevenson has stated that they first planned a long story, after the style of 'Monte Cristo,' and that the first five chapters were drawn in rough draft by Mr. Osbourne. He then adds: 'From that moment he [Osbourne] has had nothing to do with it except talking it over, for we changed our plan, gave up the projected Monte Cristo, and cut it down for a short story.' In this case it must be admitted that early collaboration did not materially injure the story, if it did not enhance its value; and, indeed, candour points out that the five chapters mentioned (which no more than fairly open the story) perhaps represent the best literary work that Mr. Osbourne has thus far accomplished. There can be no doubt here, and it becomes plain, in

view of the results reached, that Stevenson was quite as clever in the art of pedagogics as he was in the art of literary composition.

An example of the misjudgment of some of the reviewers of his Pacific work will not be out of place here. An English instance will be selected rather than one from the United States, as the former, coming from among his countrymen, presumes a more intimate personal knowledge and a closer bond of sympathy than is looked for in the opinions of strangers. For the present purpose Sir Leslie Stephen's ably-written essay on Stevenson has been chosen, as it pointedly refers to 'The Ebb Tide,' and exhibits a sample of misinterpretation that serves the illustration to a turn.* There is so much to commend in this admirable essay by an admirable and usually understanding author, the Islandfolk may be justified in their surprise that Sir Leslie Stephen should have fallen into remissness when he fell upon an analysis of factuality in the South Seas. It does not matter that the presentation of new facts was outside of the essayist's canons of criticism, for, if so, it became his duty as a reviewer to inform himself before publishing words beyond recall which do both Stevenson and the facts an injustice.

The following lines are those which most offend: 'I do not think, to speak frankly, that any novelist of power comparable to his has created so few living and attractive characters. Mr. Sidney Colvin confesses to having been for a time blinded to the imaginative force of "The Beach of Falesá" [*sic*] by his dislike to the three wretched heroes. One is deservedly shot, and the two others, credited with some redeeming points, lose whatever interest they possessed when they accept conversion to avoid death from a missionary's revolver. However vivid the scenery, I cannot follow the fate of such wretches with a pretence of sympathy.'†

* 'Robert Louis Stevenson,' by Leslie Stephen. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 48, 49.

It must be admitted that, if Sir Leslie Stephen has written with candour, he has also written with candid indiscretion, and in somewhat too much haste, for even a casual examination of 'The Ebb Tide' would have prevented him from mistaking that story for 'The Beach of Falesá,' and an examination of his authorities would have convinced him that he was doing injustice to both Mr. Colvin and to Stevenson. Sir Leslie Stephen's opinion as to the number of characters created by Stevenson, and their literary worth, may be set by as one of those critical oddities now and then met with; but when, without sufficient explanation, he makes Mr. Colvin accessory to a criticism that quite misinterprets the meaning and facts behind 'The Ebb Tide' (as they are viewed in the Pacific), there is cause for complaint.

Mr. Colvin's position is given in a note to one of Stevenson's Vailima letters. It is as follows: 'On a first reading of the incomplete MS. of "The Ebb Tide," dislike of the three rascally heroes made me unjust to the imaginative force and vividness of the treatment.' This is quite different. It was both the force and the treatment of the story to which Mr. Colvin acknowledges he did injustice, before all the manuscript was in his hands. Sir Leslie Stephen, on the other hand, has succeeded in committing the same error after the story was revised and published, yet both these literary experts seem to have based their first judgment upon the assumption that stories of South Sea life were to be estimated by European standards. The surprising thing is that caution did not restrain such expressions until they were informed upon the new facts to be reviewed, or at least had speaking acquaintance with the conditions controlling Stevenson's literary work relating to the Pacific Islands.

'The three wretched heroes,' whom Sir Leslie Stephen so dislikes that he refuses to follow their fate 'with a pretence of sympathy,' are, nevertheless, three as accurately-drawn characters as ever tramped the South Seas; such as they, and worse, have existed among

the Pacific Islands for years; and although the class is rapidly passing away, its individuals may still be seen in many of the remoter parts, not yet controlled through the outpush of commerce. Nay, such roving vagabonds, or something very like them, have been found within the past few years as far north as Honolulu, and as far south as Australia and New Zealand, but where, happily, the rule of law and order has made their stay unprofitable and transient. No defence of Stevenson's three rogues is here attempted; they heed none, being simply stubborn facts in the foreground of the story; and as such, they have been treated realistically and forcefully. It is hard to see under what principle of criticism Sir Leslie Stephen objects to a factual treatment of Island life and experiences merely because he personally dislikes the characters, and without first considering the truth or falsity of the delineature.

But the critic's inconsistency does not stop here; two pages preceding the paragraph quoted, in a quite just, and conservative, review of 'Treasure Island,' he says: 'Treasure Island, indeed, contains Silver, who, to my mind, is his most successful hero. But Silver incarnates the spirit in which the book is to be read.' It will be sufficient to point out that Stevenson's three rogues likewise incarnate the spirit in which 'The Ebb Tide' is to be read and interpreted; the essential thing that the critic here insists upon he was the first to violate almost before the ink of a former paragraph was dry. Is it not strange—nearly incredible—that the reviewer should be able to bolt a cold-blooded pirate and assassin like Captain Silver in Treasure Island, and then baulk at Captain Davis and Huish in 'The Ebb Tide'? To the candid and judicious mind both stories must be held to be true to 'the criterion of a good romance,' which Sir Leslie Stephen elsewhere lays down and accepts. But compared with 'Treasure Island,' 'The Ebb Tide' has this advantage—*it is typical of a class of cosmopolitan characters still existent in the Pacific Ocean*, some of whom evidently fell within

the novelist's experience, and were studied by him before he planned and wrote a story so trying to the nerves of more than one reviewer.

The fact is that Sir Leslie Stephen attacked the work on its invulnerable side. To most of the Islandfolk the puzzling, if not the incredible, character of the tale is Attwater, whom he somewhat prematurely calls a 'missionary.' Now, the only way this epithet could be justified, as applied to Attwater, would be by assuming that figure of speech where a part is used for the whole of the thing represented. There will appear something much like solecism if an attempt is made to classify Attwater among the known 'kinds of missionaries' residing in the Pacific Islands. Otherwise, Attwater will be found to fall into that class of characters which is one of the most curious products of Island life. But, as the character has been drawn by the novelist, Attwater becomes in truth a factitious entity embodying several traits typical of the cosmopolitan society of Oceanica; in other words, Attwater is a composite character deduced from reality, which the author has used as a literary puppet, and around which, as a central figure, he has developed the degeneracy and criminality of his three rogues.

Attwater, as a composite character, is skilfully constructed. He will fit the college hall or the drawing-room of England, or, at pleasure, he becomes typical of the pioneer and sportsman of the great West; or, again, he masquerades as the successful adventurer and pearl-diver of the South Seas; or he will sustain, with a few changes deftly made, any one of half a dozen other characters (including a touch of the missionary habit), as might have been determined by the author; but the character remains beyond a doubt the embodiment of actualities to be found in the Pacific for the seeking; and yet, when it comes to the missionaries of Oceanica, there never has been, nor probably ever will be seen in the flesh, such a religious sectary as Attwater, plus his other characteristics. In this composite character, then, lies the weakness, or rather the

inconsistency, of this fine story. But otherwise, and with all deference to the memory of Sir Leslie Stephen, it may be truthfully said that 'The Ebb Tide' carries its full share of the philosophy of life as it still runs in the South Seas.

But the principle of criticism that makes a reviewer's likes and dislikes its criterion is applied in the same paragraph to the younger brother in 'The Master of Ballantrae.' 'The younger brother,' he writes, 'who is blackmailed by the utterly reprobate Master, ought surely to be interesting instead of being simply sullen and dogged. . . . He is cramped in character because a man of any real strength would have broken the meshes upon which the story depends.' Now, this view raises that uncharitable previous question which should be made the test of criticism, as it has been long since of philosophy and religion. Why should the Master's younger brother be interesting instead of being sullen and dogged? It has been the fond belief of the reading public heretofore that Stevenson drew this character prepensely to illustrate a phase of the English law of primogeniture, and that he used it to show the development of a sullen doggedness in a younger son, arising as the direct effect of a cruel and unjust law. The case as drawn is perhaps an exceptional one, but it served the author's purpose. Hitherto there has been a belief that the character was skilfully and accurately drawn, until the public has been informed that the younger son should have been interesting, or even debonair, under the most harassing circumstances, in place of being sullen and dogged, as the facts warrant. Such criticism is certainly unjust to Stevenson's good work in both the instances cited, and it is quite unworthy of Sir Leslie Stephen's good judgment, which here seems to have been led astray by a theory capable of sacrificing both fact and deduction.

'The Wrecker' likewise failed to meet Sir Leslie Stephen's approval, if judgment is drawn from the slighting half-dozen lines in which the volume is

summed as 'a curious example of piecing together heterogeneous fragments. Moreover, a good deal of the work is the product of a feebler exercise of the fancy intercalated between the general fits of inspiration.' Here the critic takes occasion to point out defects that, without his aid, do not strike the observant reader. Nor is it clear what is meant by the phrase 'heterogeneous fragments,' as applied to 'The Wrecker,' or what is the meaning of the phrase '*general* fits of inspiration,' as applied to Stevenson's work. Such censure is not explicit. It implies more than is expressed, and certainly is not implicitly stated, for its brevity does injustice to the facts; and yet, being a dogmatic statement, it may seem astucious to some, although it falls short of a legitimate literary conclusion. 'The Wrecker' was patently an experiment in method, as set forth in the epilogue, and clearly there may be two opinions about its being an improvement on the novelist's usual straightforward manner of telling a story; but there is not sufficient ground, and perhaps less of justice, when it is viewed as a cast in letters, and declared to be a 'piecing together of heterogeneous fragments.' Nor is Sir Leslie Stephen's dictum more tenable that 'a good deal of the work is the product of a feebler exercise of the fancy intercalated between general fits of inspiration.'

As a matter of fact, there will be found little unequal writing in 'The Wrecker,' outside of the short epilogue, which was somewhat weakly conceived, if not bunglingly executed; but this defect, quite foreign to his usual exact style and literate smoothness, evidently has sprung from the experimental methods used. For in the story itself the expected defects of collaboration seem to have almost disappeared under the master's supervision, necessarily more available here, and more nearly complete than in previous cases. In fact, 'The Wrecker' shows the application of Stevenson's prudent method of collaboration to have been much more strictly applied than to 'The Ebb Tide.' In truth, it may be affirmed that, after receiving the necessary

pruning or reconstruction, the sentences of the story nowhere positively disclose the presence of Mr. Osbourne's looser style. Not only have the dregs, but the very flavour of collaboration has disappeared under Stevenson's verbal reincarnation. There can be no doubt here, for on this point the novelist is explicit, having written to his cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, the following, that fully describes the method and content of the collaboration tolerated by him :

'I, as a personal artist, can begin a character with only a haze in my head, but how if I have to translate the haze into words before I begin ? In our manner of collaboration (which I think the only possible—I mean that of one person being responsible, and giving the *coup de ponce* to every part of the work) I was spared the obvious hopeless business of trying to explain to my collaborator what *style* I wished a passage to be treated in. These are the times that illustrate to a man the inadequacy of spoken language. Now—to be just to written language—I can (or could) find a passage for my every mood, but how could I *tell* anyone beforehand what this effect was to be, which it would take every art that I possessed, and hours and hours of deliberate labour and selection and rejection to produce ?"* In the same letter Stevenson does full justice to his collaborator, and while he tells all the truth when he declares Mr. Osbourne to be 'an impressionist, pure and simple,' he adds that in writing 'The Wrecker,' 'I had the best service from him on the character of Nares.' In any event, it will not be denied that the collaboration in the volume is a distinct advance on that of 'The Ebb Tide.'

The variety of characters drawn from life and introduced into this story is also markworthy. Two of these, realistically near their living types, are personally known to many of the Islandfolk, and if the other characters in 'The Wrecker' be considered, similar types are to be found—alive and peccant—in this great ocean, who are fair, if not exact, representatives

* 'Works' (Thistle ed.), vol. xxiv., pp. 431, 432.

of the class to which they belong. They are many living in different island groups who can testify to the accurate delineation in the character of Captain Nares after a few unimportant exceptions have been noted. Mr. Balfour tells us that the portrait of Captain Otis of the yacht *Casco* is to be found in pages of 'The Wrecker'; but even without this warning anyone who is acquainted with the bluff and manly qualities of that skipper would not long remain in doubt as to the origin of the character of Captain Nares. Then, again, it needs no testimony to establish the relation between the last forty-eight hours' run of the *Casco* to Honolulu, and the sail-carrying feat performed by Captain Nares on the schooner *Norah Creina*, both resembling as they do those authentic performances of the men out of Gloucester, Massachusetts, who still go down in similar craft through storm-burdened seas to the fishing-banks off the Atlantic coast. Besides the realistic character of Nares (whose original is still within reach of the curious), there is Tommy Hadden, another familiar of Southern seas, whom Mr. Balfour again informs us finds his prototype in Mr. Jack Buckland, who was an officer on the steamer *Janet Nicoll* when she sailed from Sydney with Stevenson aboard. It is not improbable that other characters in the story are depended from life; Stevenson gives a hint of this in a remark written about Bellairs, the shyster. But however this may be, all the characters of the story are drawn true to some type of life existent at some time in the Pacific, and to this day most of them may be identified in the flesh of those adventuring or quietly living in the larger commercial or petty ports of Polynesia.

Yet the story is not a South Sea tale in the sense of 'The Beach of Falesá,' where a given phase of island manners and customs are distinctly set out, and yet it is as genuine a story of life here, if we carefully consider its multiphases; nor is it without fine touches descriptive of many oceanic conditions excluded from his preceding work by its brevity. Read over, for

instance, the well-conceived and finely-written prologue with its scene laid in the Marquesas Islands, and it will double the reader's regret that death smote this author almost before he had begun making use of his store of new material. To the imaginative mind this prologue will be found to contain suggestions for a half-dozen South Sea stories, and all within the space of a few pages, containing only some five thousand words. Here will be found bits of life and typical island habits, done into pen-pictures that will hang in the mind, like the remembrance of a famous historical painting, and, like the painting, they are found to accurately represent facts when put to the test. That many phases of South Sea life, without the greater ports of entry, smack more or less of dissoluteness and roguery can hardly be made the basis of criticism against the work of an author who writes accurately and conscientiously of things as he finds them; nor should he be condemned for neglecting to agreeably collocate his facts, so as to avoid offending the preconceptions of critics who have thus brought their views to bear on an unfamiliar literature. Happily the novelist pursued a more difficult and effective course in 'The Wrecker,' the first of a proposed series of Pacific tales, and in consequence has left us a thoroughly realistic picture of certain facts and conditions of life that, if sought out, may be found present in a greater or less degree at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Nor is it to be assumed that the work has not been skilfully performed because Stevenson has seen fit to bring certain phases of commercial speculation and crime into such artistic relation as will admit them, without the repulsive and spectacular display of the police story, into the pages of good literature. The volume under consideration contains too much exquisite writing for such a view to prevail ; the harmony of its movement, the continuance of its dramatic action, and the verbal inspiration and smoothness of the work, combine to hold the reader's interest to the

end, in the face of some patent deficiencies in the plan of the story. Besides, the pages are frequently illuminated with gem-like bits that at a stroke serve the demands of description, and include the art of mental suggestion; and it matters little, if at all, about an author's method, or its lack, when he can fill a volume after Stevenson's habit, and make it interesting despite obstacles.

Take one instance of many to be found in 'The Wrecker,' that which heralds the coming of dangerous weather: 'We lay our course; we had been doing over eight [knots] since nine the night before; and I drew a heavy breath of satisfaction. And then I know not what odd and wintry appearance of the sea and sky knocked suddenly at my heart. I observed the schooner to look more than usually small, the men silent and studious of the weather. Nares, in one of his rusty humours, afforded me no shadow of a morning salutation. He, too, seemed to observe the behaviour of the ship with an intent and anxious scrutiny. What I liked still less, Johnson himself was at the wheel, which he span busily, often with a visible effort; and as the seas ranged up behind us, black and imminent, he kept casting behind him eyes of animal swiftness, and drawing in his neck between his shoulders, like a man dodging a blow. From these signs I gathered that all was not exactly for the best; and I would have given a good handful of dollars for a plain answer to the questions which I dared not put.'

One of the literary features of this bit of word-painting is its truth to local conditions. The dangers of the Pacific are as capricious as they are unlike those of other oceans; and no otherwhere will those peculiar atmospheric changes, preceding danger, knock so suddenly and strangely at the mariner's heart; and there is no one that has sailed through this delightful but treacherous sea who has not felt an ecstasy of fear and suspense when the seas ranged 'black and imminent' over the taffrail, threatening destruction. It is true there are to be found some minor errors

among many pages of excellent writing; but after admitting all such, and acknowledging that the plan of the story might have been improved upon, there will be found few readers to concur in the bald statement quoted from Sir Leslie Stephen's essay. And the few errors will be deemed of little moment when the excellence of the whole is brought within an unbiassed mental focus. Who indeed has written a volume without errors? Who will?

Yet there is a peculiarity about the blemishes spoken of which should be noted, as they mostly arise from prejudice, ignorance of fact, or lack of experience; and although greatly less in degree, they will be found to be sprung from causes much like those attending Stevenson's political missteps in Samoa. A few examples, briefly put, will serve for illustration. The introduction of a sample of British journalism in the ninth chapter, with a paragraph announcing 'Further Particulars' tacked on the end, after the English manner, and offered as the product of an American reporter in San Francisco, entirely fails to square with the methods and fashion of journalism in the cities on the Pacific coast. In Chapter XII. the Yankee captain, Nares, is made to fall to at breakfast, where he 'passed half an hour in stowing away pie, and devoutly wishing himself back in San Francisco.' The novelist should have been informed that the American sailor-man is not in the habit of *eating pie for breakfast*, no matter whatever he may do at dinner and supper. Then the wrecking proceedings aboard the *Flying Scud* are entirely opposed to Yankee wrecking methods in the Pacific, especially where a poor bargain had been made, as in this case, and it becomes necessary to save everything possible.

Suppose it was known, or believed, that there was opium concealed aboard; a company of San Francisco wreckers, who would be fully informed on the ways and means of opium-hiding, certainly would not have broken up a vessel, deliberately and improvidently, that could have been easier floated, thus saving the

treasure and all. In Chapter XV. it is not until the vessel is virtually ruined that it suddenly dawns on the wreckers that they would find the opium *where it should have been looked for at first*—namely, in the boluses of rice. But in this case the error has both width and depth, and the wreckers proceed, without even the suggestion of prudence, to destroy ten thousand dollars' worth of rice, at the Honolulu price, in order to secure about five thousand dollars' worth of opium ! Why, indeed, did the wreckers throw away one hundred and fifty tons of good clean rice, which could have been transferred to the *Norah Creina* and sold at Honolulu, after it had been searched at leisure ?

In the next chapter the *Norah Creina* is made to lie to, in the daytime, under the lee of Waimanalo Point, on the island of Oahu, and directly in the view of the look-out at the Government signal-station ; here the vessel lay until night before proceeding to her rendezvous. It is true it is stated that the Customs officials were duly bribed, but the point was overlooked that after a strange vessel is reported through a thousand telephones, and her arrival has necessarily reached the offices of all the heads of Government departments in Honolulu, not a Custom-house officer would have dared risk doing else than his duty by seizing the vessel. All bribes under the circumstance would have been called off, and warning would have been given not to land the opium at all, or at some other time. The story as it stands does not conform to the methods of opium-smuggling as it has been practised for many a year in Hawaii. The truth is that, estimated by facts, the entire opium transaction of the story is somewhat out of joint with existent conditions. Add to these blemishes, unimportant as they are to the real merits of the story, that other one, wherein the Americans in the tale are made to fall into that peculiar English habit of repeatedly shaking hands during ordinary conversation, and upon the slightest pretexts, and the reader will be able to realize in some degree how hard it is to write without error of those

whose habits and manners fail to conform with our own experiences in life.

Stevenson's verse written after 1888 must be briefly considered, and at the beginning it may be pointed out that his prose so far excels his poetry that one almost fails to see his need for writing verse at all, except that it were for the mere pleasure and recreation of the task. Nothing can be more certain than the fact of his unequalled prose containing capacities and capabilities far beyond that of his muse. In truth, his verse is everywhere eclipsed by the brilliancy of his prose composition, and his poems must, therefore, stand as an indication of his versatility rather than as a mark of his excellence as a poet. And yet his poems contain much tenderness, and they are always graceful; but it will be admitted that in the majority of cases his verse falls below the merits of his prose, showing less product of the imagination, and, unlike his prose, being mostly unsuggestive of thoughts and ideas not explicitly set forth in words. At the same time, his verse shows an intellectual quality not to be despised; nor is it to be understood, because his poems as a whole may not reach the high plane of his prose composition, that they are to be treated as work inferior to that of contemporaries of the same class. Yet an examination soon discloses that his poetry revolves around no high poetic thought, represents no great movement in human development, and carries but little depth of philosophy between its lines; and, with one or two exceptions, it fails in touching our deeper feelings; but his verse everywhere discloses the same deftness in condensed descriptive writing noticeable throughout his prose.

His poetry contains both imagination and fancy, but it is the fancy of the lyric order that predominates; and his imagination cannot be said to take those higher flights which mark the presence of the great poet. But a great poet Stevenson has never claimed to be, and he has gone the length of characterizing the product of his muse as a 'hatful of verses.' Yet his poetry certainly is more than this, and much of

his work in this phase will be able to stand upon its merits, notably 'A Child's Garden of Verses,' and the lyrics in Scots, comprising the second book of 'Underwoods.' At least these two divisions of his poetry are living verse, containing that element which appeals directly to the heart of youth and age. It is true the emotional element is largely absent from his lines, but with many this will not be considered as detracting from the style or merit of his poems. On the other part, we must not overlook the recurrence of crudities, which seldom are found in his more nearly perfect prose. These crudities sometimes appear in the metrical construction or in the rhythm, and sometimes they are seen in imperfect statements that seem to lower considerably the mental value of the production when compared with his more virile prose. His verse, then, cannot be called the ideal form of his art of writing, because here we find him constantly hampered by the limitations and requirements of the poetic art; and his genius, while composing his verses, took on so subtile a quality that it refused to follow the strict literary laws and restraints of versification, which in his case limited mental action.

Yet in his prose composition he made use of many of the rhetorical aids and mind-flights of the poet to an extent that often lured his prose across the slopes of Helicon; in fact, there are instances where his prose is much more poetical than his verse. Take, for convenience, that delicate tribute written in May, 1889, in the album of the little Hawaiian Princess, Kaiulani, and the note following it will be found to be the real poem, despite its garment of prose.

> 'Forth from her land to mine she goes,
> The island maid, the island rose,
> Light of heart and bright of face:
> The daughter of a double race.
> Her islands here, in Southern sun,
> Shall mourn their Kaiulani gone,
> And I, in her dear banyan shade,
> Look vainly for my little maid.

But our Scots islands far away
Shall glitter with unwonted day,
And cast for once their tempests by
To smile in Kaiulani's eye.

'HONOLULU.

'Written in April to Kaiulani, in the April of her age, and at Waikiki, within easy walk of Kaiulani's banyan. When she comes to my land and her father's, and the rain beats upon the window (as I fear it will), let her look at this page ; it will be like a weed gathered and pressed at home, and she will remember her own islands, and the shadow of the mighty tree, and she will hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk and the wind blowing in the palms, and she will think of her father sitting there alone.—R. L. S.'

Now, the poem itself is full of quaint grace, notwithstanding the compliment it contains is conventional and somewhat trite, for Stevenson could do no ill writing; yet the real poem, both in conception and execution, will be found in the note, permeated as it is with the fine fire of emotional imagination condensed in a few brief lines, and breathing the pathos of the homesick heart over far seas.

It has already been stated that the ballads—namely, 'The Song of Rahero' and 'The Feast of Famine'—were largely experiments in composition to aid their author in determining the limits of Polynesian legends as literature. Both the ballads, in fact, show this, for he seems to have picked up the first metre that came to mind, evidently some recollection of Swinburne's verse. He might have selected a more suitable measure for expressing the abruptness of Polynesian manners, but hardly could he have selected a better to express the monotonous cadence and languorous existence of Island life. Neither of the ballads shows the artistic finish of his prose work, but if considered as experiments in legendary verse in a new field, they may with judgment be placed in the highest class.

And while over both there appears to hang what Stevenson, while writing of 'The Ebb Tide,' aptly called a 'haze of words,' yet there is never that obscurity of expression present which so frequently disfigures this kind of verse.

There are, in fact, instances in his poetry written in the Pacific that come very near the high, if somewhat difficult, poetic plane where the critics have been pleased to place what they call 'true,' or 'absolute,' poetry, whatever that may be. One of these little poems called 'Tropic Rain' lies so near the heart of Nature there will be found few excerpts of descriptive English verse equalling it in exactness and truth, as Island dwellers in the Pacific will fully agree. The somewhat daring rhetorical figure of the first couplet is justified in this instance by the splendid description of the brief but violent tropic storm following, and whoever has once experienced one of those tropic downpours in the Pacific will find no difficulty in recalling the rain that 'laughed and leaped on the roofs of men.' Usually in the temperate zone we are warned by familiar signs of coming storms, but the unexpected finding of a tropical rain-storm in the South Seas is always a new, and sometimes startling, experience. As likely as not it will spring unheralded from a summer sky, chasing you to shelter without parley. At other times it will steal upon you like a marauder in the night, deafening you with its steady din, only interrupted by still more terrorizing bursts and wilder cries. But in most instances it is of brief duration, falling upon you like a passion, and deserting you like a benefit; and ere you are aware the near world is shining again, while the storm is shedding its anger afar on the sea, and the neighbouring mountains soon thrust wet heads through the dissolving mists. Even the memory of that wild downpour will cause 'the sleepers to spring in their beds.'

The reader acquainted with the South Seas will not fail to note the accuracy of the description given in the poems written on island scenes. It may be true

that some of these will fall below the established poetic standards, but all are readable. Stevenson's valedictory to his savage poet-friend, called 'The Home of Tembinoka,' belongs to this class, yet there are three fine lines here that it will be hard to equal, as the following from the close of the *envoi* will show :

> 'Night after night, in the open hall of dance,
> Shall thirty matted men, to the clapped hand,
> Intone and bray and bark.'

Could any but a master of English and most skilful artist have thus concentrated the substance of a barbaric dance into as few words as true to Nature and exact to locality ? Writing of this kind is a literary feat not to be silently passed by. Charles Warren Stoddard took several pages of his delightful 'South Sea Idylls' in which to describe in prose a similar Hawaiian dance, and probably with no greater effect. Or read 'The Woodman,' a poem written out of Stevenson's life at Vailima. You find it filled with fine bits of description, yet the poem itself must be read as a whole to be fully appreciated, and it is improbable that anything better has been written describing an island forest in the tropics. Take its opening lines for illustration in part :

> 'In all the grove, nor stream nor bird
> Nor aught beside my blows was heard,
> And the woods wore their noonday dress—
> The glory of their silentness.
> From the island summit to the seas,
> Trees mounted, and trees dropped, and trees
> Grouped upward in the gaps. The green
> Inarboured talus and ravine
> By fathoms. By the multitude
> The rugged columns of the wood
> And bunches of the branches stood :
> Thick as a mob, deep as a sea,
> And silent as eternity.'

Or the following lines will be found equal to some of Longfellow's work, which is at once called to mind :

'Here also sound thy fans, O God,
Here too thy banners move abroad :
Forest and city, sea and shore,
And the whole world thy threshing-floor !
The drums of war, the drums of peace,
Roll through our cities without cease,
And all the iron halls of life
Ring with the unremitting strife.'

The sixth poem in the 'Songs of Travel' also distinctly reminds one of Longfellow, as will be seen by perusal :

'The infinite shining heavens
Rose and I saw in the night
Unaccountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

'I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

'Night after night in my sorrow
The stars stood over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.'

Yet from the strict point of view Stevenson cannot be said to have attempted poetry otherwise than as a recreation from his more strenuous labours. It will also be noted that most of his verse written in the Pacific was of a personal nature, so that nearly every poem takes on the colouring of his present surroundings.* He writes to his friend, Mr. Sidney Colvin, in heart-longing verses preceded by the following twelve lines of South Sea description, at present unequalled :

'I heard the pulse of the besieging sea
Throb far away all night. I heard the wind
Fly crying and convulse tumultuous palms.
I rose and strolled. The isle was all bright sand,
And flailing fans and shadows of the palm ;
The heaven all moon and wind and the blind vault ;
The keenest planet slain, for Venus slept.

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* See Note E.

> The king, my neighbour, with his host of wives
> Slept in the precinct of the palisade;
> Where single, in the wind, under the moon,
> Among the slumbering cabins, blazed a fire,
> Sole street-lamp and the only sentinel.'

Or he presents a pearl to the dissolute monarch of Hawaii, accompanied by a quasi-sonnet of much grace, which is read on the occasion. Or he writes a leaf in the little red plush album of the departing Princess Kaiulani, which filled her eyes with tears, as the verses have filled many an eye since in the Eight Islands. And in all of his dainty verse there will be found much to admire and nothing to regret; in the latter regard his poetry differs from some of his predecessors, and certainly from many of the accepted poetic models.

But there is one poem in the collection in which the novelist reaches the higher plane, or comes very near it. In this poem, however, his strength and success lay largely in the subject, which lifted him beyond habit and transported his muse to the gardens of the gods. The verses referred to were written in reply to the dedication of 'The Stickit Minister' by Mr. S. R. Crockett, and of Stevenson's many creditable poems, this may easily be called the best:

> 'Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
> Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
> Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
> My heart remembers how!
>
> 'Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
> Standing stones on the vacant vine-red moor,
> Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
> And winds austere and pure.
>
> 'Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
> Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
> Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
> And hear no more at all.'

The sentiment of these exquisite lines may not affect all men alike, nor be equally praised, yet the depth of retrospective feeling that they contain, the tender,

descriptive word-picturing, the purity of the diction employed, and the fulness of their homely philosophy, —which, like religion, however, falls short in presence of the great death-mystery—together with the cry of longing at the close—never to be fulfilled—make them, perhaps, the finest three stanzas of their kind to be found in recent English literature ; and there certainly is a universal sentiment expressed in the lines, which makes their author the friend and brother of men born to die. Without having the weaknesses of Goldsmith, Stevenson happily possessed all his amiable qualities ; and, like Goldsmith, he died beloved of men, and adored by his intimates and friends.

CHAPTER XIII

UNFINISHED AND PROJECTED WORK

I

HERE a prefatory word will be in place, inasmuch as the present outline of the novelist's life and work in the Pacific virtually closes with the last chapter. However, it may not be out of taste to add a few notes on his unfinished and projected work; and certainly it will not be inappropriate to mention some of those personal traits of the dead author which were largely the source of his popularity throughout the Island world. To this end it becomes necessary to examine casually the various estimates of his character and work which have been made from time to time by the Islandfolk, together with such influences as have aided in shaping the view of Stevenson that prevails in Polynesia. Such a course becomes imperative, if we are to form a just and equitable judgment of the man Stevenson in the presence of the kaleidoscopic phases of local life existent in his time, as in ours.

That there should be made as various estimates on the subject as there are classes of white men domiciled in this cosmopolitan sea will not be thought outlandish, or even queer; but that Stevenson should immediately become popular, or, at least, be highly esteemed and respected by all classes, suggests, to those acquainted with Oceanica, a picture with some exceeding peculiar social conditions in the background, whereon appear the most amiable personal qualities of the novelist. Some of the more prominent lines in the mental picture will

perhaps bear further shading without failing to interest the reader. For instance, it is worth remembering that while Stevenson made many political and religious opponents here, he left few, if any, enemies in the Island world. This esteem and appreciation by the cosmopolite Islanders was largely due to the amiability of the man Stevenson, just as the storm of religious and political opposition that he raised in the North, as well as in the South Pacific, was almost entirely due to the eccentric personality of the author Stevenson, who was not yet in touch with his facts. The strange thing is this: that as far as known there is on record an isolated instance of unjust anonymous attack, and another where his memory has been censured with malice prepense; but with both exceptions the Island folk have refused to accept quirkish retort, tart irony, and patent calumny, as substitutes for the worth and honesty already recognised in the novelist and his work.

Here, then, his opponents drew no aid from the errors and eccentricities of the writer Stevenson; for all men were warned by the author himself of his frequent mistakes since his arrival; and yet, in spite of his errors, they loved him, even though all recognised that he would probably repeat these again and again; but to them it mattered not that he had erred, and might again, in dealing with those political and social questions long since arisen between Polynesians and the domiciled foreigners. The Islandfolk understood that he had misinterpreted to a certain extent the facts and conditions around him, and they were willing to admit that similar indiscretions of authorship might continue for an indefinite period, and still they loved the man, and retained their esteem for the author. But at the same time it must be grasped in mind that the Islanders clearly discerned that Stevenson's pigmy errors were as naught beside his giant pioneering in this new field of letters. They saw with the cosmopolitan's keenness of vision that the beneficial influences he diffused wherever he visited would be felt many a year, and the effect seen in future literary effort with scenes

laid in the Pacific ; for is not his name to this day a household word, and are not his works to be found on the bookshelves of every island home ? Nay, is not the man Stevenson enshrined in a hundred islands within thousands of hearts that remain quick and sympathetic memorials to his memory and honour ?

II

'St. Ives' is the longest fragment left by Stevenson. Shortly before his death he had written and mostly revised thirty chapters, leaving an outline of the remainder, by which Mr. Quiller-Couch dextrously and agreeably finished the tale. From the literary side, Mr. Quiller-Couch's task (of adding the last six chapters) was a deal harder performance than Stevenson's creation of the first thirty ; yet it must be admitted that he has overcome the difficulty present with a most commendable knack, and without serious attempt at imitation—a fault too often seen in this style of friendly auxiliary. The first four periods of Mr. Quiller-Couch's work might well pass, with exacting persons, for his predecessor's writing, but thereafter he falls into his own pace, and keeps it to the end. Perhaps it had been better had he not repeated expressions previously used by Stevenson ; for these, at the hand of another, however able, somehow grate on the ear of a sensitive reader ; yet this is of small importance when the auxiliar's exceeding difficult work is considered as a whole. Except that it was written at Samoa, the volume is quite unconnected with the Pacific, and will not be commented on, except casually. The story, in truth, contains several characters, better drawn and more ably sustained than the hero and heroine, as any reader will soon discover. St. Ives and Flora Gilchrist are well enough, as far as they go, but most persons will agree that Mr. Anne St. Ives, with his Scottish sweetheart, are rather commonplace lovers, while everyone will freely admit that both are indeed

good at an adventure. But perhaps most will decide that St. Ives' forte is, after all, the versatility wherewith he manages to keep the story moving ; yet at all times it will be seen that he is little more than the central puppet of a somewhat spectacular plan, which seems to have been carried to an extreme in the balloon ascension scene.

But there are other characters much better drawn and far more creditable to authorship, as portraitures of real life, than this interesting pair of adventurous lovers. Take, for example, the aunt of the heroine—a strong and stern, but indulgent Scotch lady, with calm good sense and quick judgment predominating—a rarity in the passing show of life. Or take the laughable, indefatigable Mr. Rowley, who, by the way, turns out quite the best bit of the finishing chapters. Or consider the austere and dignified Daniel Romaine, solicitor of London city, and his brother practitioner of Edinburgh town, Mr. Robbie, a student of heraldry—both honourable gentlemen, warm-hearted and generous (whose names fit them as aptly as though they had been selected by Dickens), and both exceptionally upright and honest, although of the unpalatable profession of the law. But perhaps the best of all is Mrs. MacRankine, the Edinburgh landlady, who first suspicioned, then abused, and finally aided St. Ives and Rowley in their hours of trial and necessity ; at all times she is a fine feminine kernel in the rough Scotch husk. Or, if one desires a wine-bibbing scoundrel who trades on the necessities and misfortunes of others, let Mr. Burchell Fenn be commended.

In the characters mentioned, as in others, there is a deal of life-drawing of the flesh-and-blood type, where all is legitimate realism without shadow of the literary cant and moral palliation, too often met with in books of this kind ; and yet the characters are of the same kind that can be found to this day in their places in the world. Once there is a dash of pathos, a thing that Stevenson seldom uses, and here it appears in sharp contrast, because not overdrawn. It will be found in

the fourteenth chapter, at the description and death of 'the old soldier of the Empire,' who broke his parole to flee to his daughter's sick-bed that he was never to reach.

But in conformity with Stevenson's best work, 'St. Ives' is largely composed of episodical occurrences hung on what may be called the faintest trace of a plot, although as the story develops it will be found that they are so closely interwoven that the whole is always deeply interesting, either as adventures or character studies, and not unfrequently as both, as in the adventure of the attorney's clerk; or laughable, as in the adventure of the runaway couple; or grim and terrible, as in the duel with a divided pair of scissors, fought naked in the dark prison shed to avoid detection through their blood-stained clothing.

But foremost of the fragments must be placed 'Weir of Hermiston.' This is truly a splendid beginning of much promise, although the eight chapters and a fragment which we have are likely in the first draft as dictated, and take the reader no further than the threshold of the story. Yet they are enough to disclose powerful, indicative, masterly writing that makes us long to know what the volume would have been had Fate permitted its completion; but there is more than enough to assure us that, in the 'Weir' completed, we should have beheld the conflict of those passionate and sometimes violent phases of existence found where (as Stevenson himself has finely phrased it) 'duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple.'

From the brief outline of the story left by the author, supplemented by the collated facts in Mr. Sidney Colvin's interesting and suggestive editorial note following the fragment, it is clear that no one can avoid recognising that the story would have contained the necessary conflict between purpose and will-power, which are the life-elements wherefrom are developed the vital forces of all dramatic and tragic fiction of a high order. In fact, so nearly allied is much of Stevenson's work with the old epic forms, which were

based largely on adventure and character portrayal, that it will not be contrary to the modern view to denominate as the beginning of a prose epic this piece of masterly work which so palpably displays the genuine dramaturgic faculty.

That Stevenson believed the story would be his literary climacteric is drawn from his correspondence, and more especially from the letter to Mr. Baxter, wherein he says that he expected 'Weir of Hermiston' to be his *masterpiece*. This, however, is the loose, if popular, use of the term, implying that an author can have but one masterpiece—a view hardly in accord with the recognised definitions of the word, and certainly contradictory of the great mental conceptions of those authors, painters, and sculptors who have been credited individually with one or more masterpieces by the discriminating public. The fact is that with the expansion of letters in the last fifty years, and the consequent multiplication of books and periodicals, the term *masterpiece* has become the editorial hackney of many publishers and some reviewers, until it is now too often used quite beyond its legitimate meaning; in consequence, the word has been subjected to imposition and abuse, like its equine analogon of the London streets; but this is no reason why we should follow those who go to another extreme, with the claim that masterpieces are a rarity even among writers of genius.

Any piece of literature, or art work, showing the master's hand to a degree that makes the production singular, is by consent called a 'masterpiece.' Under this established view an author might produce a number of masterpieces, the ability, length of life, and the retention of the faculties being allowed. Or, if the term is more narrowly construed, a single piece of work, like 'Othello,' may contain two or more such masterpieces, as are to be seen in the characters of the Moor and Iago. He would be a brave critic, for instance, who would pick out of Shakespeare's plays his masterpiece of dramaturgic art! Many similar

instances will be recalled by the reader, which will as clearly show that, while 'Weir of Hermiston' would probably have been Stevenson's literary climacteric, there would be left, among other fine productions, his exceptional volumes, 'Treasure Island,' 'The Master of Ballantrae,' and 'The Beach of Falesá.' Whoso, then, inadvertently makes the two-fold classification of 'work and masterwork' falls parlous near injustice to the books of famous men past and present.

Yet 'Weir of Hermiston,' without being singled as the masterpiece of Stevenson, will take rank as the foremost and most impressive literary fragment of modern times; this much is warranted by intrinsic evidence indicating the highest plane reached by the novelist. Up to this point there will be no dissent even after serious inquest; but there are those who will demur when asked to follow some of the recent comments of men of letters, which show a marked tendency to belittle some of Stevenson's best work that was nearly or quite coetaneous; and in one instance at least this has been done to the end that 'Weir of Hermiston' might be speculatively extolled with a few periods of antithetic rhetoric. On the other hand, as Mr. Sidney Colvin has judiciously pointed out, the plan of every work of imagination, like the 'Weir,' is subject to so many unexpected changes before completion, owing to inevitable mental deviation from the lines originally traced, that literary speculation of this kind is without specific base, while conjecture is nigh the impossible.

From the Islanders' view, as reflected by those who knew the novelist and his later work intimately and sympathetically, there seems as little reason in assuming what has been gratuitously called 'the perfect novel,' as a standard for comparing this work, as there is in assuming (as has been done) that in any given prior work he reached his lowest literary plunge, while in this latest fragment he rose to his greatest height; for really it is not yet made clear to the many island readers of his delightful volumes that his con-

demned work relating to the Pacific is not quite as true to the life conditions, within its geographical class, as 'Weir of Hermiston' is true of certain phases of human nature under a distant and dissimilar distribution of our human-kind.

Of the remaining fragmentary tales, it will not be necessary to comment further than to say, that while they give promise of not falling below the plane of his previous work, yet they show no indication of the higher literary reach of the 'Weir.' To this view the 'Heathcat,' had it been finished, might have proved an exception; but it is probable, from the few facts that now can be gleaned, that it would not have taken higher than a middle place between his usual story of adventure and 'Weir of Hermiston.'

III

No more powerfully than in his essays has been depicted Stevenson's capacity for writing interestingly on the most diverse subjects. Open these volumes where you will, the charm of his words and the weight of his thought fix the attention, and soon enwrap the reader's mind. For this reason it is natural that those who have learned to love his literary art should feel keen disappointment and regret that he left unfinished a proposed new series of essays, whereof we have the rough drafts of two only; and these but serve to quicken our regret, as both fragments are full of promise, and are filled with that calm serenity of thought that tones the background of authorship as the age of fifty is neared or passed—and this is directly true of the fragment called 'Random Memories.' The perusal of this exquisite fragment seems to lay our heads on the author's breast, until we can hear his great heart beating in sympathy with our life and our childhood. 'Through what little channels,' he begins, 'by what hints and premonitions, the consciousness of the man's art dawns first on the child, it should be

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not only interesting but instructive to inquire. A matter of curiosity to-day, it will become the ground of science to-morrow. From the mind of childhood there is more history and more philosophy to be fished up than from all the printed volumes in a library. The child is conscious of an interest, not in literature, but in life. A taste for the precise, the adroit, or the comely in the use of words, comes late; but long before that he has enjoyed in books a delightful dress-rehearsal of experience.'

It is safe to say there are few authors in the world who would have conceived the thought as it lies here, or who, having conceived it, would have found such agreeable expression for so staring a scientific fact—an expression that transforms it into a literary bit that will long haunt the mind of the appreciative reader. For such a reader the fragment is filled with beauty and information, and every paragraph is replete with thought that more endears Stevenson to mind and heart than would pages of literary fanfares and personal praise; for does not every word there written touch the heart of the man because it lays bare the heart of the child? If Darwin or Spencer had possessed Stevenson's finished power of expression, how much more popular and convincing to the average man would have been their suggestive, far-reaching volumes! But they lacked what he possessed, while he lacked their power in analyzing the crude materials underlying scientific philosophy. The familiar theory that the perfect book will be the result of years of development is here suggested to the mind, if but partially justified.

In passing to his further contemplated work, it may be pointed out that his projected treatise on ethics was quite improperly named, as it is certainly not a treatise on morals in the technical sense, being, in fact, but a series of essays on phases of moral teachings, wherein the author's personal preferences and opinions, together with some keen comment, are set out in terse English, under the caption of lay morals. In the

note preceding the fragment, Mr. Sidney Colvin informs us that the four chapters left contain much essentially characteristic of Stevenson's mind. This is quite true, but he might have added with equal force that the fragment contains little, if anything, characterizing a modern treatise on ethics. From what he has left us, it is plain that the novelist was quite unfitted for writing on morals from the point of view of scientific philosophy, or otherwise than as he has in the fragment we have, which amounts to a series of popular essays, embracing certain phases of man's moral nature.

We are now come to his projected work, wherein the author contemplated reproducing some of those startling phases of active life to be found in the Pacific Ocean. His plan was for a prose tragedy, or a prose epic, with his favourite Polynesians as the basis, and these, there is little doubt, he would have set face to face with certain of those extremes of Pacific life which are so real and startling that they leave a lasting impression on the passing stranger ; and if the Island-folk seem to have grown familiar with such conditions, it must be remembered that in time these have become the woof of daily experience until they see nothing abnormal or even peculiar therein.

That Stevenson contemplated such a work has been stated already. That he has left so little information concerning its scope and character is our misfortune.* There is scarcely a doubt, however, that the whole trend of his labours relating to the Pacific pointed to this end. Experimenting to the hour of his death, like the literary chemist that he was, he gradually extracted secrets from his new materials, which ultimately were designed to put force into a masterpiece reflecting our Island life, all its beauty and travail, its meritorious deeds, and innumerable misdemeanours, and flagrant crimes—the veritable tragedy of the Polynesians who are fated to go down before the calm, if cruel and ruthful advance of Western civilization.

* See Chapter VI.

No author than he was better fitted for the task, and he would have taken up the work with love and pity for the Polynesians in his heart, which we may hope would not have lessened his leaning toward the equity due to his white brethren ; and this more favourable attitude would have increased with his years of experience. To the Islandfolk there seems no doubt that, had he lived to finish this work, it would have been clearer to all that much of his previous writings laid in the Pacific were but experimental preludes fixing the literary pitch, and giving tone to local conditions; for has not Stevenson himself, in writing to Mr. Sidney Colvin, already told us that thus far he had 'scarce touched the outskirts of the life we have been viewing, a hot-bed of strange characters and incidents!'

And here we can take a hint from what he has told us he intended to make of the story of 'Sophia Scarlet.' In 'The Ebb Tide' and 'The Beach of Falesá' he has given us two differing phases of South Sea life in the same class—namely, types of the roving adventurer and of the roving white trader. But in 'Sophia Scarlet' it is clear, from his letter to Mr. Colvin in 1892,* that he proposed experimenting with new and more complex conditions of Island life; and this time he evidently wished to deal directly with the translated foreigner, placed in contact with savage surroundings. Nor did he intend to confine his story to a single character, but to extend his plan to include the family, and even the small colony of planters, a class throughout Oceanica typical of a part of the white population.

In this projected story it was clearly his intention to treat of the absorbing question of plantation labour, whereunder the commercial instinct becomes strongly developed by the promptings of personal greed. This he would have turned into a 'strong undercurrent,' as he has expressed it. It is not impossible that the evils of 'blackbirding'† would have been sharply

* 'Vailima Letters' (Thi tle ed.), pp. 117, 118.

† See Note F.

criticised; so that the statement that there would have been ten or more characters in the story makes it probable that he designed bringing forward other phases of plantation life and native existence in the South Seas quite as dramatic and exciting. In any event, knowing what we do of his working habit, may we not conclude that 'Sophia Scarlet' and 'The Go-Between' (another story laid in the Pacific) were but further steps toward his greater work on Island life, wherein he would have epitomized, probably in a single volume, the many characteristics and peculiarities of life in Oceanica?

That he contemplated such a work there is no doubt. The task, however, must be admitted to be a gigantic one, to which he seemed to be carefully feeling his way. Such a proposal coming from the average author would have been received by the Islandfolk with a smile of incredulity; but coming from Stevenson, whose literary gauge they knew, the plan would have been taken as a matter of course. Believing him to be a genius of the higher type, the Islandfolk fully appreciated that when death claimed him, he was ready and able to repeat in island themes those literary triumphs which had made him famous in older lands.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW

I

PROBABLY no man, certainly no author, was more widely and favourably known throughout the Pacific than Stevenson, and it may be added that his popularity was due as much to his personal qualities as to the effect of his writings. The fact that his name was as familiar in Australia and Hawaii as in Samoan Vailima shows that his prestige was confined to no one locality; for like reason his influence as man and author had taken root wherever civlization had planted its cluster of island homes.

In older countries, where population has grown dense, and the life struggle has become strenuous, the tendency is toward the absorption of the individual by the teeming multitude, whence the man of genius emerges with an effort; but in the Pacific, where competition is at most spasmodic, and hence less dangerous, the case is different. Here the man of parts and energy soon becomes known of all men, and an amiable genius like Stevenson was at once hailed with that affectionate and familiar acclaim extended to an elder brother. Nor were his fame and popularity restricted to the foreign residents, for in all the islands reached by the inflow of civilization the novelist and his work were the familiar knowledge of the aborigines. For example, it would be difficult to find a native Hawaiian in the Eight Islands who has not heard of the famous writer of tales, and who was not more or

less influenced by his plans for the restoration and protection of Polynesian tribes.

If, then, his name was, as it is to this day, so familiar within a radius of more than two thousand miles from his Samoan home, how much more intimately must it have been known in those islands where he threw himself with all his mental energy into the defence of a policy that he hoped would result in the re-establishment of tribal claims, wherein he went to the extent of demanding of the treaty Powers that they should recognise the impolitic schemes and impractical desires of that Arcadian savage, Mataafa! But there was another phase of his Pacific life which differed widely from conditions elsewhere. In Oceanica he was known by reputation to all, and to very many (perhaps to a majority in the more advanced groups) through personal acquaintance, if not by frequent association—a condition to be considered, because it would be an impossibility in England or the United States.

Yet in estimating his influence with the Samoans we must use caution by determining the attitude of Polynesians in general toward domiciled foreigners. In most, if not all, of the islands where the natives have come in contact with civilized men there has been easily traced a latent undercurrent of hypocrisy directing a policy of savage cunning and egotism; and not unfrequently this attitude is accompanied by a callous ingratitude for past benefits quite unforeseen by the Roman Seneca, and certainly not provided for by modern authors. It is a sociological fact that the average Polynesian will be the white man's friend (or pretend to be) just as long as he can reap some immediate benefit, or hope for some future profit from the connection, *and no longer.*

As individuals, the Polynesians are too fickle and indolent to be depended on in affairs either personal or national. This racial defect has been emphasized time and again in those islands where resident foreigners have championed the native cause against the push

and crowding of the civilized element. Through such and similar practical tests it was soon learned that a beneficial promise, or a small open gift (of goods or money), will induce the average Polynesian to desert his own or an espoused cause temporarily; and the most discouraging feature is that those whom he deserts will welcome him at his return without considering the immoral element involved in his action and in theirs.

Nor is it difficult to understand this semi-savage attitude, when we remember that in politics the Polynesians are urged by their inclinations and surroundings to become the spoilers of the white men whenever and wherever the chance offers. The Polynesian is by nature the veritable prodigal of the South Seas in politics, in religion, and in commerce, as in the useful industries. Yea, he may be depended on to return and eat of the fatted calf with his brethren, but at this point he is so far provident that he heeds the feast is made toothsome at the cost of some neighbouring white Egyptian of political or religious repute—and then as a rule the Polynesian is ready for another coat-turning and another feast.

Now, had Stevenson lived long enough in the Pacific, he had reached the point where he would have felt the necessity (as all do in time) of modifying his indulgent views of the Polynesians, yet by that time he would have recognised that he was no exception to the rule and habit of the Islandfolk. It is a matter of notoriety in the Pacific that the Polynesians, with great show of sincerity, will admire, love, and reverence any white man who espouses their cause, and defends, against the thrift and progress of civilized men, the native expectation and demand of plenty in idleness. It matters not whether the foreigner who leads them—*for they must be led*—be a man of literary ability and attainment, like Stevenson, or some adventurous scalawag. All this is one to a Polynesian chieftain and his following, for as soon as their present desires are satisfied they will turn their helper the cold

shoulder, and know him no more, until interest again prompts or necessity drives. But there is another side to the Polynesian character that is equally as discouraging—to point out a fault is to lose a Polynesian's friendship, while to reprimand him as an individual, or criticise him as a nation, is to win his latent enmity, if not open hostility, which he takes care to display thereafter at every turn of island affairs.

There have been and are exceptions to these general statements, yet exceptional cases of personal friendship between natives and whites will be found to rest either on some condition of Polynesian dependence, as in the household of Stevenson at Vailima, or be determined by religious influences, as seen in the mission work of the churches. But experience proves that these and like instances are subject to unexpected fluctuations, to frequent retrocessions, and often to practical extinction. On his part Stevenson was honest, sincere, and steadfast in his attitude toward the Polynesians, and so he would have remained until further experiences disclosed the industrial limits to which he must have confined his pro-Polynesian theory, provided that the natives were to receive any practical aid from his influence and effort.

II

The lesson to be learned was nearly as old as the Pacific, and it is always learned sooner or later, although not always admitted, by the most ardent admirers of the Polynesian race. It is beyond doubt, in the novelist's case, that his authorcraft had to do with the extent and weight of his influence throughout the Pacific, and it has been urged locally that, had he lived, he might have proved a partial exception to the rule that newcomers finally narrow their angle of observation to the patent defects of individual Polynesians. It is true that before him no resident of the Pacific had borne so wide a reputation or com-

manded such respectful attention from all classes of people, yet many throughout the various island groups will not fail to find frequent analogons in their experiences, making it probable that in the end his pro-Polynesian attitude would have fallen into ashes, however long his pity for the childish, docile natives might have remained quick. Yet it is not unlikely that his influence with them would have exceeded the usual period, and it even might have survived the ardour of his first love for savagery, a most unlovely thing when seen with normal eyes. But in his case there was an advantage caused by the sorcery of his name as a writer of tales, an accomplishment dearer to the Polynesian heart than the smell of gold or the stomach's lure to feasting.

Of all the savage passions, these two things—the telling of tales and the making of festivals—occupy most satisfactorily the hearts of Polynesians. Expert in the former and generous to a fault in the latter regard, Stevenson gained the goodwill of the natives wherever he took up his abode. But it must be kept in mind that if at any time, while performing some personal or civic duty imposed by the precepts of civilization, he should have been obliged to have placed himself in opposition to the desires of his savage wards, or even had he opposed on principle some of the impractical demands of their hereditary chiefs, he would have found himself at first avoided, and finally neglected, as other able men have been aforetime; then he would have seen the Polynesians hasten to some new and less scrupulous leader. It is well known throughout the island world to those who have honestly attempted to aid and protect the natives in their political rights or in religious matters that the almost certain failure following has resulted from racial faults in the Polynesians themselves. This much has been proved by the analogies of the past, and is being emphasized by the experiences of the present white leaders of Island affairs.

But the mental endowments and personal qualities

of Stevenson produced very different results on the domiciled foreigners. The superficial phases of his authorship relating to the Pacific will be found in that part of his work which sets forth most strongly his eccentricities and foibles (so attractive to savage prejudice); these, however, were placed aside by the Islandfolk in forming their estimate. It is true that there were various points of view, taken from different mental angles, and perhaps these cannot be said to have been wholly periscopic or severely critical; but in ninety-nine out of every hundred of such estimates like results were reached; these, almost without exception, show that the white man's estimate of Stevenson was permanently favourable, because it was based on his literary merits and personal qualities.

Although it might be concluded from the analogies of life that the final judgment of the opponents whom he had made by his extreme frankness would be most unfavourable, yet such was not the case then or now; and no matter how diverse were the views held, all agreed that personalities were to be rigidly excluded in estimating the author Stevenson. This was the courteous attitude of nearly all of the white folk, and they certainly displayed a generousness of character as marked and disingenuous as Stevenson's well-known chivalry. That he did not appreciate their attitude fully until after his second visit to Honolulu is not in any way derogatory to his character; for all recognised that he was quick to acknowledge error, and clearly anxious to conciliate where he thought his words or actions had offended.

It may be explanatory of much that will suggest itself to the reader to briefly consider what is known as the 'missionary element' and the 'missionary point of view.' The term *missionary* has two local interpretations—one of good, and one of evil import. With what justice or injustice the latter interpretation is given will not here be discussed, and the existent facts will be used only to make clear the conditions underlying the estimation of the Islanders. The term *missionary* in

the good sense is applied to those persons actually engaged in mission work, and who attend strictly to the advancement of that good work. The epithet in its evil sense is interpreted to include all the evil done, or alleged to have been done, in the past, by the first missionaries arriving in the Pacific, or by any or all of their descendants since. This last interpretation includes a long array of charges, which, for the present purpose, may be made clearer under the following heads: (1) Missionaries who have used their opportunities for the purpose of accumulating lands and chattels either for themselves or for the mission board or organization whereunder they serve. (2) Missionaries who have used their prerogatives as preachers and teachers to interfere in the civil government of the Island groups, or who have used their personal influence with the natives in order to shape and determine local politics, or to build up local commercial agencies to handle industries in which they are interested.

But bear in mind that this classification must be used with caution, lest an injustice be done unintentionally; for of late years the term has taken on a political significance in some of the islands, extending it to all those affiliating, in politics or business, with the descendants of the old missionaries; and hence it has been misleadingly used by politicians in more than one island group. This much, however, is true—that the so-called missionaries and missionary political factions, wherein, almost to a man, are to be found the descendants of the early mission teachers, are, in general, on the conservative side of all public questions, and hence differ from a large number of residents, and from most natives, concerning racial questions and island polity. In truth, it was largely in the latter or evil sense that the term was used for several years before Stevenson's arrival, and it was certainly in this sense that he used the word as a term of reproach in his local criticisms, at various times and in divers places, reflecting on the Hawaiian missionaries. On the other hand, he has taken occasion more than once to speak in praise of

Hawaiian missionaries actually engaged in mission work, and at other times he has made, or taken, the occasion to heartily commend, or to aid with wholesome advice, the various mission bodies throughout the Pacific.

With this statement, we arrive at what may be called for convenience the point of view of the Hawaiian missionaries concerning Stevenson. Among the majority of this missionary division, it may be said that their views were most liberal and kindly throughout, notwithstanding most of them believed that the novelist had unjustly provoked their wrath in the case of his attack on Dr. Hyde. But even on this point great restraint was shown; and it is a fact that of the two or three temperate answers made from the missionary side of the case, one went so far as to excuse Stevenson for his action, if not even to shield him from adverse criticism, as the following excerpts will show:

'If Stevenson could have known that Dr. Hyde's letter was private! If he could have remembered his own discomfort under similar circumstances! I should prefer to pass over this episode in silence, but I may not do so, because it belongs properly to Stevenson's Honolulu history, and involves some of his Honolulu friends who were alienated by this action. To censure Stevenson is a thankless task—of that I am well aware, so widely is he known and loved—but it is a task I may not shirk, if I would be just no less to Stevenson than to our late fellow-townsman, Dr. Hyde.

'Every piece of writing, once in print, has to be tried at the world's bar of literary criticism, has to be judged on its merits. Consequently, Stevenson was justified in taking exception to Dr. Hyde's conclusions, if he saw fit. If this were all, he might be supported in his defence of Father Damien, melodramatic as it is. In legal pleading, however, the world demands a knowledge of the circumstances of the case to be tried, and, in dealing with it, fairness, logic, and adherence to facts. In all these points—knowledge, fairness, logic,

and adherence to facts—I am forced to admit that Stevenson's letter is somewhat lacking. There is also a literary charge to prefer against him, and a grave one for so thorough an artist—namely, that the letter is lacking in the proportion and in the quality of restraint —the finest of literary virtues.

'To make this my final word on the matter would be manifestly unfair. I must ask you to remember that Stevenson could never do anything by halves, that his pity for the lepers amounted to a passion, his admiration for those who lived among them was also a passion, and, above all, you remember, he admired Father Damien ; that he did not recognise Dr. Hyde's letter to be a private one, never intended for print, published without Dr. Hyde's knowledge, therefore not open to public criticism ; and, finally, that he was in an agony of fear lest the London memorial to Damien should be abandoned because of Dr. Hyde's letter, or a similar statement. Hence his philippic—flung out bravely, however much we deplore it, flung out in the face of certain loss of friends. . . . Stevenson would never touch any of the proceeds of the Damien letter, but did direct his agent to send two hundred dollars from that source to Molokai. I cannot discover that he made any apology to Dr. Hyde, but I give the substance of two letters he wrote to a friend in Honolulu. The first is from Sydney : "I am doing something that will give you great pain, and I am exceedingly sorry to be hurting you. I feel that you will sympathize with Dr. Hyde, and I am sorry that this will cut our friendship." The second was to the same gentleman, after Stevenson had come to Honolulu for a second time, and lay ill at Sans Souci. He hoped that sufficient time had elapsed to blunt the edge of any resentment against him, and begged that their formal cordial relations might be renewed. If that could not be, why, he would understand. His letter, I am glad to say, did not plead in vain.

'When, furthermore, Stevenson alluded to the matter to another candid and sincere admirer of his,

this friend said : " Let me say to you frankly—and you want no flattery——"

' " No, no," interrupted Stevenson, " no flattery."

' " Let me tell you, then, that you played a little to the gallery, and I think that some of your expressions were a little unworthy of you." And Stevenson accepted the judgment in silence, and so may we all, with this knowledge of the facts.'*

III

In addition to the missionary, there was and is a strong element scattered throughout the islands which is generally known as ' anti-missionary.' This element includes individuals from most of the conditions of mankind, and it follows that these men viewed Stevenson and his work under the influence of the most diverse prejudices and prepossessions. Yet it is not to be inferred that the anti-missionary faction of the Pacific is made up altogether of scalawag whites and disgruntled natives. This is not so, for in this faction is to be found a large number of good men and true—merchants, members of opposing religious sects, planters, and commercial agents, and many others in the 'prime of manhood, daring, bold and vent'rous.' Yet it must be admitted that in most part the anti-missionary faction has included in its ranks quite its share of the vagabond and disgruntled elements found throughout Oceanica. For these, among other reasons, it will be seen that the terms *missionary* and *anti-missionary* must be interpreted, after Stevenson's advent, as being as largely representative of secular as of religious life. The fact is that in several of the island groups there will be found some similitude between this classification and the political party divisions of the United States and England, the most striking difference being one of degree and influence ; for, with the exception of Hawaii, there have been no

* From a lecture by Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle.

extensively organized political parties in the Pacific representing these two existent and antagonistic forces ; yet in spirit and purpose such an influence has long been felt throughout Polynesia.

Nevertheless, the influence of the anti-missionary element is widespread in the Pacific, and may be said to have been sometimes welcomed as a check to a centralizing and controlling church polity generally favoured by the missionaries and their conservative allies. And although the anti-missionary estimate of Stevenson differed with locality, yet it can be said to have reached the same favourable conclusion held by the mission people. Essentially aggressive in local affairs, the anti-missionary element welcomed him as a possible ally against the wealth and long-established conservative influences of what then, as now, is misnamed the 'missionary party'; and this dissembling under a half-truth, local history shows, was persistent in those islands where the element had taken on the form and substance of party organization.

In most of the Pacific Islands this social element has been long recognised as an anti-religious political force in local affairs, potential of good or evil, as circumstances may direct, and in a few of the more advanced islands, where the element has temporarily organized for a purpose, it has not failed to develop into a powerful, if sometimes invidious, political factor. And this state has more than once existed in those islands where the advance toward civilization has been sufficiently marked to encourage and support such organized activity. A typical instance occurred in the Hawaiian Islands shortly before Stevenson's coming, and it may be said in passing that the social and political attitude of this faction largely coincided with those Samoan factions that supported Stevenson's position in the South. But happily, as elsewhere stated, he was not called upon to interfere in Hawaii, although two members at least of the Hawaiian Embassy to Samoa frequently boasted during his first visit to Honolulu that 'Stevenson had promised the King that he

intended to first undo the Germans in Samoa, and afterwards he would attend to the case of "the missionary party in Hawaii."'

Strange as it may seem to those unacquainted with life in the Pacific, these diverse political, social, and quasi-religious factions, all essentially militant, and as ready to fly to blows on a pretext as with just cause, would invariably unite to defend Stevenson and his literary work. To him alone this perverse and divided people gave love and loyalty while he lived, and unfeigned grief when he died.

IV

But besides the racial and factious impressions of Stevenson thus far noted, which may seem warped in places, there was what may be called the broader social, literary, and personal view, which was held by the better-educated class of Island dwellers. This class included almost every shade of political, and all shades of religious and unreligious thought; but from a prudential and an insular habit, its members mostly held aloof from the publicity threatened by the local dissensions that began revolving around Stevenson soon after his advent. The class now referred to contained most of the well-to-do Islanders, many of the wealthier, and practically all residents of culture and refinement. This class, if not the largest, was the most influential in fixing and controlling public opinion in its final form, and consequently had much to do with the estimate made of the novelist during his somewhat turbulent period of experience, as well as since.

Necessarily this more liberal view embraced the literary, personal, and social phases of the novelist's Pacific career. A very large number of those we speak of were personally acquainted with him, and not a few were well or intimately acquainted. All were sympathetic and appreciative of his work during his short audience of six years, and their influence was

quiescently yet powerfully felt in his lifetime, as since his death. The reason is not far to seek, as this class may be said to represent fairly well the English-speaking residents of all the island groups, and of the continents on the Pacific that were visited by him during his latter years.

But the influence of this class of people went farther afield in its effect than has been stated. There was a national, if not an international, side to this influence, as was seen in evidence at more than one point in Stevenson's experiences, for this class of Islanders and residents was thoroughly representative of the dominant colonial elements planted by the English-speaking race throughout the Pacific. The mental and moral influence of this intelligent and stable class of residents may be said then to have been, as it is now, the dominant and directing force in Pacific affairs. It was perhaps the recognition of this fact that made the Germans in Samoa so sensitive to Stevenson's opposition, which they believed was but the mouthpiece of the greater Anglo-American opposition, already standing in the way of their plans. They did not seem to recognise that Stevenson was acting solely in his personal capacity, and that he was, as the facts show, as ready to attack the Americans of Hawaii as he had been the Germans of Samoa. Nor is this to be wondered at when the existent circumstances are considered. From the German point of view, Stevenson was simply a political meddler, abetted, if not actually aided, by the resident officials of America and England.

At this point in the dispute a phase peculiarly Anglo-Saxon cropped out—the question of which side was in the right, which in the wrong, was entirely thrown aside, as far as the novelist was concerned, and it was insisted upon, from San Francisco to Sydney, Melbourne, and Wellington, that Stevenson's personal standing and reputation as an author should not be allowed to suffer from any part that he might take in Samoan politics. It certainly is to the credit of the resident Germans throughout the Pacific, and more

especially to those of Samoa, that they very generally acquiesced in this demand as soon as it was made. The German attitude (outside of politics) is the more noticeable, because they do not adapt themselves to the cosmopolitan conditions of the Pacific as readily as those of the Anglo-Saxon race, and by many they are thought to take at times a narrower and more personal view of island affairs, and of other resident foreigners, than the practical policy of successful colonization warrants. But personally, it may be said that the Germans, not only in more distant islands, but in Samoa itself, hold Stevenson and his literary work in the highest esteem to this day, however roundly they may have deprecated, as they still do, his interference in what they call 'Germany's Samoan interests.'

It will be seen from what has thus been briefly sketched that Stevenson the author stood in the focus of the good opinion of all who swarm this great ocean, plotted with islands that surpass the fabled creations of the ancient poets and philosophers, and inhabited by a population that represents every degree of human existence, all grades of society, and has developed new habits of thought and action which, if not of a highly critical order, are yet of a robust, industrious, and liberal complexion that shows all the benefits of self-dependence and self-tuition, and, best of all, happily lacking the scholastic refinements and social pretences of older lands.

It was among such a people that Stevenson dwelt and wrote to the end.

CHAPTER XV

FURTHER SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF THE EXILIAN PERIOD

I

Although the public acts of men are frequently open to misinterpretation and misrepresentation, such is not often the case in their private relations, and yet there have been times when men of worth and intelligence have been found in pressing need of rescue from their friends. But in the majority of cases it will be seen that men, whether in public or private life, have been safest under some friendly protection when dangers or misfortunes have come, for, let a man fall among enemies, the rule is that he must defend both reputation and estate, or become the common spoil of his assailants.

There are exceptions in actual life, but they are few, yet Stevenson's Pacific exile shows him to have been such an exception, as was proved by events during the years of his life militant in Samoa and Hawaii. This fact will seem more striking when it is remembered that up to the hour of his death neither he nor his reputation were seriously attacked or endangered under the political and religious opposition that he had raised while in the Pacific. But if he met with little or no enmity, neither his friends nor opponents were unwitting of his impractical views of Island life, and the erroneousness of many of his utterances and actions. But perhaps the attitude of the Islandfolk will be better understood by the following

extracts from the personal views of men who were well, if not intimately, acquainted with the novelist and his work during his exilian years.

In order that these opinions may be as fully representative as possible, they have been selected from among Islanders hailing from Scotland, England, and the United States. Arranging them in the order named, it will be sufficient to say that the first is from a Scot of liberal opinions, and of more than average intelligence, who has resided in the Pacific many years, and whose remarks on some of the novelist's Pacific tales will be found typical of Island opinion, and quite in accord with the facts.

'Born within ten miles and three years of each other, R. L. S. and I met in Honolulu in the year 1893. He was here in 1889, when I saw, but did not *meet* him. I do not think I ever knew of him before that, but shortly afterwards I read "Kidnapped" for the first time, and discovered another favourite author. It is only a Scotsman who can thoroughly appreciate that book, and the character of Alan Breck, the best of all Stevenson's characters, in my estimation, excepting only the elder Kristy in "Weir of Hermiston," the best of all Stevenson's books, though but a fragment. But, fragment as it is, it shows the author's powers to have been equal to those of Sir Walter himself. As Stevenson wrote to Barrie, there were two of them the *Shirra* might have clapped on the shoulder.

'The sequel to "Kidnapped," "Catriona," contains a piece of the Scottish vernacular, "The Tale of Tod Lapraik," which has never been excelled; but, as R. L. S. wrote to Colvin, "he who can't read Scots can *never* enjoy Tod Lapraik." I do not hold with the general depreciation of what is called the Kail Yard—it should be Kail Yaird—school, but Stevenson is head and shoulders above his contemporaries in the handling of the Doric. I know of nothing out of Sir Walter so tersely and truly Scottish as Alan's description of James More: "The man's as boss as a drum; he's just a wame and a wheen words." The whole of that

chapter is exquisite, and it used to be said that Stevenson couldn't draw a woman !

'"Treasure Island" is a treasure second only to "Robinson Crusoe." I used to wonder why John Silver had only one leg ; now I find that the original Captain Silver was, as to legs and energy, the late W. E. Henley, one of the author's special chums. Barrie's appreciation of the friend he never saw in the chapter of "Margaret Ogilvy," entitled "R. L. S.," is very beautiful, with its description of the mother so jealous of her son's literary reputation that she had to be inveigled into reading Stevenson, whom she looked upon as his rival, but whom eventually she thought she could find room in her heart for as well.

'It is a great privilege to have known Stevenson, as well as his favourite scenes in Scotland and the Pacific.

'What is it that constitutes genius ? that gives a value to the writings of a Stevenson or a Kipling, which those of the average nineteenth-century novelist do not possess ? Some faculty, I take it, of presenting to the reader imaginary people who, he feels, might have been real. David Balfour, Alan Breck, and Catriona Drummond are, while we read them, real ; so are Wiltshire and Case in "The Beach of Falesá," and so most decidedly is Uma. Sir Leslie Stephen, in his essay on R. L. S., strangely confusing the two books, says he cannot follow the fate of "such wretches" as Davis, Herrick, and Huish, "with a pretence of sympathy." Who could ? We are a little sorry for Herrick perhaps, but we who live in the Pacific know that such men have lived here too, and gladly recognise the genius that portrays them to the life. It is not necessary for us to "sympathize" with the characters of an author in order to appreciate the intellect that created them. We do not admire John Silver's character ; we must admire the character, John Silver.

'My acquaintance with R. L. S. was not extended, but it was sufficient to cause a remaining sense of satisfaction and pride in having seen in the flesh the

lovableness and courage which his readers find in his books. We talked of some of them—a good deal about "The Beach of Falesá," and the only sign of self-satisfaction with his writings was in connection with it; he said proudly that he thought it was well written. But his hobby at that time, as always, was Scotland; and more particularly a mistaken notion he had then that he was descended in some far-off way from Rob Roy. It can be readily imagined how the creator of Alan Breck and the bagpipe competition between him and Robin Oig revelled in such a subject.

'Physically, Stevenson appeared to be, in plain English, a wreck; but his fragile appearance was all forgotten when he began to talk. I cannot imagine a better talker; nor have I ever enjoyed more thoroughly a lecture than the "talk" he gave us on Scotland. It was like his good nature to consent to address a larger audience in the same strain, but that was not to be. He was not strong enough for it, and Mrs. Stevenson arriving on the scene from Samoa, put her foot down hard on any further lecturing. "I know what that would mean," she told me—"probably a serious illness; if the Honolulu people admire my husband so much, let them read his books." I can almost envy them the treat in store; and they, I hope, will envy us who knew and loved the author.'

The second sketch of the novelist is by an English gentleman, who was, like Stevenson, something of a Bohemian, and a man of much experience and wide travel, having resided in different parts of the Pacific for nearly two decades.

'Stevenson was a man among a thousand, one whose pronounced individuality did not fail to leave a deep impression on my mind. He possessed in an eminent degree the gift of an intensely humane and charitable habit toward mankind; and there were few who came within his influence who were not struck first and last with the knightly side of his nature. His inborn courtesy, more than any other of his good traits,

endeared him to his fellows in the Pacific; for it was in the hearts of our Island people that he built a monument more lasting than stone or brass.

'As a man he was high-spirited and upright; as an author, while daring in thought, he was always unconventional and sincere, and as gentle as a woman; yet there were times when he would burst into great flashes of anger if provoked. But, if quick to wrath, he was as ready with an explanation, or even an apology, when convinced that he was wrong, or had acted hastily. A giant in mind, but a weakling in body, he greatly admired physical development and courage in others, although he himself must remain a martyr to ailments which he bore with great resignation only; and physical suffering he endured, like some hero-saint out of the Middle Ages.

'Yet there were circumstances in the little affairs of life under which he became as timid and helpless as a child. Once at Sans Souci a friend found him standing at the telephone in obvious embarrassment and perplexity, until his companion, seeing his predicament, offered to connect the telephone for him. At this Stevenson's face brightened, and, dropping the receiver, he cried: "My dear sir! the telephone is the most wonderful innovation, but it is fearful and wonderful in its working. For personal considerations, into which I will not enter, I always approach the instrument with some diffidence. If you would be so good as to call up Mr. ——'s number for me, I would be obliged greatly." In this instance he only wished to call a hack to pay a visit.

'And yet Stevenson did not fear even death, and he would never refuse to talk candidly and clearly thereabout, if the subject came up; for, as he frequently stated, he had made up his mind to finish his life and make his last resting-place in Samoa; yet it was clear, from his frequent references to this determination, what a wrench it was to him to realize that he had abandoned for ever his native land. Since I first knew him, soon after his arrival, I have always imag-

ined that, whenever his eyes fell on the summit of the green Vaea mountain, which he had selected for his resting-grave, his thoughts must have flown the next moment to

> '"The bonny hills of Scotland
> He ne'er would see again."'

The last impression of the novelist is given by an American gentleman, who has travelled extensively in the Pacific, and followed with intelligent observation the author's brilliant and too brief career in Oceanica. It will be noticed, that while his estimate is perhaps less sympathetic than those preceding, it reaches substantially the same end in as hearty a manner, if with somewhat of brusquerie.

'My admiration for Stevenson's writings has never equalled my affection for the man himself, nor do I think it ever will. By this I do not mean to say aught derogatory of his literary acquirements, which I appreciate as all do; I merely wish to say that I loved the man because I could not help it, while my estimate of his writings was reached by a prosaic mental process, based solely on the facts—quite another thing. Perhaps I will be clearer if I say that I was fascinated with Stevenson's personality, just as many are mentally fascinated by his writings. Nor do I imagine that this view is new, for I find that in the Pacific we are cut from quite the same cloth as are those beyond seas, where about the same sentiment has been expressed more than once.

'At the same time, experience served to prevent my judgment from becoming blinded to some of the weaker points in the novelist himself, and in portions of his views written during his Pacific residence. Perhaps the citation of an instance or two will be more to the point. It is generally recognised by conservative people, that in writing of human affairs, it is dangerous for an author to assume that one of two alternatives must be accepted as the final solution of some vexing question. If my memory serves me cor-

rectly, it was about a century ago that Oliver Goldsmith thus generalized concerning the German Empire, and reached the astonishing conclusion that in any case the Germanic Constitution would speedily prove a failure: yet we all know that the German Empire, with virtually the same Constitution, still stands and flourishes.

'In more recent years, some of the statesmen of Europe argued, in like manner, against the probable continuance of the American Union; and yet the United States awaits dissolution. It is hardly surprising, then, to find Stevenson repeating, at the close of the last century, the familiar error in dealing with our Samoan troubles: yet all the world knows that the Samoan affair was in the end settled upon very different lines than were insisted on by the brilliant Scot. Stevenson's error lay here: in place of comparing his savage Samoans with the conditions, more or less abnormal, in which he found them, he resembled them to a civilized people, and proceeded to apply his plans for their betterment under circumstances of certain failure.

'But with the people here such errors of judgment pass for little, as false conclusions are frequent and recurring in Oceanica, where we have literally, as the old copybooks used to read, "many men of many minds," and, it might be added, of many conflicting experiences. The result is that the opinions of island people are mostly broad and tolerant, although we may be a little narrowed, at points, by geographical isolation. Even the Germans in Samoa, as a class, were no exception to the rule; and while they accused and blamed Stevenson for meddling in their local and national affairs, most of them held him in worth and esteem, as they continue to do. There was probably some truth in the charge of political meddling; and somewhere in his correspondence I remember that Stevenson himself has admitted that he had a penchant for dabbling in the affairs of others.

'The truth is, I may say, that there has been little

or no injustice done Stevenson by the people of this various sea ; on the other hand, there are many who think that Stevenson and some of his island stories have suffered more or less from the hands of his friends in other countries—in any event, it is true that our Pacific Islanders entirely disagree with much that has been written of his local writings—but admitting at the same time that the seeming lack of appreciation has arisen from an ignorance of the facts surrounding our Island life. But once at least there has been a more serious error committed. It is well known that in all of Stevenson's writings there is to be found nothing approaching a distasteful or vulgar expression : so that it comes almost like a blow when we find that his editor, in publishing the author's private letters, has allowed an unnecessary vulgar expression to stand, which, although it might be permissible, as an explanatory metaphor in a private letter between friends, is abominably out of place in Stevenson's pages. Had the expression been found in the pages of Laurence Sterne or Dean Swift, it had created no surprise, but to find it in Stevenson's pages !—here there really seems to be no excuse for his editor's poor taste.*

'But, criticism aside (as it is not my forte), I remember that I once met him on an ocean steamship, on one of his occasional voyages in the Pacific, between ports ; during the trip, which lasted several days, we held half a dozen conversations which were most interesting to me. One day when we were sitting on the deck, we began talking of some of Stevenson's literary friends in the United States, two or three of whom I knew also. His remarks on the personal and literary merits and foibles of these friends was most liberal, if amusing ; when he suddenly asked me what I thought of the literary ability of Mr. ——, then in New York, and of whom I had just finished telling him a yarn, at which he had laughed heartily. Not being of the critical turn of mind, as I have intimated,

* The objectionable expression will be found in a letter to Mr. Sidney Colvin, at p. 222, vol ii. (Thistle ed.) of the 'Letters.'

although an assiduous reader of books, I limited my opinion to a general statement, in which I said that I thought Mr. ——'s scope in literature was confined within such and such limits, which I stated.

'At this Mr. Stevenson sat sideways on his steamer chair, and, facing me with a roguish look, asked: "Then, don't you know, sir, that Mr. —— and R. L. S. are as like as two wee literary peas could well be? Now, sir, I insist—*insist*, man—that you give me your opinion of the latter writer; and, mind you, I don't want your modified opinion, I want the plain truth, just as you spoke it of Mr. ——." I was nonplussed for a moment, until he assured me that he was in earnest, and added: "Why, sir, I already know your favourable opinion, and now I ask you to be as frank with my faults; or how else am I to know them? Out with it, man. I would tell you of a dozen faults you have, if you had thought to ask me." Now there was no resisting Stevenson in this pleasant mood, so I told him the truth as I saw it, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words: "Well, sir, since you will, I must; but remember it is at your own insistence. In reading your best work of the past eighteen years or more, it has always appeared to me that your literary activity had been more or less curtailed, as though you wrote under a restraint that did your creative powers an injustice. This conclusion was not reached by any critical reasoning, mind you, but because I always found myself wishing that you had taken a higher flight. Of course I knew that what you had done was well done, as most of your work has been, but there always remained a feeling that you were capable of doing better still. I have always been presented with the idea, while reading your pages, that at will you could place yourself beside the master essayists or fiction-writers of any age if you choose——" Here I suddenly stopped, lest I should carry too far the pleasure of pointing out another's defects. Stevenson, however, clapped his

hands together, and cried "Bravo!" thanking me, he said, "for your remarks, that, I am satisfied, are nearer to truth than bravura. Now, sir," he continued, "let us go below and 'take a drink,' after the American manner, and I will be again obliged to you; but first allow me to urge this much in my own defence—that, while I am not amorous of folly, and do not essay to exchange my rags of literature for the robe of fame, still, I shall ask my friends and readers to remember, *that I am not dead yet!*"

'Poor fellow! In less than two years from that, as I was walking down Montgomery Street in San Francisco, I bought an afternoon newspaper, and read of his cruel, unexpected death. For a block or more I walked in stunned condition, and repeatedly jostled the foot-passengers, for my eyes were blurred with tears that I failed to restrain.'

II

Over three centuries ago a wise Frenchman, Michael Seigneur de Montaigne, declared that before we can form a right judgment of a man, we must surprise him in his everyday habit. With the secretive, this is often a difficulty, but in Stevenson's life—at least, as illustrated in the Pacific—his personal frankness and chivalrous demeanour confided his daily actions to his friends; he hid nothing, because he had nothing to hide; his daily habit of life lay open to all the world, while the generosity of his nature was such that he never asked more of his friends than he would be willing to grant them. These and similar traits of the man Stevenson were daily manifest during the exilian period; and there is not an island that he visited but has its store of anecdotes and sketches illustrating the novelist's methods of work, or recording some of his more striking characteristics. And since his passing,

now ten years ago, these memories are cherished, and often retold with a sad if conscious pride ; and if anywhere, it is among the Islandfolk, that Hazlitt's fine sentiment is acted upon without reserve, that 'Death cancels everything but truth, and strips a man of everything but genius and virtue.'

The late Archie Gilfillan, who was purser of the steamer that conveyed Stevenson from Honolulu to the Leper Settlement on Molokai, in May, 1889, and who met the novelist more than once during his sojourns in Hawaii, has furnished the following brief but interesting notes :

'During the trip to the settlement in the spring of 1889, I became better acquainted with Stevenson, although I had met him before. Well, when he came aboard—I think it was on the old *Kilauea Hou*, which did not have very good accommodations—I remember that I asked him to occupy my state-room, where he would have more comfort than below, and, very like his generosity, the man actually wished me to let him offer the room to some Catholic Sisters we had aboard ; but this I would not allow, for they were in good health, while his appeared to be very delicate. He laughed when I told him this, and declared that since he had come to the Pacific he was getting quite robust, and was not in need of longer being reminded by his friends that he was a sick man and a martyr. Throughout the voyage he took every occasion to ply me with questions for information about the native Hawaiians, both in and out of the settlement, or concerning the Government's treatment of the lepers, or with inquiries into the characters of their immediate caretakers, etc.

'His opinions were very outspoken against the *haole's* [foreigner's] rule in the Islands, and it took me some time to convince him that the Government had done all that kindness demanded for the lepers. It did not take me long to learn that for some reason he had overestimated the natives as much as he had

lowered the white officials and residents in estimation; and I remember that in one of our conversations he insisted that he had already seen native school-children in Honolulu who were far and beyond any of the white children in capacity and attainment. Of course, knowing as I did that the capacity of the kanakas for school-learning stops at about the point where a white child's begins, I made free to dispute the fact, and ended by telling him that he did not understand the natives yet. And then, mind you, he flashed up as quick as any match, and cried, "Sir, let me inform you that you don't know what you are talking about." Well, being of Scotch descent myself, I held my ground, and told him in plain words that I just did know, and, furthermore, that I knew that he did not understand what he was speaking on; but at that he just gave a laugh, and said, "Well, man, we will not fight about it though."

'The next morning, when I met Stevenson he said to me: "I have been thinking over your praise of the white officials in Hawaii, and I am willing to admit *now* that the good treatment and care of the lepers is the one creditable thing done here through their influence; otherwise I am of the opinion still that they have been a meddling nuisance to the natives." But by this I knew it was useless to dispute with him on subjects where he had a bias, so I only said that I believed time and experience would do more for him than argument; and—would you think it?—he flared up again to tell me that the facts, as he saw them, were enough for him, and that he did not wish to be convinced by an argument that was certain to be on the *haole's* side and against the natives.

'At another time he asked me for information about Father Damien, whom I knew quite well, and who seemed to him to be a fine, noble priest. Stevenson then said that he had heard some nasty rumours of the priest, and asked me to tell him what I knew concerning Damien. Now, while I never took any stock in the

stories told of Damien's immoral conduct at the settlement, yet at Stevenson's request I told him of all the ugly things that had been said of the priest in Honolulu and elsewhere; but I cautioned him at the time that most of the stories had had their origin outside of the settlement itself. He thanked me when I had finished, and then said: "I want to say to you, Mr. Gilfillan, that I honour you for your expressions of disbelief in these foul slanders, that I do not believe any man of honest, upright principles could entertain for a moment; and I do not think I am wrong in my opinion that these same slanders came from the sectarian prejudices of the Protestant mission here, some of whom, I am sorry to say, profess our Scots faith."'

Stevenson was not long among the Islandfolk before they discovered the vein of ironical scepticism which would crop out in his conversations with frequent recurrence; and it was noticed that, when in this humour, as often as not he would point the shaft at his own shortcomings as at those of others. The fact that his errant satire was sometimes unjust he has not unfrequently admitted in conversation after the event, but that he could not resist the flashing of satirical wit under certain circumstances, or where he had some preconception, some prejudice, was well known to all who were frequently in his company; but if his facts were sometimes wrong, be assured that he never failed in an artistic application of his wit to the subject at hand.

Mr. Robert Catton tells of one of these ironical flashes of wit that was unjustly directed against the Anglo-Americans of Honolulu, but which was laughable nevertheless.

'When Stevenson was here in 1893, he called at my foundry one day with Mr. A. Herbert, one of his warmest friends. After we had been talking nearly an hour on various subjects, but chiefly about the old Scottish homes we had left, somehow we began speaking of "The Beach of Falesá," and soon after adjourned to

the hotel for a cooling drink, as it was a hot day. As we passed along Alakea Street by the Capitol building (formerly the Royal Palace), and were taking in the picture, I said: "Well, there is where the Provisional Government reside, and it reminds me a good deal of Wiltshire and Case in 'The Beach of Falesá.'" And Stevenson's eyes flashed as he added to my comment: "Yes, but, do you know, I am inclined to think that it is rather a matter of Case; yes, I think it is especially like Case."' In this instance the injustice of his irony lay in the fact that the white men at the head of the Provisional Government of Hawaii, before the annexation of the islands to the United States, were men of such strong Polynesian leanings that in several instances they were reproached by Americans more recently arrived under the epithet of 'white-kanakas.'

Another notable and courteous trait in Stevenson was the thoughtful esteem in which he held passing acquaintances. Many who had met the novelist casually in this island or in that have been agreeably surprised by an unexpected call from him, upon another visit, to renew the brief acquaintance made, perhaps, several years before; and such a call was always accompanied by some light pleasantry that placed the recipient quite at ease. When he returned to Honolulu in 1893, after an absence of four or five years, he made a number of these kindly calls, and in one instance, when he called on Principal Scott, of the High School, he cried out at the door, as the classes were not yet dismissed, that 'Mahomet has come to the mountain, as the mountain could not come to him!'

Nor did his thoughtfulness and courtesy stop at his friends and acquaintances, for during his exilian years his considerate and fatherly treatment of his servants, at home or when abroad on his service, was especially noticeable. When he last visited Honolulu, his Samoan servant Ta'alolo was sick with the measles when they landed, and by the time he was afoot again Stevenson was confined to his bed with fever. But,

sick as he was, the fear that his Samoan boy would not enjoy the sight-seeing that had been promised him haunted the novelist's mind, until he finally called for paper, and penned the following note to a friend :

'SANS SOUCI,
'WAIKIKI.

'DEAR SIR,

'As I am still abominably out of sorts, I have taken the desperate step of chucking my Samoan cook-boy (he is the bearer) at the head of total strangers! Can you find nobody who would be a guide to him ? A boy of ten or so would suit best ; and I want him to see Punch Bowl, and the railway, and Pearl Lochs, and all the Raree Show. I am perfectly willing to pay for him in reason.

'If you cannot help him to this, somebody that would take him out and bring him back sober ; well talk a little to him an you love me !—and talk slow.

'Yours truly,
'ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

'W. F. REYNOLDS, ESQ.'

It is needless to say that Mr. Reynolds provided for the lad's outing, and soon reported progress to Stevenson, who was as delighted as a child, and asked a dozen questions about Ta'alolo's enjoyment of the new sights. For the boy himself Stevenson had much affection, and, learning in some way that the lad coveted a finger-ring to take home with him, the novelist went to a local jeweller, as soon as he was able to be out, and ordered to be made a somewhat expensive ring, and one suited to the boy's savage taste, which he soon placed on Ta'alolo's brown finger. Mr. Lindsay, the jeweller, protests that when he offered the novelist cheap rings, such as the natives like to wear, he put them quietly aside, and, with a pleasant remark on his servant's personal worth, gave an order that would have bought a box full of the cheaper rings.

During his residence in the Pacific he took much interest in native handicraft and curios, and soon had developed a critical eye for antique and valuable rarities. Wherever he visited he always went the round of the curio shops to be found wherever civilization has touched an island. At the time of his first trip to Hawaii the local dealers had fallen in with fashionable taste, and frequently repaired ancient curios before offering them for sale. This was especially the case with rare and valuable calabashes, choice specimens sometimes bringing several hundred dollars. One day, when the novelist was out curio-hunting with Mr. W. F. Reynolds, they came upon a fine old calabash made of native *kou* wood, and which had been refurbished for sale. Stevenson examined the curio carefully, as it was a magnificent piece of work, and then, turning to Mr. Reynolds, exclaimed with his broad Scotch *hum-hu :* 'This would be a pairfecht curio, *if that hole had not been mendit.*'

It was during his last sojourn in Honolulu that an incident occurred fully illustrating the influence of his strong personality and pleasing manner upon those who met him. When he arrived in Honolulu in 1893, there was a German merchant in town who did business in the United States, and who was then making a trip through the Pacific. This gentleman had very strong opinions on the Samoan question, and had condemned on several occasions Stevenson's intervention in Germany's affairs at those islands. In consequence, when the morning newspaper published its interview with the novelist about Samoa,* the German merchant flew into a passion, called on the editor, and insisted on having published an article to contradict some of the objectionable statements. This course, however, the editor persuaded the irate merchant to forego, and the end of the matter was that the newspaper man, who knew some of Stevenson's strong points, persuaded the German to attend with him the lecture

* See Chapter VI.

then arranged to be given by the novelist before the Scottish Thistle Club. The result is best told in the following excerpt taken from the editor's diary, already quoted from in Chapter VI. :

'Last night I went with Mr. Goetz, of San Francisco, to hear Stevenson lecture at the H.S.T.C. Mr. G. was rather prejudiced from political reasons, and really thought that he hated Stevenson on principle. As we walked over to the hall, I quoted to him Lamb's saying that he could never hate anyone after he knew them, and I added that the same thing could be said of Stevenson, with the addition that no one could know the Scotch author for an hour without falling in love with him and his books for life. But Mr. Goetz rather impolitely replied that he was not quite a fool, and that he knew quite enough to hate a fool for life, if necessary. So I said no more. For nearly an hour we sat under the spell of Stevenson's influence and eloquence, saw him lure tears from the eyes of his silent auditors, and then we went away.

'I proposed that we should have some oysters before I returned to work, as it was not yet ten o'clock, and Goetz, who had not spoken since we left the hall, went silently by my side. When our luncheon was brought, we ate in silence, and it was not until the cigars came, and the magic smoke-rings were curling upward, that he spoke. "Sir," he cried—"sir, I am a contemptible brute! Why, sir, that man is an angel beside me; and to think that I have reviled him! He is the first who ever drew water to my eyes. Yes, sir; he has done more. He has made me sick for home, and I feel in my heart that he has in a moment made me a better man. You were quite right in advising me not to print my denial of his Samoan views. And I give you my word that from to-night I never intend to speak of Samoan politics again."' Mr. Goetz further stated to his friend the editor that he was going to Samoa on the steamer with Stevenson, and that he intended to make his acquaintance and apologize for his past rude-

nesses of speech ; but this was not to be, for unfortunately the novelist was confined to his bed when the boat arrived the next day.

From the same diary is taken the following from Stevenson relating to criticisms on some of his local work : ' . . . He [Stevenson] called on me again after he had recovered sufficiently to be out. This was shortly before the arrival of the down steamer for Samoa, which he and Mrs. Stevenson were to take. During our conversation, which was therefore brief, I called his attention to the subject by saying : " Mr. Stevenson, I see that some of the critics have been bearing rather hard on portions of what you have written of us ; but it looks to me as though they were biting their own thumbs by not knowing us and our island ways." He replied to my observation with seeming interest : " Yes, I have sometimes known a reviewer to exchange masks with Folly by using his pen when a discreet silence would have been the cleverer shield for ignorance. I think I know the article that you refer to. It was sent to me from London, where it first appeared, and there are more like it. If an officer blunders twice, he is reduced to the ranks, and I am sorry that the rule does not apply to book-reviewers, yet I cannot say that the critics have been ill-natured. It is just the old trouble—they do not understand us and our ways, as you have said. And yet their brave words appear to some like sound opinions, but to us such judgments of the South Seas seem to go with something more than a limp. But yet we must not be too hard on those who shall learn, and in time be juster. We of the Islands all understand, because we know and feel our free and beautiful life, from outrigger to paddle-blade, as the Samoans say of their canoes. At home they are yet to be informed, and, sir, I believe their tuition will last *quite a spell*, as the Yankees say. . . ." '

While in the Pacific Stevenson took a deeply personal interest in everything relating to his art, and I re-

member that, when I once spoke to him about the crowding of romantic subjects around an author in the Islands, he replied: 'Yes, and they crowd one so much that I find it difficult to make choice of the *best*, where all are *good*. At all times he was more interested in forming a theory about the outcome of a given statement of facts than he was in weaving them into a mere plot, for he so strongly thought that real romance and real life were one and the same thing when artistically expressed that sometimes he would attempt to form a theoretical romance which would tally exactly with the facts of actual life. In making these experiments in his art he did not confine himself to the higher story of adventure, as the following anecdote shows:

Once, while recovering from an attack of fever at Waikiki, he became acquainted with one of the Government's special detectives, a man of American parentage, though born and raised in Japan, where he had learned the language of that country, and consequently was useful where Japanese were frequently concerned in criminal and civil cases. One evening, while sitting on the veranda of the inn, the detective fell into conversation with Stevenson about an exceedingly difficult case he had in hand that would result in a large fee, provided he could work up a conviction. Stevenson at once asked him to explain the case. When this had been done, Stevenson asked him how he intended to work the case up so as to convict. When the detective had briefly explained his plans, and given him an outline of the theory whereon they rested, Stevenson relapsed into silence, and sat for long looking idly at the sea.

'I thought,' continued the detective, 'that he had forgotten all about me and my case, and finally I got up and went into the office to get a cigar. After chatting awhile with the landlord, I returned to the veranda, where I found Stevenson still buried in thought, so I reseated myself in the bamboo chair

next to his, and placed my foot on the balustrade. Either my motion or the squeaking of the bamboo chair, or both, aroused him, and he turned his head. When he saw who it was he said : " I think I have solved that riddle of yours. You see, it's just like writing a story. If you go at it right, it will work out right. Now, your theory does not do at all, because it will never work out. Let me give you my theory of the case, and then tell me what you think of it. You see, I am interested in these detective cases, but I have never ventured yet to turn one of them into a yarn, and probably never shall."

' With this,' concludes the narrator, ' Stevenson propounded his theory of the case, which I did not think much of at first ; but before he got through I began to see the point, and although it was rather daring, even for a theory, and somewhat risky if it did not win, yet the more I thought the thing over, the higher it rose in my estimation, and I believe I sat there quite as long as he had, with his bright eyes watching my face in the coming twilight. At last I made up my mind and turned around. " Well ?" he queried, with a smile that told me that he had anticipated my answer. " Well, sir," I replied, " I intend to try your theory, and if it don't win, you and I will lose that big fee between us." At this he laughed and said in the very best humour : " If it doesn't win, sir, I will pay your fee and give you the theory for nothing." '

After Stevenson's departure for Samoa, the detective proceeded to work up the case on the novelist's theory, which, he says, proved a complete success at every point, enabling him to win a fee of over a thousand dollars, which he would probably have lost otherwise.

' I will venture,' wrote Hazlitt of Milton's ' Lycidas,' ' to go further, and maintain that every classical scholar, however orthodox a Christian he may be, is an honest heathen at heart.' The statement seems quite as applicable to Stevenson, during his residence

here, at least, as to Milton, for are not all authors who learn from Nature honest heathens and good citizens, thinking broadly, writing sympathetically, and living uprightly, as Stevenson did to the hour of his death? A discussion of his religious views would not be timely here, but from all that he said on this subject while among the Islanders it seems clear he fully realized that no theory concerning life and death could be crucial of truth. On this point he once spoke freely during a conversation with some gentlemen at the United States Consulate in Apia. The attitude of religion towards evolution and scientific philosophy came up, and after listening for some time to opinions pro and con by those present, the novelist said:

'To my mind, it seems best to admit at first that our philosophies cannot be limited to mathematical propositions; no more can our religion to the Church's plans for our salvation. If we but stop and think, we shall find even our axioms of God and His attributes prove how narrow our conception is of the forces behind visible Nature. As men, I think we are all eager to say that the clergy are mostly sincere and gentle-hearted men—such is the rule; but yet it looks as though of late years we have learned to receive their conclusions with caution whenever, like the Greeks, they approach us with questionable gifts in their hands. But if we go further, we shall see that many churchmen fail at one point—where science takes the advantage by an admission. I mean that our popular sectaries and the clergy in general are so hopelessly lost in the subtleties of creeds that they do not seem to realize there is an insolvable mystery preceding and following our lives, which cuts the thread of polemic and makes our best speculations futile. We are all religious. I am religious in my own way, but I am hardly brave enough to interpose a theory of my own between life and death. Here both our creeds and philosophies seem to me to fail.'

'I am religious in my own way'; and his was a manly,

upright, and fearless way, that showed in his every act, as in the fourteen prayers written at Vailima, a mingling of the honest heathen's selection of thought with the sincere Christian form of expression. These family and famulary prayers seem clearly typical of the life and principles which he followed continually while among the Islanders. Within his Samoan household were gathered together the extremes of civilization and savagism, and under that roof were to be found the real conditions calling for a union of the principles of paganism and Christianity in the same petition for strength to live well and uprightly. And Stevenson, who allowed clemency and bravery, like twin-brothers, to rule his life and guide his actions, found no difficulty in harmonizing these opposing sentiments within the brevity of his family prayers.

His was undoubtedly a belief which held that he prays well who does his duty in life, seeks for no reward, and meddles not with the religion of his neighbours. His written words fully realize that the efficacy of prayer lies not in clasped hands, but in a devout and manly expression of the heart's sentiments, and that neither prayers nor gold by themselves can give a contented mind : and he further understood that men might profess all the virtues, without being good men or good subjects. In Stevenson's prayers, as in his life, there will be found no touch of fear, and little credulity, but much of manly loving-kindness and uprightness. In them will be found everywhere peace, forgiveness, self-forgetfulness, bravery, deliverance from fear or favour, cheerfulness, industry, laughter and joy, resignation, and all bright thoughts and light hearts. Every line of his noble prose-psalms gives us a sentiment of the content and happy life, and every word of them seems to take the expression of a benign father's face.

There are two short prayers 'In the Season of Rain' which are redolent of nature and heathenism, reminding one of that old Athenian prayer recorded by

Marcus Aurelius in his book of Meditations—namely, 'Rain, rain, O dear Zeus, down on the ploughed fields of the Athenians and on the plains.' And we can easily agree with the Roman author, after reading Stevenson's prayers, that 'in truth we ought not to pray at all, or we ought to pray in this simple and noble fashion.'

CHAPTER XVI

A POSTSCRIPT AND CONCLUSION

We are never done with books, and the more of them we have, the more we want; and this is always true of those volumes that tell of the lives, sayings, and doings of authors we admire. But at all times we demand the truth, even where it pains us by shattering for aye our imaginary idol. Books are the interpreters of their age, and may serve us as practical coefficients of the attainments of our predecessors or contemporaries; at once they become the standards for our comparisons, and the means of our future improvements.

But to be thus understood and classed, the volumes must have a vitality that withers not, and they must be broadly and deeply conceived, and written from the actual experiences of life; further, they must be vigorously yet artistically penned, so that style and matter cannot be separated in thought without mutual injury. The book that interprets the thoughts and feelings of men, gets at the very heart of those things which are of lasting interest to all readers. The great book is great within itself, without reference to the amount of culture that the reader brings to it; but culture in literature is nothing more than the measure of the mental pleasure that each reader derives from books. Then, again, every book should be a clear and interesting explanation of some real phase of life with its meaning; or, as Stevenson has well expressed it from the author's standpoint, 'There are two duties incumbent upon any man who enters on the

business of writing—truth to fact, and a good spirit in the treatment.'

It was this literary realism and urbanity which Stevenson brought into all of his Pacific tales, as he had into his previous writings, and which amply served the success of his work. Naturally some parts of his work relating to the Pacific have been more popular than others; but whether justly or not remains to be seen. It is not easy to say which are his successful books; for we may not be agreed on what we mean by a successful (or unsuccessful) book. If the task is undertaken, it will be found quite as difficult to define what a successful book is, or is not, as to define clearly what poetry and wit are, or are not; and perhaps it is the safest after all to fall in with that capital explanation of Democritus, and agree that the successful book contains an essence that people feel and understand, although it escapes our attempts at definition.

But this much we are agreed on, that the reader must be in touch with his author before the book is successful for him. It follows, then, that the reader must have an intelligent understanding and sufficient appreciation of the subject-matter of the book in hand before he can determine how it shall be classed, from his point of view. Three of Stevenson's books about the Pacific have been treated in detail in former chapters, so that here it will be sufficient to express, in a general way, the view of the white residents of the island world; and this view, it will be well to note, differs more or less from some of the more critical views given at the world's literary centres. The Islandfolk agree that to criticise *ex cathedrâ* truthful pieces of life-drawing because they are *outre* in our experiences is to commit the error of condemning for literary material new conditions and phases of life, whereof we may be incapable of judging, until after we have placed ourselves in touch with the state and habit under which they exist. Inquiry will show that in the eyes of nine-tenths of the Islandfolk, better acquainted as they are with Pacific life, this *con-*

demned literature appears as the truthful and artistic portraiture of conditions and characters actually existent, and as much a part of the literature of this cosmopolitan and wicked island world as are its paradises of tropic verdure, its death-dealing fire fountains, or its overwhelming mud geysers. That the cataclysms of inanimate nature should be deemed legitimate subjects, while the evil of human life, though artistically treated, is to be summarily condemned in the literature of the Pacific, seems to be a hypercriticism based on a questionable standard that would exclude from books too many of the phases of our Island life ; and truly it is most desirable that some of these should be preserved before they have passed away for ever before the restless sweep of Western civilization.

Why, then, should the critics cry aloud, if the unrequited enormities of 'Bully' Hays—repulsive, yet picturesque truth as they are—should be made the basis of Pacific tale or island story ? for have not these same critics taken occasion to praise without stint stories like 'Treasure Island,' founded on similar facts, which are of the imagination ? Or why should creeping tales involving the crimes of civilization pass muster, as they do, if the villainies of the Pacific, and the unrestrained actions of isolated Islanders, are to be eschewed as literary abnormities ? It may be claimed that acquaintance has made the Islandfolk familiar with crime ; but it may be retorted, that civilization is familiar with many crimes almost or quite unknown in the Pacific, so that moral nerves overseas may have become less sensitive, as well as in Oceanica. Or, as literature doubtless originated in attempts to record after-impressions of our experiences, it may reasonably be urged that its amplification is properly found in the more and more complete recording of the thoughts and actions of mankind, though to accomplish this authors may be compelled to go for materials to the pillared corners of the world. And, on the other hand, there will be found no good

reason for admitting into literature the evil (with the good) from one locality, and excluding similar actualities from another, where life's phases may seem strange and repulsive, only because they are new. In any event such a view of literature is hardly periscopic, which is exactly what all writing of the life-conditions of Oceanica demands.

But if only partially recognised elsewhere, the worth of Stevenson's exilian writings on Island life and living is fully appreciated by the Islandfolk ; and this will perhaps be best seen after a brief statement of some of the more noticeable characteristics of his local work. Living in an age of literary expansion, it is not strange that he added to the current literature of his day some of the most striking phases of the realistic every-day life of the South Seas. This work encountered much of that uncouth factuality always found at the outposts of civilization, or thronging the outskirts of savagery.

So it is we find, in his pages portraying Island life, that he responded critically and promptly to the literary impulse that closed the last, and begins the present century ; and this he has done in a greater degree, perhaps, than outer reviewers have yet appreciated. To Islandfolk it seems clear that the examples which he has set for the realistic treatment of Island life must be formative of much of the future literature laid in the Pacific. The extreme freedom wherewith he has handled new subjects—breaking down as he has, with a dash of new facts, not a few of the alleged canons of taste—leads the careful reader to investigate without prejudice his vigorous treatment of characters that are seen to be the just type, if not the actual reproduction, of new life-phases, developed under uncouth, and sometimes plainly abnormal, social conditions.

At this point a less skilful artist would have obliterated, in part or wholly, the lines that separate a healthy from an unhealthy piece of literature. Not so Stevenson, who in no place has fallen under the

influence of that morbidity likely to be produced by observing the abnormal phases surrounding Island life; nor has he, like Zola, sunk below the accepted art standard, whose violation produces literary license, instead of literature. Everyone may call to mind on this point diagnostic illustrations out of the writings of the thousands of authors who before have violated the artistic limit without giving letters any mental impulse nearer to the realities of nature—an impulse that means a breaking away from the conventional bounds and literary fashions of the day. But at the same time the reader must not lose sight of the statements made in former pages, which prove, if anything, that Stevenson while in the Pacific was no more than an excellent superficial observer. In fact, he did not examine his literary subjects further than the immediate wants of his art or the leading of his pro-Polynesian prejudices prompted him; and no matter how keenly he viewed social conditions at times, yet he seemed unable to escape wholly from that circle of preconceptions wherein he stood from the first; for this reason his vision sometimes failed to include the broader and more liberal view of things so necessary when writing of Pacific life and affairs. But his failures were not many; and yet about his Samoans he would split a hair with his neighbour, while, like a careless housewife, he allowed other literary broth to burn in the pan.

But aside from a few minor faults, let his books with scenes laid in the Pacific be judged on their merits, and they will be found to contain most of the literary factors of his earlier successful work. In truth, many Islanders are of the opinion, that in instances he has added some powerful factors not to be found in his previous writings; and the opinion seems to gain ground locally that the real strength and power of the man shows best in these later volumes, wherein, after regaining his health, he wrote untrammelled of literary traditions, and uninfluenced by the subconscious persistence of literary example. Here the

field was all his own, with no ghost of Sir Walter Scott looming behind, as in his Scottish novels; this is believed to have been a distinct literary vantage, in that his work was strengthened by the absence of those conventionalities that seemed to limit his effort as long as he was forced by circumstances to be more or less a follower in theory of a school of writers.

In fact, it will not be outstepping the truth to say that those Islanders best qualified to judge believe that this work done by Stevenson, although limited, will mark an epoch in fiction relating to the Pacific; in fact, his work has already fixed the literary treatment of fiction here, and his example has borne fruit in more than one locality before and since his death. We must remember, then, that this part of his literary product after 1888, of which we speak, is only small when it is compared with his previous work; it appears in no wise insignificant when we consider the difficulties that he overcame in the small span of time that was placed at his disposal. Nor must we forget that this work is high and accurate in quality, although but the first results of tentative effort in a new and strange literary pasture.

It is of little importance whether or not it was Sir Walter Scott who made the discovery that in writing fiction facts are more striking and interesting 'than the fine-spun cobwebs of the brain,' but certain it is that Stevenson, in his local stories, adhered to this excellent suggestion, inherited from our best authors and endorsed by our ablest critics. It is the knowledge that this method of factual selection was followed by him that causes island readers to realize that in these tales he has left them accurately depicted pen-drawings of typical phases of Pacific life, and in several respects these appear to them to be the best of his later work. Perhaps this is why the Islanders measure more accurately than most the truth of his local writings to history, their typical realism, and their vivid picturesqueness. Indeed, to us these tales seem to stand out like a group of Nature's silhouettes on a glaring tropical

background; and while they may not fully express those ideal exemplars of life that a few writers continue to set up as the requisites of good literature, yet we cannot fail to recognise that Stevenson's Pacific tales are very clear and distinct outlines of Island life, widely existent in recent times, and to be seen now in many off-the-route islands, which would not be inappropriately named the backwoods of the Pacific. If, then, there is still a magic in fiction-writing, it will be found at its best in Stevenson's miniature sketches of Pacific life and scenery, where charmed casements are opened while we gaze upon new landscapes of literature, bedecked of the brightest mentality.

The Islandfolk have been most liberal in opinion regarding his seeming inability to reconcile at times the deeper ethnological realities with the outlandish conditions of Island life; for they saw at a glance that his interpretation of the conflicting and intricate surroundings of Polynesian life was hindered by the glamour of his artistic conceptions of what should be; and they further saw that his haste in reaching conclusions had so beset his judgment that in places he had substituted superficial impressions for well-established sociological laws. This is more to be regretted as first impressions are unsafe Mentors; and had he more carefully observed the warnings on every side, and refrained from overtaxing his energies in a useless struggle, his path of life in the South Seas would have been safer, surer, and certainly more pleasant and peaceful; and it now seems probable that, had he refrained from placing the burden of his sympathies upon his authorcraft by assuming to direct a political struggle wherefor he had neither the strength nor fitness, he might have been alive to-day, and happy among the now well-governed and contented Samoans.

Yet it shall not be said that the cunning of egotism and the overpowering of self-love—two of man's most insidious flatterers—influenced his political course; for never was author further than he from those undesirable springs of human action; and he would go far to secure

what he believed was fair play between the Samoan disputants, perhaps as often erring through eagerness as through ignorance, *but never by intent.* There were times during his fight for the Samoans when passion seems to have seized him, but he never was blinded for a moment to what constituted an upright, if questionable, course; and towards the end his policy seemed to grow more dignified, and his defence the more and more clever, when he realized that his wards were being pushed slowly to the wall by a relentless sequence of political events.

But happily his nature was too generous for passion to exist long, for he was a man with sunshine in his heart, and he knew that to be tolerant was to be wise and just; and it was a fact, frequently noted in the Pacific, that if he became conscious of having committed an injustice, his clemency at once became as broad as his action had been vigorous, and not infrequently he could be found hobnobbing with some political or religious foe of yesterday. Even those who opposed him and his views seemed to see at a glance that so amiable a man was far better adapted to the quiet places of literature than to the unsavoury turmoil of inter-racial, semi-barbarous politics, or the unpleasantness of sectarian acerbities.

Unlike the majority of men, his experiences in Samoa show that he lacked the balance of mind that supports in silence the misfortunes of the Polynesians, which were partly due to faults of heredity, and partly to the crowding of the surrounding, and inevitable, ethnographic conditions. Perhaps it was for this reason, among others, that fortune failed to make him a political hero at a time when his actions and expressions were doing daily wrong to the great mental advantages that Nature had endowed him with. In almost every event that developed Stevenson blamed the fact or the circumstance, never thinking for a moment to review his own actions and judgments; and it seems never to have occurred to him to investigate thoroughly the grounds whereon his political conclusions were based.

From the beginning it seems that the patent facts were insufficient to awaken him to the reality that he overestimated the Polynesians as a social factor, and that he misunderstood his inability to be the guardian of a savage cause. But to the end he persisted in what he believed was giving good advice to wrangling leaders, while he daily hugged the delusion that, would they but follow his advice and act on his plans, peace would fly to Samoa swift-winged ; nor did he think his view superficial and impractical, as the next few years proved it, and as a majority of the Islandfolk deemed it from the first.

Like many before him, Stevenson's case shows that it is far easier to be theoretically wise for others than it is to get the consent of practical men to a propaganda based on a narrow hypothesis ; and his seems to have been an experience where even the analogy of example failed to make him appreciate the inconsistencies of his position ; yet throughout he never appeared ridiculous, because he did not affect to be other in principle than he was by habit and nature. Herein lay the temporary influence that he exerted in the Samoan trouble. Yet, if every saint is to have his candle, there seems but one view that may be taken, without doing violence to his Samoan policy, and that is suggested by the exclamation of the French General, who, while watching the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, cried : 'It is magnificent, but it is not war !' So may we declare of Stevenson's gallant defence of the Samoans, It was magnificent, but it was not politics !

But by far the best of Stevenson's writing lies aside from his political experiences, which led him into a sort of savage nativism that widely influenced his views on at least one-half of Polynesia, and caused him at the time to put a pleasing literary face on some very ugly savage conditions. As a result, he certainly succeeded in placing a Samoan political faction in a most picturesque position before the world, although not a few of his lines were awry with Nature, and are clearly

subversive of plain ethnic facts. But, then, he never was admired here for his political eccentricities, as he has been in both England and America. Nor have Islandfolk fallen to any extent into that absurd habit of comparing a favourite author with this or that literary giant, or even with contemporary writers; here our praise is given because his work was done so admirably well that the reader finds described to a turn typical phases of our strange and fascinating Island life. In this sea people do not care much how Stevenson came by his literary style, or whether or not he was a creator or an imitator in his writings; yet they are able to recognise and appreciate, as Taine has written of Milton, that Stevenson's style is 'composite and brilliant.' But what they have insisted on has been that he should write books for them, retaining all the picturesqueness of Island life, while describing to the letter those habits and characteristics wherewith they long have been familiar. This he accomplished in most that he wrote about the Pacific, and it is but just to add that that portion of his exilian work has received here, perhaps, a fuller and more sympathetic appreciation of its merits than has been accorded it abroad in all cases.

But while his readers and admirers in Oceanica are fully determined in their final judgment that Stevenson did some of his best writing in the few volumes he has left us of local portraiture, they realize that his six years here disclosed his deficiency in the important literary capacity to give, independently of his personal view or bias, a vivid impression of *all* the conditions and circumstances of the disturbing social metamorphoses then active throughout Polynesia. Throughout the causes and effects of this social disturbance he was constrained to pass consciously before he could with justice make his observations the flesh and bone of his work. But this he refused to do, except in a casual and biassed manner; and, although it would be unfair to call him a sciolist in local knowledge, it remains a fact that, like Hazlitt, he fails in writing to penetrate the inwards of a subject falling outside the require-

ments of his literary art. To this neglect may be traced most of the misjudgments and misstatements which mar portions of his local writings.

To an extent, this defect of authorship would have been corrected by time and experience, but these were still wanting at his death. There was, however, a more serious essential lacking, and one that the Islandfolk saw threatened to exclude a broader view on his part for an uncertain time; for, almost from his arrival, it was seen that he lacked that cosmopolitan sympathy which is required to mollify and harmonize the racial and personal antagonisms everywhere present in the Pacific.

Now, the white folk of Polynesia hold it to be a practical rule, if not an axiom, that where liberal opinion and a broad sympathy are brought to bear on the vexing problems that infest the confines of civilization, a lenitive result is reached containing much of the equity, if something less of the letter, of justice. On the contrary, experience has taught that too brief observation with the observer's sympathy narrowed to fit the opinions of a faction or a theory is sure to result in conclusions that will fit but a part of the facts; and here comes true again the saying that reformers often mete injustice to others, while avoiding small evils which zeal has magnified into great or vital dangers. But happily these and similar defects of the novelist, though clearly seen, were but lightly estimated in the Pacific, where our public men, under unstable surroundings, commit blunders frequently, wherefrom the island communities reap hardships that are borne almost without complaint; for, with the liberality of pioneers, the Islandfolk hold that, were every blunder marked with a stone, life's highway would become impassable.

Then, it was well known that whenever Stevenson fell into a delinquency, he redeemed it with many excellencies, and this is especially true of his writings laid in the Pacific. Nor is the local influence of his work far to seek, for, as in previous volumes, the secret declares itself to the appreciative reader; open where

he will, he shall find the mental aura of Stevenson clinging to all pages alike, and in most will be found, besides a subtle and finished style, a distinct literary and dramatic force pervading a direct and simple composition, which makes his written expressions doubly telling. And yet realism always has a finger on his pen, so that it is here that the reader begins to understand why it is that a knowledge of life may be the acquisition of many, while its expression in terms of art is reserved to those few who, for want of a better term, are called geniuses. The Greeks were of the opinion, and were probably right, that the genius of a writer was best displayed when he used his art as the medium through which all things were made to appear to the reader as real. Literature, in fact, was thought by that elegant people to be the imitative or feigning art. This idea seems to have been practically applied by Stevenson in his Pacific tales, as in much of his earlier work.

It must be remembered as well that in cosmopolitan Oceanica the estimate formed of a literary personage like Stevenson is not, and could not be, based on sentiment as expressed through some cult in letters, or emphasized by some coterie of critical friends; this would be quite impossible in the Pacific Islands, where deeds count for much and theories for little; and yet, though largely exempt from the bias or degeneration often found in the cults and coteries of the literary centres of thought, the Islandfolk have not failed in a healthy, if somewhat rude, form of literary appreciation. Thus it comes about that, after casting refinements aside with theories, they have based their judgment of Stevenson and his work on those more prominent features which have impressed them as much through the influence of the local conditions of Island life as through the appreciative insight of the Islanders themselves; for they have been trained by their habits at the edge of civilization to breadth and keenness of mental vision.

In brief, then, it may be said that Stevenson's island

audience saw as the striking features of his exilian work its manliness, healthiness, and picturesqueness, and they also saw that these traits of the author prevailed in his daily actions, as in his writings. They cared not so much for his eccentricity, for they were informed already that an able writer, like an able lawyer, often makes an indifferent judge; but they knew that nowhere in his speech or in his writings would they find one sentiment in his heart and another on his lips. Nor did they find anywhere in his work those signs of literary weakness and degeneration long since patent in some of the so-called schools of modern writers. It was also seen that in whatever he did he was of clean literary nostril, and therefore fastidious; and, paradoxical as it may seem, this is a point in authorship that is thoroughly appreciated in the Pacific. At the same time, the Islanders care less for the mere style of an author than for the mental power he displays in the reproduction of his observations on their Island life; but they demand that his analysis and characterization shall be founded on actualities. In like manner, Stevenson's versatility in writing struck them, because it is one of the things necessary to personal success in Island life. Almost with a single dipping of his pen they have seen him produce an essay, a poem, a tale of adventure, a pamphlet of polemic, a history, a biography, a fable, a fairy story, or a prayer, all of which presented the same remarkable style and finish that is found in his work.

Yet it must not be inferred, from the figure of speech used in the last sentence, that while in the Pacific he developed the habit of hasty work; for an examination will show that his later work is quite as free as his previous from discords, and especially from discords in the art of writing. In all that he wrote after 1888 he held the balance to a nicety between the real and the picturesque in his art; and in this regard he was to the hour of his death as careful as the fine actor is in his stage work. A notable instance of the kind will be found at the close of 'Weir of Hermiston,' in the

last paragraph, written on the day of his death, where occurs a figure of speech that rivals one of omer's finest images, and is perhaps as fine a figure of its kind as shall be found in English literature. It occurs where Archie took the sobbing Kristie in his arms, when 'he felt her whole body shaken by the throes of distress, and *had pity upon her beyond speech.*' In the twenty-fourth book of the 'Iliad' will be found a similar figure, but certainly not more beautiful and sympathetic than Stevenson's. It was when 'divine Achilles had refreshed his soul with tears,' and, arising from his throne to comfort 'bereaved old Priam,' who kneeled before him to supplicate the return of Hector's body, he 'raised the old man by the hand, and *took pity on his grey head and grey chin.*'*

To such literary accomplishments he added that clear and mostly accurate insight into human motives and actions, that depth of sympathy for individuals in the various grades of life, and that appreciation of the diverse features and qualities of our human nature—all mental attributes that are prerequisites of the highest in the art of fiction. And, judging from his writings as a whole, he appears to have been alive to the experience that the author who writes long-lived books must model his work after the brain and heart of humanity rather than after its fashions ; and it was this strong leavening that has caused the longevity of the comparatively few classes in fiction, while tens of thousands of fashionable and 'successful' books have been swallowed by oblivion after a brief hour.

Once, while living at Samoa, he said to a friend, 'I am aware that everything nicely printed in books is not literature, and I wish it believed that it has been my aim to write little, if necessary, but to write that little so well that upon its merits alone it might be worthy a place on the shelves of good literature. I trust I have not always failed in reaching this end.' To the same gentleman he said at another time : 'The explanation of my slow work is to be found, I think,

* Leigh Hunt's translation.

in my endeavour to leave it in as finished a state, and as meritorious, as my ability allows ; I do not believe that good work can be done in a hurry, however many examples are cited on the point. I greatly fear that such opinions hinder truth, and sometimes do wrong to authors themselves ; for it may occur, as we have all seen, that writers, like statesmen, sometimes need friendly protection from their friends and admirers. This, at least, has been my experience with some of my island yarns.'

Both expressions of opinion are quite characteristic of Stevenson, and in accord with the facts of his Pacific residence. Whatever remains of his later writings shows equal care and finish, whether found in his last great fragment or in some unimportant note sent to a local newspaper ; and it is well known that with Stevenson his work was often better than his materials —an unusual thing with authors. It has been said more than once that his affability was as influential with the Islanders as were his writings—a remark typical of an ocean where visiting authors have as often as not turned out to be intellectual bores or downright prigs. But Stevenson was always an interesting—nay, a fascinating—companion, even when he was enduring physical torment ; yet his constant cheerfulness was not less marked than the clemency and bravery of his nature, which carried him over those rocks and shoals in life where men too often profess the Seven Virtues without being upright.

Nor did he belong to that class of moralizing writers who will allege a wolf after dark, if a neighbour has reported a dog seen in the twilight. In his view, not to be conscious of a literary fault was to be on the highway to failure, and yet there were times when he would so bedight a proverb or a platitude that either might easily be mistaken for original wisdom. He had the contentment of a stoic philosopher, and was at peace in mind wherever his lot fell ; and he could, if required, find company in a desert, or turn the market-place into a solitude for study ; and when he gave his thoughts

to the world, they bore this characteristic : the reader never loses the subject between the lines. Unfortunately, suffering rocked his cradle and accompanied him to the grave ; yet he made his life so precious to literature, we all regret that any portion of it should have been wasted in fruitless discussions in the South Seas.

Though a prisoner in alien isles, through the alchemy of his mind he actualized in literature the strange, picturesque world around him, and when death came, his genius seemed in literary anthesis ; but of that period, unfortunately, he has only left us the 'Weir of Hermiston,' a fragment—a half-blown yet enticing flower—tinged with some of life's deepest and sorrowfullest colours. But Stevenson's most precious intellectual gift was the capacity for loving others, and next to this may be placed his keen appreciation, untouched of envy, of the good work done by his brother authors. It was these and similar traits that made his personality so beautiful during his bitter-sweet exilian days. Unlike most men of letters, he did not require a certain society to make his life content and happy, but, like the ordinary man, he drew his loves and friendships from his immediate world, however unpromising ; this proves his to have been a broadly sympathetic mind, exempt from those intellectual reactions that too often mar the writings and biographies of famous authors.

NOTES

NOTE A.—DIMENSIONS OF THE *CASCO*

THE *Casco's* length over all was 94 feet; beam, 22 feet 5 inches; draught under fore-mast, 9½ feet; draught aft, 12 feet. Masts, steps to cap: foremast, 76 feet; main-mast, 78 feet; topmast, 47 feet (less 13 feet for actual height above the deck). Bowsprit outboard, 35 feet; boom of jib, 41 feet; length of main boom, 69 feet; length of cruising boom, 59 feet; gaff, 46 feet; spinnaker boom, 51 feet. With the exception of a fisherman's stay-sail, all her canvas was in due proportion to her measurements; she was not oversparred nor was her sail plan excessive.

NOTE B.—BLOW-HOLES

THESE natural curiosities abound in the volcanic islands of the North and South Pacific, wherever the coast-lines are formed by the jutting of the lava-flows into the sea, or where the entrances of great lava-tunnels, or caves, as they are called, happen to be exposed to the rush of the sea. These blow-holes often differ in formation and activity, but the principle of their action is always the same. The following accurate and vivid description of the great blow-hole on the island of Kauai in the Hawaiian group by the historian, James Jackson Jarves, will be found typical and interesting:

'A remarkable natural curiosity exists at the waterside at Koloa. It is called the Whale, or Spouting-Horn, and is formed by a ledge of rocks, which extends a short distance into the ocean, and which, by the action of the waves, has become pierced with caverns and a labyrinth of galleries.

The sea has worked through one of them an outlet to the surface of the rock above. It is now 3 feet in diameter, and communicates with the largest of the caves. During a strong wind, at every swell of the sea, the water is driven into the cave, and passes out at this opening with great velocity, forming a large column, rising to a height of from 30 to 60 feet into the air, from which elevation it spreads itself in sheets of spray and foam. The noise accompanying this discharge is tremendous—much like that produced by the escape of steam from a high-pressure engine. The warm air is also forced through numerous crevices in the surrounding rock with a shrill and piercing scream. The force of the jet of water through this opening is so great as to cast out stones of considerable size and weight into the air when thrown into the orifice as the sea approaches. The native name of the place is *Puhi*, to blow or puff.'

NOTE C.—THE ORDINARY NATIVE FEAST

At the present time, and especially since the extinction of the native monarchy and the annexation of the islands to the United States, the native Hawaiian feast is generally given without the accompanying *baked dog*, so popular in official circles and among the better-to-do natives until the death of Kalakaua. The dainty, however, is still procurable, and is frequently tasted, if not eaten, by interested tourists and curious epicures. The following directions for preparing ordinary native feasts are given from the Hawaiian Cook Book, and have been written by experienced hands :

A Hawaiian Feast, 'Ahaaina,' or more commonly called 'Luau.'

Preparation.—If out in the yard under trees or under an awning, strew the straw or rushes over the place intended f r the feast ; then spread your mats, ti leaves or la'i in the place of a tablecloth ; then ferns on the top of that, and then plates, calabashes (wooden bowls), or bowls of poi, and pig, turkey, chickens, raw fish, cooked fish, crabs, and limu, prepared in various ways.

How the Pig is Prepared and Cooked.—Kill and clean as usual, cut open, then cut under the fore shoulder. In the meantime have your furnace or *imu* ready, and stones heated; take some of the heated stones and put inside the pig (if you wish to stuff, put *luau* inside), spread ti-leaves on the *imu* and banana-leaves on the top of that, and then the pig. Cover with the same kind of leaves as are under it; spread over all an old mat and then soil. Bake about two hours.

How to Prepare and Cook Salt Pork, Beef, Turkey, and Chicken, together or separate.—Heat banana-leaves and slice your meat and put into the leaves, with a little salt sprinkled over it and a little water. If you wish to put *luau* in with it, put a hot stone in the inside and tie up with ti-leaves and put on the furnace. It can be cooked in the same furnace as the pig. Taro can also be cooked in the same place. First scrape the outside off, split in two, and place on the fire. When cooked it is called '*kalo papaa*,' or baked taro.

Luau is the taro-tops (or leaves) of three kinds of taro—the *Haokea*, *Lau'oa*, and *Apuwai*. The young and new leaves are used for eating; the old leaves are sometimes used for wrapping in place of ti-leaves or banana-leaves.

Cooked, or Lawalu Fish.—Take an *anae*, *kumu*, *weke*, or any other kind of fish, clean as you would for boiling. Take eight or ten ti-leaves, sprinkle a little salt, then lay on your fish, and wrap your leaves well around it, and put on coals to cook, turning over now and again till cooked. Salt salmon is sometimes cooked in the same way, having first washed off all the salt, or it is baked underground.

Kaihelo, or Fish Sauce.—Grate a cocoanut, then take shrimps, sprinkle a little salt on them, pound or bruise them, put in a muslin cloth, and squeeze the juice over the grated cocoanut.

Baked Hee, or Squid.—First pound with a little salt till it shrivels, then rinse out in water and put into banana-leaves with ti-leaves outside, then bake as the pig.

Wana, or Sea Eggs.—Take the tongues of the *wana* and put into a large shell, and cook on coals.

Roast Kukui Nuts.—Roast your nuts on a slow fire or hot ashes, then when cooked break the shells and pound the meat into small pieces, mixing with a little salt.

Limu, or Seaweed.—Huluhuluwaena, Lipoa, Limu Eleele, Limu Kala, and Limu Kohu (different kinds of *limu*).

PUDDINGS

Kulolo.—Grate cocoanut and strain, mix with grated taro, add a little water (about a pint of water to a quart of cocoanut juice). A little sugar is sometimes used. Use two taro-roots to five cocoanuts; put into ti-leaves, banana-leaves, or tin, then bake underground.

Koele Palau.—Sweet potatoes, boiled or baked underground, pounded or mashed, then mixed while hot with the juice of some grated cocoanut, and then it is ready for eating.

Piepiele.—Grate the raw sweet potato and add the juice of grated cocoanut, and put into leaves and cook as 'Kulolo.'

Haupia.—Mix pia or arrowroot with the juice of grated cocoanut, heat some of the juice and add to the rest, and stir till cooked, as you would blanc-mange.

Papaiee.—Take ripe breadfruit, scrape the inside and mix with a little cocoanut juice or without; stir till well mixed, and put into ti-leaves as 'Kulolo.'

Banana Pudding.—Grate the cocoanut as for 'Kulolo,' put in the banana and mix, adding a little pia or arrowroot. When mixed, put into banana-leaves and ti-leaves and bake.

NOTE D.—POEM READ AT NATIVE FEAST

WITH THE GIFT OF A PEARL

'THE Silver Ship, my King—that was her name
In the bright islands whence your fathers came—
The Silver Ship, at rest from winds and tides,
Below your palace in your harbour rides:
And the seafarers, sitting on shore,
Like eager merchants count their treasures o'er.
One gift they find, one strange and lovely thing,
Now doubly precious since it pleased a king.

'The right, my liege, is ancient as the lyre
For bards to give to kings what kings admire.
'Tis mine to offer for Apollo's sake;
And since the gift is fitting, yours to take.
To golden hands the golden pearl I bring:
The ocean jewel to the island king.

'HONOLULU,
'*February* 3, 1889.'

NOTE E.—SOME UNPUBLISHED POEMS

I

AMONG poems of this kind are the following, which have not been heretofore included in his works. The first was written in 1889, when he was living at Waikiki, and was dedicated to Mrs. Caroline Bush, a half-caste lady residing in Honolulu near the Stevensons.

'Dear Lady, tapping at your door,
Some little verses stand,
And beg on this auspicious day
To come and kiss your hand.
Their syllables all counted right,
Their rhymes each in its place,
Like birthday children, at the door
They wait to see your face.

'Rise, lady, rise and let them in.
Fresh from the fairy shore,
They bring you things you wish to have,
Each in its pinafore.
For they have been to Wishing Land
This morning in the dew,
All, all your dearest wishes bring—
All granted—home to you.

'What these may be they would not tell,
And could not if they would;
They take the packets sealed to you,
As trusty servants should.

But there was one that looked like love,
And one that smelt like health,
And one that had a jingling sound
I fancy might be wealth.

'Ah, well, they are but wishes still ;
But, lady dear, for you
I know that all you wish is kind.
I pray it all come true.'

II

Stevenson was a welcome and privileged guest at the Hon. Paul Neumann's residence while in Honolulu, and coming in one day, he found Miss Anita Neumann sitting in a pensive mood over some verses that she had just received. The novelist at once fell into a pleasant way with her, and requested the name of her admirer, which she refused to divulge, however. That afternoon Stevenson concluded his pleasantry by sending a sheet of foolscap containing the following lines, wherein the young lady's admirer is designated as *Number One*, and the novelist as *Number Two*.

From Number Two to Anita Neumann

'I see where you are driving, dear,
And haste to meet your views.
The nameless man was Number One—
And here is Number Two's.

'What special charm shall I select
To honour in the Muse ?
Your mind—your heart, Anita ! dyed
In early morning blues,
With just a hint of fire to warm
Its cold amoral hues ?
Your grey eyes, or your slender hands ?
In faith I may not choose !

'An angel inexpert, untried,
Lingering as angel's use—
Too nice to wet your perfect feet
In merely earthly dews.

The day shall come—it is not far—
When life shall claim its dues,
And fair Anita to fair love
Her hand no more refuse.

'Alas! the rhyme is nearly out
I was so rash to choose!
Anita, with my right goodwill,
Take this of Number Two's.

'R. L. S.

'1893.'

III

The next is a short poem that was written at the request of the editor of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*. It was composed shortly after Stevenson's arrival in Honolulu in 1893. Judging from the accurate description contained in the lines of the strong winds that occasionally sweep the Nuuanu Valley, it is probable that they were a recollection of the novelist's residence in the central part of the valley, some two miles from Honolulu, where he took a cottage for a short time in the early summer of 1889. The poem was not published at the time he handed it to the editor, as Stevenson stated that he wished to add a few lines to it; but, as he was taken sick soon after, this was never done. It is published here just as the author left it, but even as it stands it is certainly a beautiful and exact bit of local description.

The High Winds of Nuuanu

'Within the famous valley of that name,
Now twice or thrice the high wind blows each year,
Until you hear it pulsing through the gorge
In spiteful gusts: sometimes it comes with bursts
Of rain, in fiercer squalls; and, howling down the glen,
It breaks great tropic fronds like stems of clay.
Lo! then, the unbending palms and rugged dates,
Loud-whistling, strain in each recurrent blast,
Like things alive!—or fall, with roots uptorn,
The feathered algarobas, as the gale
Treads out its wasteful pathway to the sea!

Thus twice or thrice Nuuanu's high winds rage,
Threshing the vale till quakes the Island's heart!
Ten other months are filled with nerveless rest,
Mid cooling breezes and down-dropping showers;
At night the dark-blue vault arching the vale,
Studded with stars innumerable and bright!
While fleecy clouds outdrifting to the sea,
Make shadows in the moonlight on the sward.
Here dwell the Islanders in peace, until
The blasts again sweep down from Northern seas.'

IV

The genesis of the fragment below was as follows: During Stevenson's recuperation at Sans Souci in 1893, Dr. Trousseau called on him daily, sometimes spending an hour or two in his company, if time allowed. One day, while they were discussing the novelist's writings about the Pacific, the doctor asked Stevenson why he did not write a Polynesian story in verse. The novelist replied that a good story would not bear the cramping imposed by poetic forms, and retain the details demanded by interesting romance, adding that Moore had pointed out the same difficulty while composing 'The Epicurean,' which he tried in both forms. But Dr. Trousseau insisted that the novelist's view was not well grounded, and begged him to make the trial. 'Well, I shall try right here!' cried Stevenson, as he drew some paper from his pocket, adding: 'You will oblige me, doctor, by not speaking until you shall have finished your cigar. This will give me ample time to put your views to shame.' Therewith he began writing, and within half an hour handed the doctor the following:

The Pirates' Island

''Twas on a Monday evening we sailed forth,
And veered into the purple and the gold
Of our warm Southern sea. We were but six—
Four stalwart natives and two whites—who sailed
Upon that unknown course. Never had they,
My brown Samoans, ventured so; nor would
Have ventured now, had I not been with them

To urge hearts on. When we had been five days
Or more upon the main, and yet no land
Or atoll came in sight, I knew that we
Had missed our port, for on my chart there lay,
Across our course, the sea-famed island where,
'Twas said by ancient chiefs, great treasure lay,
Hidden long years ago by pirates bold,
Who seized the lumb'ring carracks (from the Isle
Of Spices) coming far from o'er the sea.
And on this flitting isle Samoans say,
Within a hollow mountain near the shore,
Were hid canoes full of bright shining gold
In lumps and wedges, fit for kingly state ;
With black and yellow pearls for Chieftain's ears,
From the warm seas that wash the shores of Ind.
'It was this tale that since their childhood's day
Had pricked their curiosity, and made
Them bold to rove ; to leave the *cava* bowl,
The bursting bread-fruit, and the luscious gold
Of rip'ning plantains, to follow o'er the waves,
That chance might bring to wealth, or death—or both.
'So when I told them, "Children, we are lost !"
The lad Upolu fell to wailing in
The native way, until Chief Kimo sternly said,
"Now hush thee, silly one, or thou wilt shame
Thy parents and thy tribe. Let not . . . ."'*

At the bottom of the sheet the author had written :

'SIR,

'This is not first chop, but it is enough. You will see that prose is the best by long odds for story-tellers who depend on realistic action for their interest. You may preserve this as a sample of how the plausible suggestions of our well-meaning friends may fail in practice.

'I sign myself, sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'R. L. S. (*his failure*).'

* Mr. Simpson, after reading the above fragment, says that while Stevenson was at Sans Souci in 1893, he told about a similar trip which he made with a number of Samoans in a whale-boat, between the islands of Upolu and Tutuilu, during which they ran off their course, but finally came safe to port. Mr. Simpson thinks that Stevenson had the adventure in mind when he wrote the lines.

NOTE F.—BLACKBIRDING

At the decline of the whaling industry in the Pacific many of the officers and sailors settled in the different island groups, with the result that in many places, where conditions allowed, were soon planted and partially developed various of the tropical and semi-tropical industries, now fully established. As these progressed, the need of labourers increased, and, as there were present at all ports unscrupulous seamen with vessels of various tonnage, the trade of kidnapping natives from the more distant islands for labourers—or blackbirding, as it was called—was soon in full career. Nor was this worst form of human slavery and injustice confined to the island plantations, for soon came demands from the Central American coast, and the wretched natives from many groups were taken by shiploads to that unhealthy country to die. It is estimated that nearly seventy thousand of the Pacific Islanders have been from time to time thus passed from happiness to slavery by the inhuman blackbirders. This impressment of native labour has been carried on in the last few years, and probably is not yet extinct in the Southern ocean.

APPENDIX

FATHER DAMIEN'S REPORT

As the document is little known, is almost impossible to get, is very typical of the priest Damien, and will go far towards settling portions of the sectarian dispute that raged around his name before Stevenson's death, it was thought advisable to reproduce here the priest's special report sent to the Board of Health at Honolulu during the Legislative Session of 1886. The report, besides other facts and comments, contains the personal experiences of Father Damien during thirteen years' residence and labour among the lepers of Kalawao. The following is the full text, bearing date March 11, 1886:

By special providence of our Divine Lord, who during His public life showed a particular sympathy for the lepers, my way was traced towards Kalawao in May, A.D. 1873. I was then thirty-three years of age, enjoying a robust, good health—Lunalilo being at that time King of the Hawaiian Islands. . . .

A great many lepers had lately arrived from the different islands; they numbered 816. Some of them were old acquaintances of mine from Hawaii, where I was previously stationed as a missionary priest; to the majority I was a stranger.

The Kalaupapa landing-place was at that time a deserted village of three or four wooden cottages and a few old grass houses. The lepers were allowed to go there only on the days when a vessel arrived; they were all living at Kalawao—about eighty of them in the hospital, in the same building we see there to-day. All the other lepers, with a very few kokuas (helpers), had taken their abode

further up towards the valley. They had cut down the old pandanus, or puuhala groves, to build their houses, though a great many had nothing but branches of castor-oil trees with which to construct their small shelters. These frail frames were covered with *ki* leaves (*Dracæna terminalis*), or with sugar-cane leaves—the best ones with pili grass. I myself was sheltered during several weeks under a single pandanus tree, which is preserved up to the present in the churchyard. Under such primitive roofs were living pell-mell, without distinction of ages or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers one to another, those unfortunate outcasts of society. They passed their time with playing cards, hula (native dance), drinking fermented ki-root beer (home-made alcohol), and with the sequels of all this. Their clothes were far from being clean and decent on account of the scarcity of water, which had to be brought at that time from a great distance.

The smell of their filth, mixed with exhalation of their sores, was simply disgusting and unbearable to a new-comer. Many a time, in fulfilling my priestly duty at their domiciles, I have been compelled not only to close my nostrils, but to run outside to breathe fresh air. To protect my legs from a peculiar itching which I usually experienced every evening after my visiting them, I had to beg a friend of mine to send me a pair of heavy boots. As an antidote to counteract the bad smell, I made myself accustomed to the use of tobacco, whereupon the smell of the pipe preserved me somewhat from carrying in my clothes the obnoxious odour of the lepers. At that time the progress of the disease was fearful, and the rate of mortality very high.

These are a few of my recollections of what I have seen and experienced at the beginning of my labour here. The miserable condition of the Settlement at that time gave it the name of a living graveyard, which name I am happy to state, and hope to prove hereafter, is to-day no longer applicable to our place.

From the accession of King Kalakaua to the throne up to the present time His Majesty's Government, assisted by Christian charity, has endeavoured little by little, according to means and circumstances, to improve the situation of the lepers, and to make them more comfortable.

Consulting my own observations and experiences only, without any memorandum book or register, I intend to show here what contributes much towards the comforts and benefits of lepers, and what is obnoxious or injurious to them, and will prove these two statements by putting our good situation and comfort in parallel with what I found here at my arrival, as already explained.

The food on which a leper has to live exercises a great influence on the disease. Our Hawaiian taro, containing a great quantity of starch, and being easy of digestion, is our best vegetable. So far I have never seen any bad effects from it, even in fevers and other temporary ailments to which our lepers are so often subjected to. Hawaiian people in general, but especially our lepers, cannot go well without it. I remember that some ten years ago, the place having been about three months without taro on account of the scarcity of that vegetable, several deaths occurred in consequence of it, and the majority of the people looked emaciated, although they had plenty of rice and sweet potatoes.

The administration having to supply weekly from 600 to 700 people, each with twenty-one pounds of cooked taro, a few words concerning the manner how it is obtained may be desirable.

At the northern side of Molokai are three large valleys—viz., Halawa, Wailau, and Pelekunu, in which the cultivation of taro is the chief business of a considerable number of natives. On them especially we have to rely for our regular supply. The high cliffs preventing all overland road traffic, the cooked taro, or paiai, has to be brought by sea either in open boats or a small schooner, as was done from the beginning, or in a small steamer latterly.

The steamer's service has been highly appreciated by the public on account of its regularity, schooners and boats being often prevented by calm or rough weather from arriving when the food is wanted; unavoidably, our people are then deprived of their good poi, which is left to rot where it was cooked, causing great loss to all concerned. If poi cannot be obtained, the issue of rice or hard bread takes its place, of which there is always a certain quantity on hand, though it is recognised that, with the exception of the Chinese, neither native nor foreigner could live on rice as principal food.

A certain number of our people, with their more or less mutilated hands, succeed in raising a few sweet potatoes, which answer well for a change in the diet, or in case of emergency. Unfortunately some of our Hawaiians are much addicted to the use of a certain beverage made of sweet potatoes, which they allow to ferment, and thus obtain an obnoxious intoxicating drink. They are very fond of it, but it makes them excited, and has a bad effect on their system, as have all other alcohols, and I wish to express here my sincere thanks to our local administration for having wisely prohibited the use of it.

Besides their regular food, a pint of good milk provides them advantageously with a wholesome, nourishing beverage in the line of diet. The question naturally occurs to the mind of the reader, How can a sufficient quantity of milk to supply such a number of people be procured? May I be allowed to explain my views on this?

This Settlement, in the greatest part affording the best kind of grazing for stock, I would suggest to the administration with all my might to increase as much as possible the number of good milch cows. Unfortunately, on account of the great amount of meat wanted—about 5,000 pounds a week—and the frequent failure of the arrival at the regular time of beef-cattle, our butchers are sometimes obliged to kill off more or less of our valuable milk stock, which keeps the latter on a decrease, and therefore lessens terribly the supply of milk.

I beg leave to be allowed to make here a suggestion for the benefit of the Board of Health and for the lepers. May it be proposed at the next Legislature to make, besides the regular appropriation for the support of the lepers, an additional one, such as to provide the necessary means for buying at once as many head of cattle as our beautiful plain for grazing can support—say from 500 to 1,000 head, of which a certain number should be used for breeding and milk, and the rest for beef-cattle. In regard to salmon as a substitute for meat, I simply will state that it may do once in a while, but the less the better.

From the landing-place of Kalaupapa up to Kalawao we have no regular water-stream. Fortunately, at the upper part of the Kalawao valley there is one, but the water is not very abundant, though sufficient, if properly managed, to supply this one village. When I first arrived

here the lepers were obliged to carry their water in oil-cans from that gulch on their shoulders, or on horses, under the greatest difficulty; there also they used to wash their clothes. The scarcity of water at times accounted, to some extent, for their living very dirty.

In the summer of A.D. 1873 we received some water-pipes, and all our able lepers were only too willing to help in laying them, and in building a small reservoir. Since then Kalawao has been well supplied with good water for drinking, bathing, and washing, and has been proved to be a better place for living than Kalaupapa, where the people continue to resort to rain or brackish water, and in dry seasons they are obliged to come to Kalawao for it.

On studying this question of water supply, I was informed that at the terminus of the valley called Waihanau ('Water arise'), which valley is located a little more than one mile south-east of Kalaupapa, is a natural reservoir. At one time, in company with two of our intelligent white men and some of my boys, I went to investigate the truth of it, and, after a 2,000 feet of travelling in the gulch, we arrived at this truly beautiful reservoir, built by Nature's hand in the form of a circular basin; its diameter in one direction is 72 feet, and 55 feet in the other. On sounding its depth, we found 12 feet of water at a short distance from the bank, and 18 feet towards the centre. The water being ice-cold, none of my boys dared to swim across to ascertain its true depth close to the high cliff, where probably it is deeper. The water looks very clear, and has an excellent taste. I should remark here the statement which a native who, during the period of ten years, has made it his business to deliver water to my part of Kalaupapa for a certain fee, made to me—viz., 'That if no other source in the vicinity affords any water during the dry seasons, this basin has never failed to furnish any amount needed.' The above statement was acknowledged to be true by a great many more of the old residents who had seen that reservoir, and confirmed it. This, and the large overflow in connection with the drainage from above, leaves me to conclude that there must be a large feeding source below. This reservoir is perfect and permanent in itself, without incurring any expense or labour.

Now, instead of going to Waikolu to obtain a water-supply for Kalaupapa, as was intended, which would be,

besides the difficulty of labour of building a reservoir, and for laying from such a distance, say over five miles, the amount of pipes required for that purpose, a very large expense to the Government, therefore I simply recommend the laying of good pipes from this Waihanau reservoir. The question of supplying water for Kalaupapa has been for a long time under discussion, and never thoroughly investigated, under the impression that it would cost too much, and there the matter rests at present.

My desire being to see the work carried on without any further delay, once I was sure of getting this supply of beautiful water at a comparatively short distance, and, wishing to give all the information necessary, I have taken the pains to measure the exact distance, which I found to be from the reservoir to the Kalaupapa store-house 13,680 feet. All this distance is on an uninterrupted gradual decline, and having on hand a better reservoir, and a surer supply of water than we have at Kalawao with a 2-inch pipe for half the distance, and a 1½-inch pipe for the remaining part, without a doubt the Kalaupapa village can be abundantly supplied with good pure water. And having here a man capable of executing such a work, with many hands to assist him, I think that the expense above the cost of the pipes would be but a little.

Good ventilation being in general one of the first conditions of hygiene, it is much more necessary for our lepers, on account of the fœtid exhalations from them being much greater than from any other disease.

In previous years, having nothing but small, damp huts, nearly the whole of the lepers were prostrated on their beds, covered with scabs and ugly sores, and had the appearance of very weak, broken-down constitutions. In the year 1874 the great question was how to improve the habitations of the unfortunate people, the Government appropriation being at that time barely enough to provide them with food.

During that winter a heavy south wind blew down the majority of their half-rotten abodes, and many a weak leper laid there in the wind and rain, with his blankets and clothes damp and wet. In a few days the old grass beneath their sleeping-mats began to emit a very unpleasant vapour. I at once called the attention of our sympathizing agent to the fact, and very soon there

arrived several schooner-loads of scantling to build solid frames with. All lepers who were in distress received, on application, the necessary material for the erection of the frames, with 1-inch square laths to thatch the grass or sugar-cane leaves to. Afterwards rough North-West boards arrived, and also the old material of the former Kalihi Hospital. From private and charitable sources we received shingles and flooring. Those who had a little money hired their own carpenters; for those without means the priest, with his leper boys, did the work of erecting a good many small houses. Besides, some new-comers who had means built their dwellings at their own expense.

In 1878, after inspection of the Settlement by a special committee, of which Your Excellency, then a member of the Assembly, was chairman, sent by the Legislature to Kalawao, the Board of Health, having obtained a larger appropriation by a special recommendation of the committee, at once erected a good many comfortable houses, and also provided several other comforts for the lepers, of which they were greatly in need of.

Lime has always been supplied by the Board of Health gratuitously for whitewashing the cottages, and thus, little by little, at comparative small expense to the Government, combined with private or charitable resources, were inaugurated the comfortable houses which constitute to-day the two decent-looking villages of Kalawao and Kalaupapa. I estimate the number of houses at present, both large and small, somewhat over three hundred, nearly all whitewashed, and, so far, clean and neat, although a number of them are not yet provided with good windows. These houses, of course, cannot have the proper ventilation they need, and naturally create an unpleasant and unhealthy smell. I therefore humbly pray that the Board be kind enough to take steps and see that this still-existing evil be soon remedied. In conclusion, I am happy to remark that, if I compare the present with the past, the unfortunate people of to-day are not only more comfortable and better off in every respect, but their disease in general is a great deal milder and less progressive, and, in consequence, the death-rate is not so high. This is greatly due to the improvement in the houses.

The Settlement being situated at the northern side of

the island, and backed at the south by very high and steep mountains, the climate is naturally cool. The winter season brings forth generally a long spell of cold weather. The disease, too, at a certain stage, interferes much with the free circulation of the blood, and therefore our lepers often complain of cold. Those who have suitable warm clothes to protect themselves from the inclemency of the weather resist it generally very well; but for those who, through neglect or destitution, have barely enough to cover their nakedness, the cold and damp weather has a bad effect. They then begin to feel feverish, and cough badly; swelling in the face and limbs sets in, and if not speedily attended to the disease generally settles on the lungs, and thus hastens them on the road to an early grave. On my arrival I found the lepers in general very destitute of warm clothing. So far they had received from the Administration a suit of clothes and a blanket; but some of them being very neglectful and filthy, in a few months nothing remained but rags. Those who had friends in the outer world were fortunate in receiving from time to time a few articles of clothing, but the friendless and the poor suffered greatly. There was no store at the time within the limits of the Settlement where they could buy a new garment or other necessaries, and those who received or could earn some money had to entrust it to the captain of the schooner to buy for them what they were in want of.

We all greatly felt the necessity of a suitable market store, and, on a very sound principle, the Molokai store was inaugurated by the Board of Health in the summer of 1873. To start with, a thousand dollars out of the appropriation was invested to lay in the first stock, and with a certain percentage above the cost price to cover current expenses, the store has, since then, been running on its own account, supplying our people with any article they may wish to buy. Every year the Board issues an order for six dollars to each leper to enable them to buy at the said store what they are in want of, especially in the line of clothing. So far this store has proved to be a success, and a great convenience to the people here, and we could not do very well without it.

Besides the allowance by the Board of Health, Christian charity has given a helping hand in the matter of clothing, and assisted us, to our great satisfaction. In previous years

it was nothing unusual to receive from time to time a cart-load of clothing for distribution to the needy—for instance, such as was received a year and a half ago from the hands of Her Majesty Queen Kapiolani, and those who assisted her in filling the leper subscription. Thanks for aid in the past. May the future prove that untiring perseverance of charity continues to assist the Board of Health in supplying the unfortunates of Molokai with all their necessities, especially with warm clothing, because, may I here remark, that the yearly allowance of six dollars to provide clothes and other indispensable articles is quite insufficient for those who have no private means, and no friends or relatives to give them a helping hand. I beg to lay this statement, based on a long experience, before the Honourable Board of Health for future consideration.

The allowance granted by the Board, combined with Christian charity and some private industry, of which I intend to speak of hereafter, has greatly ameliorated the condition of our lepers, and provided them with comparatively good clothes.

Leprosy is a constitutional disease by which generally the circulation of the blood is partially obstructed, the nerves and muscles more or less paralyzed, and the limbs are often disabled in one place or the other, which varies in almost every case.

A person afflicted with leprosy, who quietly gives himself up to the ravages of the disease, and does not take exercise of any kind, presents a downcast and sloughy appearance, and threatens soon to become a total wreck. Therefore exercise, as a daily occupation, is highly recommendable to invigorate the system, giving fresh impetus to the general movement of the muscles and to the free circulation of the blood, thus averting many pains, sores, and other consequences of a prostrated constitution.

In former days (from 1866 to 1873) all the lepers, being collected at the rather small village of Kalawao, the majority of them passed their time in sleeping, drinking, and playing cards, while only a few others cultivated the fields ; and horses being limited at that time, a minimum number of the inmates could enjoy the exercise of a horse ride.

Later on, all that tract of land at Kalaupapa having been annexed to the Leper Settlement, travelling was at

once increased to a great extent. Going from one village to the other became not only a healthful exercise and pleasure, but of a frequent necessity. Horses, too, have increased, and are easily procured. This tract includes a very fertile piece of cultivated land; over two hundred acres are fenced in along the foot of the mountains. Every leper is privileged to occupy any vacant portion of it he may choose to cultivate, as some were already accustomed to do in the Kalawao fields.

Travelling on foot, riding horseback, and cultivating the soil, are the most healthy occupations of our lepers. Let me, therefore, bring to notice that, up to the present date, about nine-tenths of the entire population are enjoying these invigorating occupations and exercises, while previously only about one-tenth could do so. Such daily exercise as can be obtained here does not only strongly aid in checking the disease in its rapid progress, but also averts many ailments which otherwise might befall the victim. Inducements of this kind, in regard to daily exercise for the welfare of all afflicted, which this Settlement affords cannot likely be got up in any asylum in the world.

In regard to the wholesome exercise obtained by cultivating the soil, a few facts showing how it has been and should continue to be encouraged may here be brought under observation. Soon after that piece of land mentioned above had been put at the disposal of the lepers, many, whose hands were not too much mutilated, began at once to plant a patch of sweet potatoes, and very soon had an abundant crop.

During winter, when the boats which had to supply the Settlement with taro were prevented from arriving on account of the bad weather, the local administration was fortunate enough to get a weekly supply of sweet potatoes from those who had a quantity at their disposal, and thus not only prevent a temporary famine, but the money usually paid to the outsider for paiai was paid into the hands of our lepers, and little by little money came into circulation among the poor people. This being a great encouragement, very soon the majority had some potatoes of their own planted, and shortly afterwards they petitioned the local administration to obtain instead of their weekly rations its equivalent in money. This having been granted,

numbers of lepers availed themselves of this opportunity to obtain some cash to buy their little necessaries with.

This system of paying money instead of giving the weekly supply continued for about eight years, varying in amount according to the harvest of sweet potatoes, and sometimes through the deficiency of taro. Besides the great benefit of a healthy exercise for the sick, their monthly ration money not only alleviated the condition of those who availed themselves of it, but brought some money into circulation, and created between the two villages many other kinds of small industries.

The Leper Settlement store, too, at that time had a larger business, because there was money in the hands of the people who, in general, called there to provide for all their different needs.

Up to within recently the people were in comparative ease at the Settlement, but at present the system of paying the equivalent of rations, on account of abuses, having been taken away, though they have enough to eat, they are nevertheless getting in very poor circumstances. This system was very beneficial for the health and comfort of the lepers, as I have shown, and not any more expensive to the Board of Health; therefore, in the interest of the great majority, I humbly suggest that the Administration will have the kindness to resume the old practical system.

On this important subject distinction has to be made between married and unmarried kokuas. I think it is but justice, and in accordance with Divine and human law, that faithful husbands and wives of lepers should be allowed to accompany their partners to their exile at Kalawao.

In the fulfilment of my duties as priest, being in daily contact with the distressed people, I have seen and closely observed the bad effect of forcible separation of the married companions. It gives them an oppression of mind which, in many instances, is more unbearable than the pains and agonies of the disease itself. This uneasiness of the mind is in course of time partly forgotten by those unfortunates only who throw themselves into a reckless and immoral habit of living. Whereas, if married men or women arrive here in company with their lawful mates, they accept at once their fate with resignation, and very soon make themselves at home in their exile. Not only

is the contented mind of the leper secured by the company of his wife, but the enjoyment of good nursing and assistance, much needed in this protracted and loathsome disease, and which no other person could be expected to impart.

I am happy to be able to state that the marriage ties of lepers have been more respected by His Majesty's Government during the past few years than they used to be; the physical and moral life at the Settlement has greatly improved, and the lepers are much better taken care of. Besides this, our good kokuas are not only of great help and assistance to individual lepers, but they are also of great value to the local administration for carrying on all work needed for the welfare of the place. May I bring to the notice of the honourable members of the Board of Health that not only is our Settlement benefited by such kokuas, but the public at large are rid of a dangerous element, and I must assert that it is my solid opinion that all persons, with a very few exceptions, who have cohabited in the matrimonial state a certain length of time with a leper are a standing menace to society at large, of which only too many proofs have unhappily come under my personal observation. I here leave the medical profession to settle to what extent the danger of contagion or non-contagion through cohabitation may extend.

I am happy to give the present Board of Health credit for their lenient action in the control of lepers; at the same time I am obliged to mention that I disapprove the coming of all others but married helpers to the Settlement with the intention of making it their place of abode. My disapproval of seeing unmarried helpers settle here is based on the following reasons:

1. Because, with the exception of a few old people, unmarried kokuas are not generally faithful and persevering in assisting those patients in whose favour they were permitted to come here.

2. They are, in general, a source of immorality, and a temptation to lead the lepers into bad habits, and, through their bad example, sometimes create trouble in the place.

3. Because, having no natural tie here, they, after long intimacy with the lepers, may leave the place whenever they choose, and, although the disease may not yet be visible, it is highly probable that they carry the germs

of it to their homes, and thus become a well-fitted medium to spread the disease amongst their numerous friends.

4. They are of very little use here, if of any use at all. They will not do anything for the poor sufferers except for payment, with the proceeds of which they go gambling, and generally go round from house to house and help to consume the poor lepers' scanty rations; they have no fixed abode, and are too lazy to work for their own support —in some instances they even try to obtain the lepers' clothing by some means or other.

For these serious reasons I venture to recommend to the authorities that they be more strict in the future than they have been in the past years, and, to prevent imposition, let proof be shown of legal marriage before a permit is granted. Moreover, temporary visits which may be allowed to elderly people should be always of the shortest possible period, and the strictest severity should be resorted to in order to prevent any healthy child or young person from entering the Settlement.

I feel myself obliged to beg leave of Your Excellency to be allowed to speak of a very serious matter, in which I officially appear as one of the principal agents. To avoid criticism I will, with a liberal mind, lay aside as much as possible all difference of creed and opinion, and show how needful a step has been taken for the temporal and eternal welfare of our lepers by drawing a parallel between the past and the present, and between those who yield and do not yield to moral training.

Previous to my arrival here it was acknowledged, and spoken of in the public papers as well as in private letters, that the greatest want of the lepers at Kalawao then was not having a spiritual leader or priest, the consequence of which was that vice as a general rule existed instead of virtue, and degradation of the lowest type went ahead as a leader of the community. On the arrival of a new number of lepers, the old ones were soon at work to impress them with the erroneous axiom: 'Aole kanawai ma Keia wahi' ('In this place there is no law'). Not only in private conversation, but in public meetings, I myself heard this doctrine proclaimed, and for a long time, indeed, I was obliged to fight against its application being made to the Divine law as well as to human law. In consequence of this impious theory, the people, mostly all unmarried, or

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separated on account of the disease, were living promiscuously without distinction of sex, and many an unfortunate woman had to become a prostitute to obtain friends who would take care of her, and the children, when well and strong, were used as servants. When once the disease prostrated them, such women and children were cast out, and had to find some other shelter; sometimes they were laid behind a stone wall and left there to die, and at other times a hired hand would carry them to the hospital. The so-much-praised 'aloha'* of the natives was entirely lacking here, at least in this respect.

As already mentioned in other pages, the Hawaiian 'hula'† was organized after the pagan fashion, under the protection of the old deity Laka, who had his numerous altars and sacrifices, and I candidly confess that I had hard work to annihilate Laka's religion and worship, and thereby put a stop to the hula and its bad consequences. Though the people had reached the climax of despair both of soul and body, may it be said to their honour that I found them less addicted to sorcery and the doings of the 'kahuna lapaaus', or native doctors, than I had found the old natives in Hawaii—circumstances which encouraged me much to stay permanently amongst them, with the quasi-certain hope of my ultimate success as a Catholic priest.

By a short digression, I will here speak of another source of immorality—viz., the evil of intoxication. I first have to explain how they obtain the material. There grows very abundantly along the foot of the mountains a plant which the natives call 'ki' (*Dracæna terminalis*), the root of which, when cooked, fermented, and distilled, gives a highly intoxicating liquid. The process of distilling being very crude and imperfect, produces, naturally enough, a liquor which is totally unfit for drinking. A short time after my arrival the distilling of this horrible liquid was carried on to a great extent. Those natives who fell under the influence of it would forget all decency, and run about in a nude condition, acting as if they were totally mad. The consequence can be easier imagined than written on paper. The local authorities have endeavoured to stop all those horrible proceedings, but

* A term of endearment or greeting. † National dance.

for a long time they were unsuccessful. It being discovered that certain members of our police were in league with the evil-doers, the 'luna nui' and myself went round, and both by threats and persuasion they finally delivered up their implements which were used for distilling; some of the most guilty perpetrators were convicted, but were pardoned under the condition never to do it again.

For a long time, as above stated, under the influence of the pernicious liquor, they would neglect everything else except the hula, prostitution, and drinking. As they had no spiritual adviser, they would hasten along the road of complete ruin. A good many of the sick and prostrated were left lying there to take care of themselves, and several of them died for want of assistance, whilst those who should have given a helping hand were going around seeking enjoyment of the most pernicious and immoral kind.

As they were so many dying people, my priestly duty towards them often gave me the opportunity to visit them at their domiciles, and although my exhortations were especially addressed to the prostrated, often they would fall upon the ears of public sinners, who, little by little, became conscious of the consequences of their wicked lives, and began to reform, and thus, with the hope in a merciful Saviour, gave up their bad habits.

Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathizing hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to my listeners, have been my constant means to introduce moral habits among the lepers. One of the great moral improvements which helped to do away with licentiousness was the granting of intermarriage licenses between lepers who were not prevented from marriage by a previous marriage tie, and many a couple are to-day living at the Settlement in a decent manner.

I am happy to say that, assisted by the local administration, my labours here, which seemed to be almost in vain at the beginning, have, thanks to a kind Providence, been greatly crowned with success, as at present there are very little, if any at all, of the above-mentioned evils committed.

Leprosy, from time immemorial up to the present, has

always been recognised as an incurable disease. In laying my views before Your Excellency, with regard to medicine, I must draw distinction between a developed and an incipient case. In regard to the first, a judicious medical treatment may be followed up, with advantage, to ameliorate the condition of a leper, to alleviate his pains, and to stay somewhat the progress of the disease ; but not with the view of obtaining a perfect cure, for such a blessed effect we must look for, and only hope, in a supernatural gift [*sic*].

Perchance, in the near future, through the increasing interest and untiring perseverance in the study of the disease by the most intelligent physicians and scientists, a proper specific for the cure of leprosy may be discovered, which to my knowledge has not yet been found.

In regard to an incipient case, where the disease is not yet developed, there, in my opinion, with proper medicine, good diet, cleanliness, complete separation from all leprous persons, and other necessary means, taken with perseverance—there only the hope to eradicate the disease from the system, or at least its progress entirely checked, may be entertained. It is now about twenty years since this settlement was established, and this term may be divided in three separate periods.

As I arrived here at the end of the first period, 1866 to 1873, I can only state how I found things at that time. I remember well that the poor people were without any medicine, with the exception of a few physics and their own native remedies, from which, I judge, it had been the same from the inauguration of the settlement. It was a common sight to see people going around with fearful ulcers, which, for the want of a few rags, or a piece of lint, and a little salve, were left exposed to dirt, flies, and vermin. Not only their sores were neglected, but anyone getting a fever, diarrhœa, or any other of the numerous ailments that lepers are so often heir to, was carried off for want of some simple medicine.

In the same year of my arrival at the Settlement, 1873, there arrived a white man, a leper himself, who had been assistant to the doctors at the Kalihi Hospital. He had quite a practical knowledge of simple medicines, and having been put in charge of our hospital, he especially attended to the patients there, while I, for my part, attended largely

to those living outside. Our stock of medicine, the greatest part of which was always supplied by the Board, consisted of the most common necessities. Very soon the people, perceiving that by the use of such simple medicines as we had to dispose of, their troubles were greatly ameliorated, therefore they begun to call more and more for the simple remedies, and thus gradually a perceptible improvement took place. As we had no doctor during this second period, we tried to do the best we could.

During the period of now about eight years, from 1878, we have been under the treatment of four different physicians, to whom the Government has furnished, at great expense, all the different medicines they may have applied for. May I be permitted to direct Your Excellency to the annual reports of those intelligent gentlemen, and be excused for not expressing any judgment about their different treatments ?

THE END

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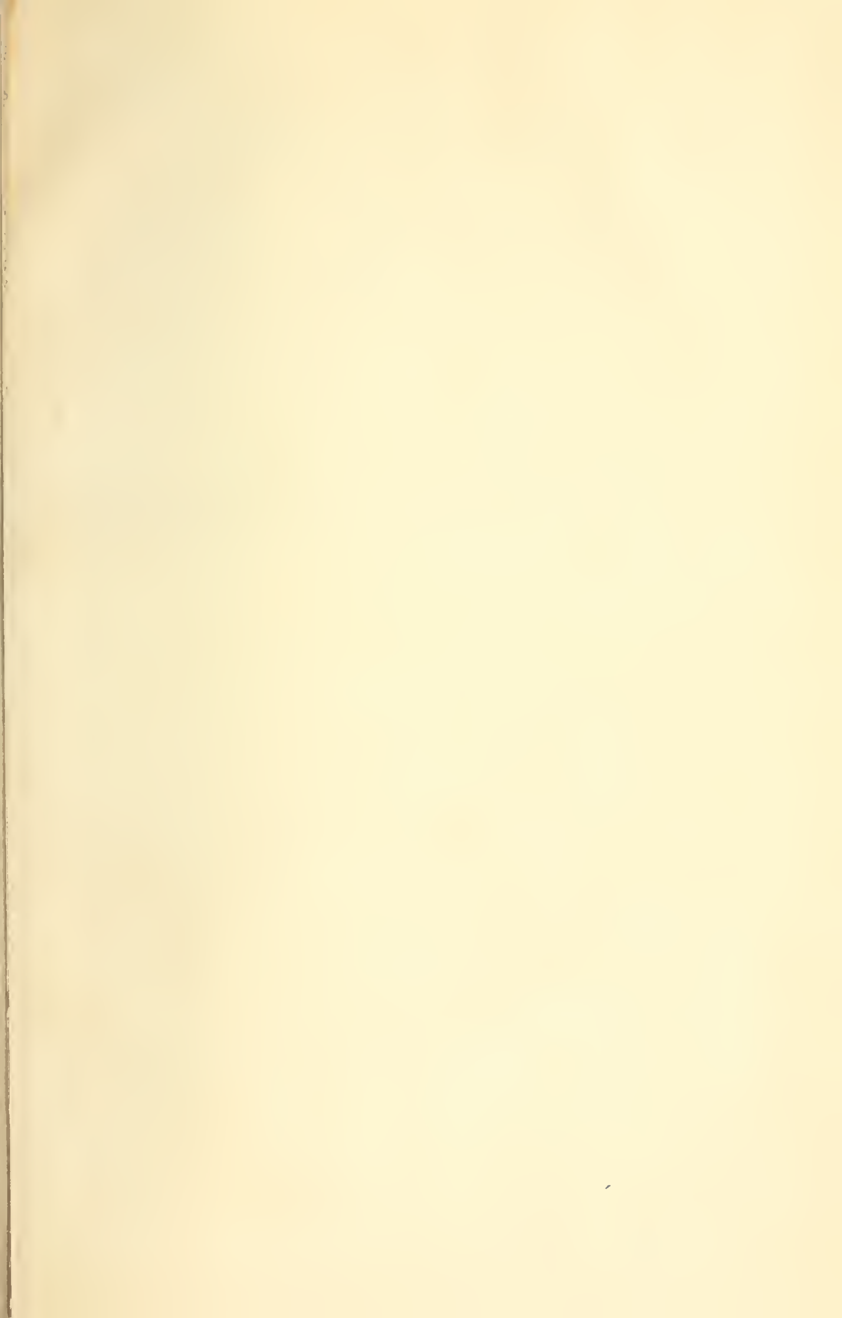

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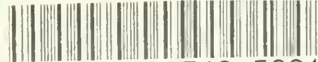
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